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of the
Charing Cross Hospital
BAZAAR

ART
for
LOVE.

ALBERT
HALL

JUNE 22, 1899

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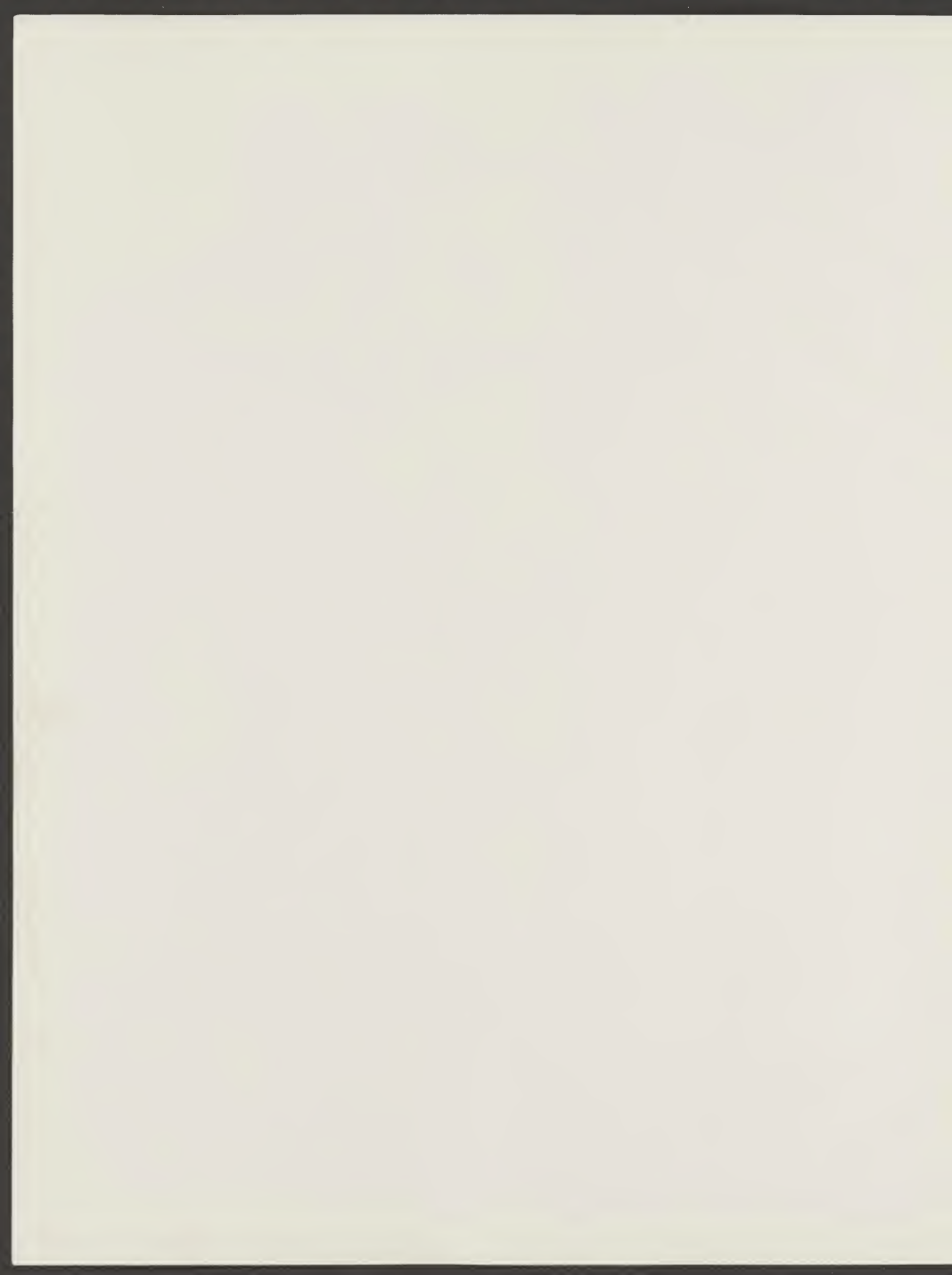




SOUVENIR

OF THE

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL
BAZAAR



SOUVENIR
OF THE
CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL BAZAAR

HELD AT THE
ROYAL ALBERT HALL

JUNE 21 & 22, 1899

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE



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1899

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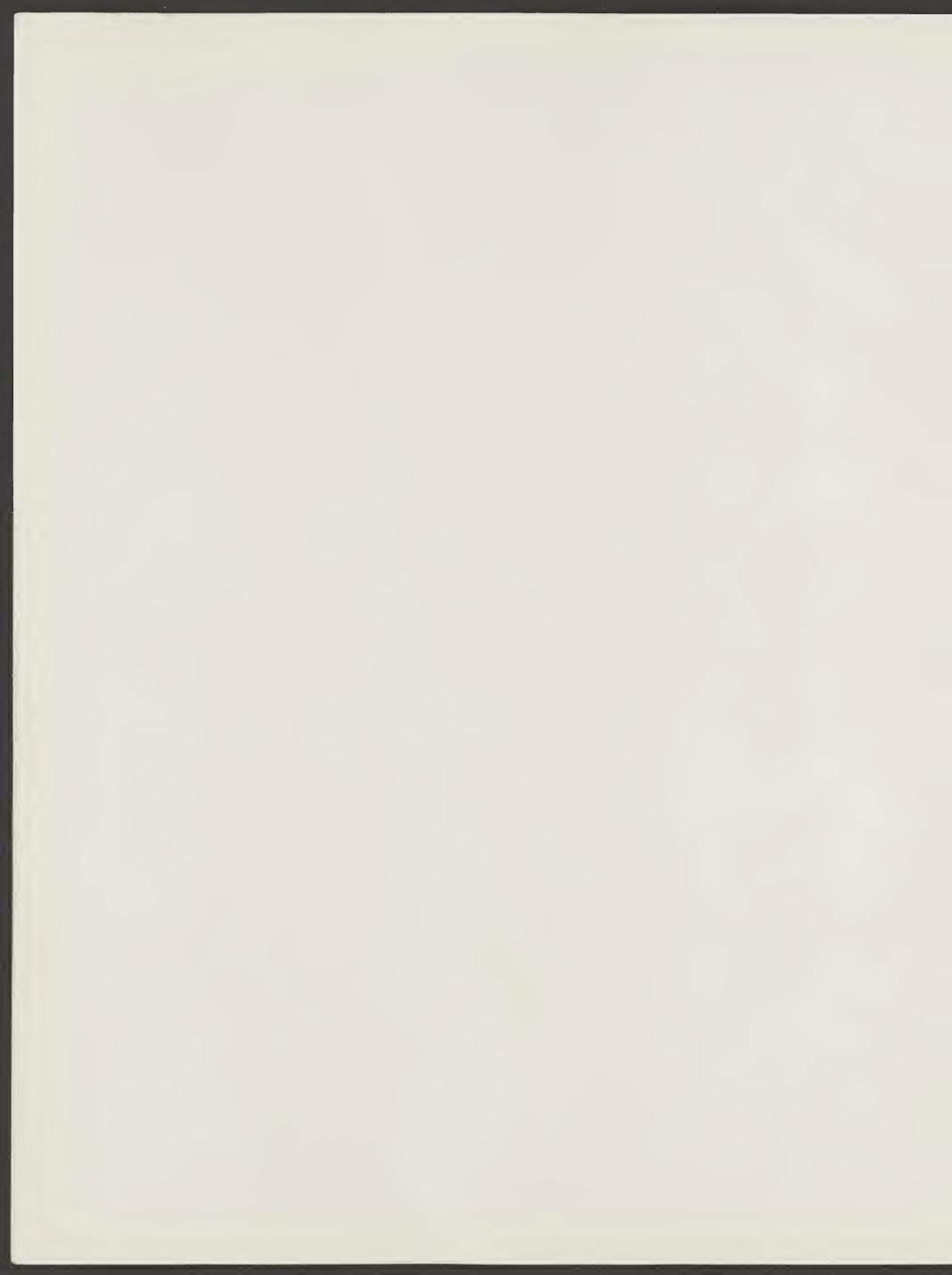
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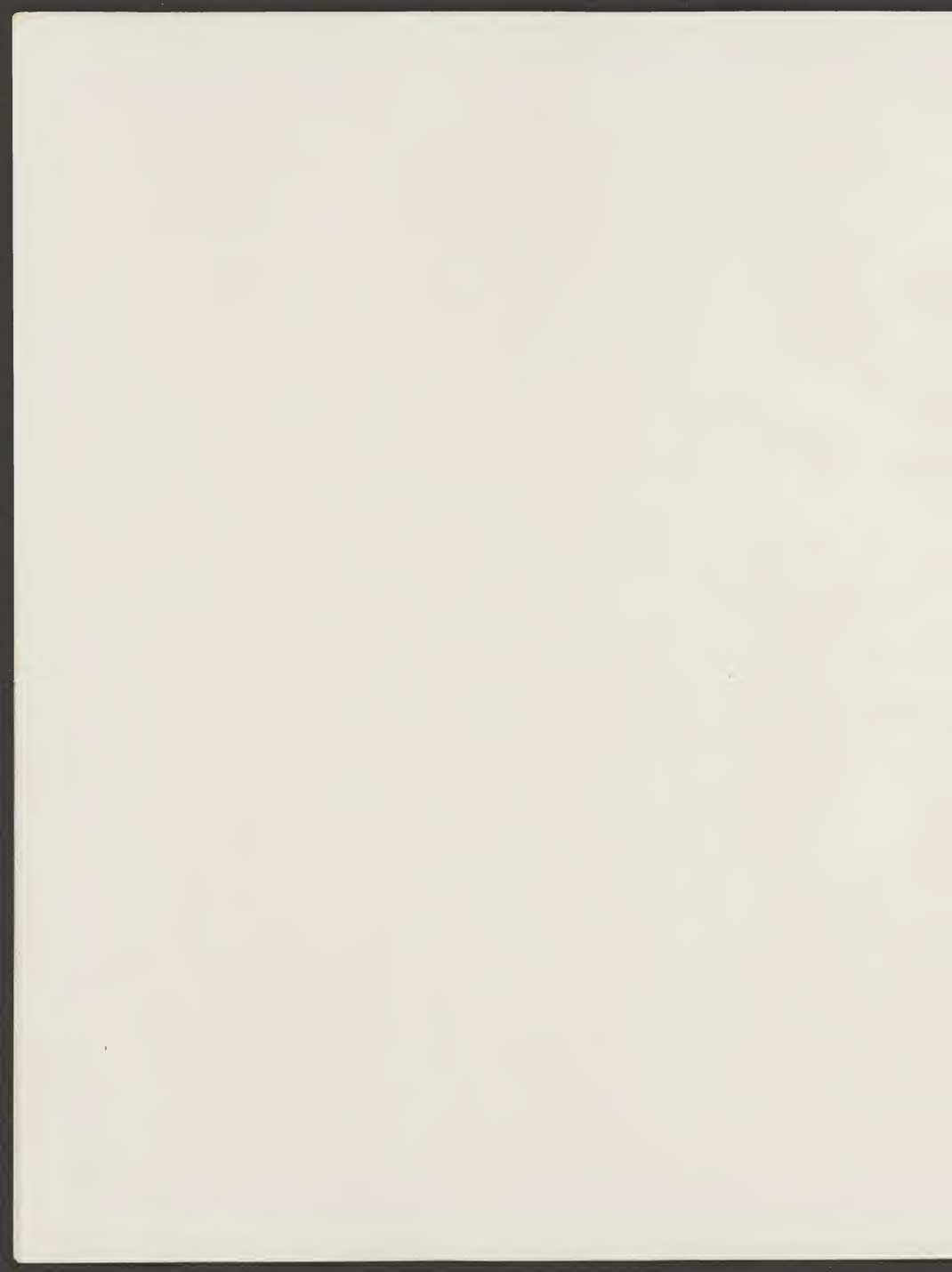


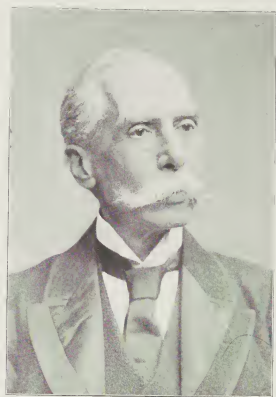
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THE POET LAUREATE.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

The Wreck of the Stella.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

*"Tell me the tale again, Mother,
Tell me the tale again!
Of the joyous start, & the cheery sail,
And the folds of the fog! & then—
How men may be heroes in their death,
And women as brave as men."*

"**T**ELL me the tale again, Mother,
Tell me the tale again!
Of the cheery start, and the joyous trip,
And the folds of the fog, and then,—
How men may be heroes in their death,
And women as brave as men."

"There are happy homes on the land, my child,
In this kingdom of the free,
But ever since men had the hearts of men,
They love to sail the sea,
For it gives them a sense that strong folk love,
Of danger and mastery.

THE WRECK OF THE STELLA.

"And, when you are big and bold, my boy,
And long to be loosed from home,
There is nothing so much I would see you ride,
As the back of the bounding foam ;
For the sea by England is ridden and ruled,
As once was the land by Rome.

"The waves round the smooth ship curled their arms,
And seemed to caress her keel,
Then frisked round the prow like unleashed hounds,
Ere by huntsman called to heel,
And blithe groups sate on the deck and watched
The seagulls dip and wheel.

"Then the line of the land waned far and faint,
And lo ! could be scanned no more.
There was nothing but sea, around, behind,
And nothing but sea before ;
And they gazed on the sea, and they talked of the sea,
Nor thought of their homes on shore.

"Slowly, slowly, the winds lay down,
Lay down on the water's breast,
Which, that there they might cradle themselves and sleep,
Rocked them to rhythmic rest ;
And each tired wave folded its wandering wings,
Like a dove as it droops to its nest.

"Then out of the land of sleep and dreams,
Out of the slumbering wave,
There floated a white mist, fold on fold,
As forward the good ship drave ;
And the air grew like to a vestal's pall,
And the sea to a clammy grave.

"Still the beating heart of the bark drave on,
Though no longer the blind brain steered,
When asudden she crashed on the bare black rocks,
And shook like a thing afeard,
Then, madly plunging, reared straight in air,
And broke her back as she reared.

"Then silence fell on the happy folk,
And a hush on the bustling crew ;
There was never a rush, nor a scream, my child,
But just what a brave race do :
They ordered who should, they obeyed who should,
As, when you're a man, must you.

"The little ones first, and the women next,
Then pull from the puddled foam!
And the men will follow as best they may.'
'Good-bye! we shall meet at home :
If not,—well, then, within God's own house,
That hath neither door nor dome.'

"The Captain stood on the bridge, nor strove
To haggle with death for life,
But to purge his fault, and win pardon thus
From orphan and widowed wife ;
For a power there is in a dauntless death
To silence the tongues of strife.

"Yet one there was who, though faultless, still
Sought never herself to save,
But the last of the life-belts gave away,
Though apace with the waiting wave :
A mother like me, with a son like you,
But braver than bravest brave.

"'Come in,' they cried, 'there is room for you !
Come quick ! while you saved can be.'
But she answered, 'One more would swamp the boat,
That already laps the sea :
Take care of my children, you who live,
And God will take care of me !''

"O Mother ! The tale must be ne'er forgot,
But be told again and again ;
And Her statue stand in the market-place,
Pure white, in all England's ken,
That its sons may be heroes still in death,
And its women as brave as men !"

Leporello

Amongst the Wounded in the Terrible Year.

By ARTHUR WM. A BECKETT.

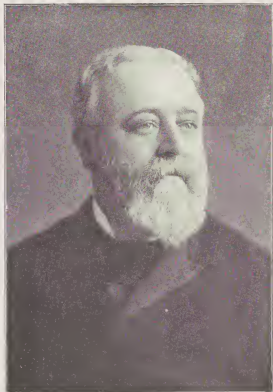


HAD been in France during the autumn in the neighbourhood of Amiens, where, with my friend Mr. James L. Molloy, composer of songs and barrister-at-law, I had seen something of the fighting on the French side. I had come back to town, and it had occurred to my two editors, Captain Hamber of the *Standard* and Mr. Marwood Tucker (nephew of Lord Salisbury) of the *Globe*, that I might get at the back of the War and "do" the French wounded as I found them along the banks of the Rhine.

"You can write what you please," said the Captain; "but as the postal people in Germany are suspicious, send your letters to Mrs. Harris, Shoe Lane, and we will take them in. It will be better than addressing them to the editorial office." So I obeyed orders; and instead of addressing Captain Hamber, sent my contributions to Mr. Punch's nickname for the *Morning Herald*—Mrs. Harris.

In those days I had a reputation as a novelist and a contributor to light literature; so it was arranged that I should reserve my heavier style for the *Standard*, keeping my letters to the *Globe* as light as possible. I came across some of my notes the other day, and found that for the morning paper I was a "Special Correspondent" and for the evening "Our Roving Commissioner." I remember that out of the same incident I used to construct light and shade. Everything has its comic side, even in war time, and the comic side was sent to the *Globe*. My friend Mr. Madge, who was then, as now, connected with the "oldest evening paper," has told me that my articles were very popular. People were weary of tales of carnage and woe, and welcomed something amusing. I fancy the fashion had been set by Mr. Henry Labouchere, who was sending the most amusing letters from Paris as "a Besieged Resident." Two of the colleagues of the editor of *Truth* were Lewis Wingfield and Thomas Gibson Bowles. The first of these had tried many callings. At one time heir-presumptive to a peerage, he had walked the hospitals, entered for the Bar, and taken the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, for a summer season. He had played "Minerva" in Burnand's "Ixion," and knew all about dresses. In Paris he was attached to an ambulance, where his knowledge of surgery was invaluable.

In those distant days the position of a Special was not so well defined as at present. In his account of his Crimean experiences, my dear old friend Sir William Howard Russell, whose hand I was proud to clasp at the recent banquet in honour of Her Majesty's eightieth birthday at the Hotel Cecil, has told us that when he joined the British Army in the early fifties he felt extremely like a fish out of water. Well, twenty years later matters had not much improved. "Billy" himself was at the headquarters of the Crown Prince Fritz (husband of our Princess Royal); but scribes of humbler degree had to shift for themselves. I remember that before starting for the Rhine, I attempted to obtain some position on the staff of the Red Cross Society, but without success. I was told that everything was perfect and no outside assistance was required. As a matter of fact, I found that the perfection was not of the highest quality, a discovery duly reported in the columns of the *Standard* and the *Globe*, by our "Special Correspondent" and "Roving Commissioner." Soldiers of the pen now and again found themselves in rather a tight place. My friend Jimmy Molloy will doubtless recollect that when he and I were surrounded by a mob of angry *moblots* outside Amiens clamouring for our arrest (and with something unpleasant to follow), my commission as an officer of the Militia saved us. I



ARTHUR WM. A. BECKETT.
From a Photograph by Bassano

was treated on a footing of equality with the Commander of the French troops, and my papers ultimately carried us safely through the chances of an informal court-martial.

Well, on Christmas eve, 1870, I found myself at Cologne. It was a bitterly cold winter. The Rhine was all but frozen over at Coblenz; it was only passable by a sort of diagonal ferry. At Cologne huge blocks of ice came dashing down the river, smashing against the piers of the bridge with a resounding crash. I was almost the only sojourner at the Hotel du Nord. For miles round the country had been denuded of trees. It had been thought after the poor little Imperial Prince had received his "baptism of fire" at Saarbrück, that the tide of the war would roll into Germany. As it happened, the expectant defenders became immediately the invaders. The soil of Germany was free of Frenchmen, and France was occupied by the hated Prussians.

On Christmas eve I had made a voyage of discovery. On the Deutsch side of the Rhine there were some five hundred sick French prisoners in the charge of an assistant surgeon. "It is more than I can do," said the youthful officer, who spoke English with scarcely an accent, "But what will you? We did not expect Sedan and its consequences. We have to take charge of the armies who have surrendered, and some of them are here."

Cologne had been made a terminus of a troops railway, having its other end at Versailles. Daily trains filled with prisoners and wounded arrived, carrying living and dead. The cold was so great that sometimes the wounded died on the journey from frost-bite. As I walked through the streets I saw many a green wicker litter carried shoulder-high by Zouaves, containing a dead comrade. The French looked miserable. They had the tattered uniforms they stood up in, and nothing more. They had been allowed to retain their medals, and it distressed me to see the badges of the Alma on the blue and yellow ribbon hanging beneath heads bowed down with sorrow and even shame. Yes, shame; for as the heroes of the Crimea—the men who had stormed the Malakoff, and had come to the rescue of the Guards at Inkermann—met my English eyes, they turned away. The glance of recognition was painful to us both.

During my inspection of the camp hospital on the Deutsch side I had been told of an English ambulance on the banks opposite. Anxious to see that my friends of the Red Cross were doing their duty, I determined to look the English ambulance up. It was certainly an ambulance, but not English. The money that had erected the tents had come from England, but from German pockets. Britannia was represented by a young medical student who had not yet passed all his examinations. According to his account, his German *confrères* had bestowed upon him brevet rank and created him for the time being into a fully authorized doctor.

"They are rather conservative," he said, "but most good-natured. They look another way when I try an operation on my own account. So I just wander about, taking out a little bit of bone here and a little bit of bone there, and getting together quite a nice little practice."

It was Christmas Eve, and even amongst the wounded were the trees that have Santa Claus for a gardener. In the centre of each tent was a sturdy fir bright with tiny tapers and presents. Pipes and bundles of cigars were the favourite *cadeaux*, and here and there a box of chocolate-creams. The nurses passed from the bedsides to the tree and then back to their patients, carrying the various gifts. I had a conversation with a wounded German who had left the stage for the battlefield. He spoke English admirably, and knew more about Shakespeare—I make the admission with shame—than I knew myself. He quoted freely from "Hamlet" and "Othello." When I left him I was led to the bedside of the solitary Frenchman of the Society. I do not know how he had gained admission to the ambulance, but there he was. He was thoroughly enjoying himself. He was down with a wounded leg which rested in some surgical contrivance; but he had his hands at liberty, and with these hands he was taking out of their box a set of dominoes. The game of the cafés on the Boulevards had been his prize from the Christmas-tree, and he was trying to persuade one of the nurses to play with him. The moment he saw me he extended the challenge. Would I have a game? I respectfully declined; but my refusal did not pain him. He was full of good nature, and smiled and chatted away with the nurse as if the ward was one of the pleasantest places in this world or any other.

Well, looking round, it was less sad than a battlefield. In one corner was a pale-faced soldier lying very still. His beard was trimmed, and there had been evidently an attempt to prepare for the yule-tide festivities. As I stood looking at the patient the doctor passed and, glancing at the nurse, shook his head.

"A dangerous case?" I queried.

The nurse nodded. Then the pale-faced soldier opened his eyes and, meeting the gaze of the Sister of Mercy, smiled.

"You are better," she said, "and it is time that you should get quite well. And you must make haste too, for your bed is wanted. We have so many applications. So you must be considerate and soon get well."

The pale-faced soldier smiled. A very feeble smile, but still a smile.

Then the nurse approached the Christmas-tree and took down a diary. It was, of course, for the New Year.

"See, it is for 1871," said the sister cheerfully. "You will soon begin it, and when you have ended it you shall give it to me."

The pale-faced soldier held the book in his hand. Then he let it fall. Then the doctor hurried up to the bedside, and paused for a moment. Then the nurse drew a curtain, and the group was hidden from my sight.

The diary was lying on my side of the curtain. Its owner—for a moment—would never use it now. The days of the year, so near at hand for me, had for him been lost—in the future of the evermore!

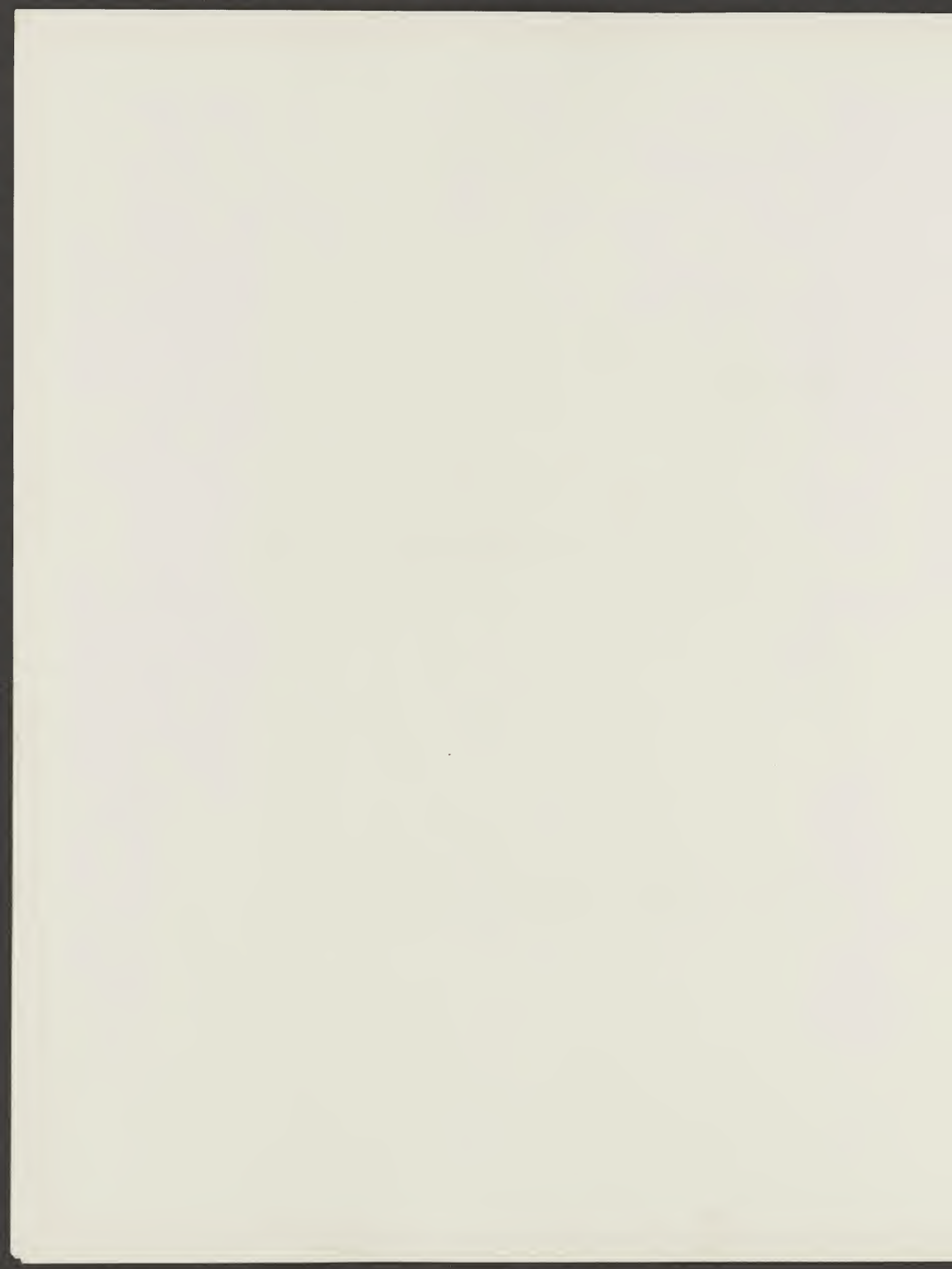
Arthur W. Beckley.

I had been in France during the Autumn & the night-
breach of Amiens where ^{with} my friend Mr. James L. Mollay
composed songs and dramas. At last I had seen something of
the fighting on the French side. I had come back to town and it
had occurred to my two idols (Captain Hamlin of the
"Standard" and Mr. Harwood Tucker (a nephew of Lord
Salisbury) of the "Globe" that I might get at the back of the War
and "do" the French Wounded as I forecast them along the
banks of the Rhine.



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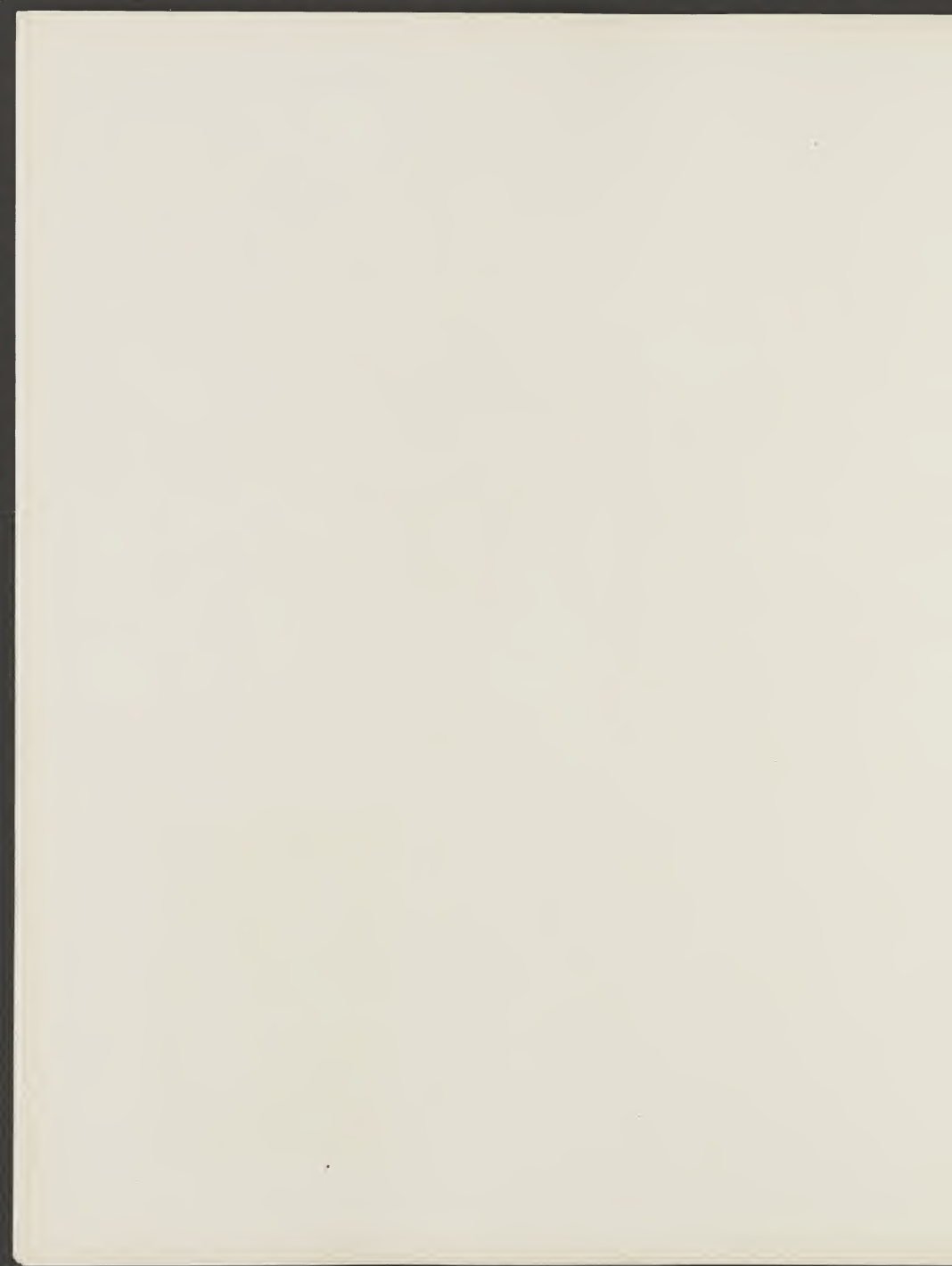
"MOSES BEFORE PHARAOH."
FROM A DRAWING BY SIR EDWARD POYNTER, F.R.A.





Swan Electric Engraving Co.

FROM A DRAWING BY ABBEY ALTSON.



Some Fellow-Passengers of Mine.

By F. ANSTEY.



AM no traveller;—a rather humiliating admission in these days, when people cross the Atlantic as casually as they used to cross the Channel, and to go up the Nile, or across India, or round the world, is a mere question of coupons.

But—if I may be permitted such a platitude—even a short and commonplace railway journey in one's native land may bring one in contact with new and not unamusing types of character, or afford fleeting glimpses of previously unsuspected phases of life. And so, though I don't know that I can claim to have been exceptionally fortunate in this respect, I propose to set down here a few railway reminiscences which struck me as worth recording at the time. Whether they are worth retailing on these pages is quite another question.

I might have had more to tell if I were not generally content to take no part in the general conversation myself;—not, I trust, from any want of sociability, but because nature has denied me, among many better gifts, the power of "drawing people out;" so that I feel that the company are more likely to entertain themselves—and me—without my personal contribution.

But, after all, I am not sure that I have really lost much. Several people seem to rather prefer bestowing their confidences on the hearer who least invites them;—on much the same principle, I suppose, that impels cats to distinguish with their attentions the one person in the room who has an antipathy for them; or wasps to persecute the people who are most in dread of being stung. Or else it may be that some persons consider that they cannot betray any secret by merely telling it to a person they are never likely to see again.

I remember a certain man in a yachting suit who, some years ago, got into the compartment at Southampton and took the seat next to mine. He was travelling up to town to see his solicitor on urgent family business. I cannot, of course, indicate its nature, but I may say that it was a very delicate affair indeed—the kind of thing that a person might well hesitate to disclose to his dearest friend, and only to his solicitor in the strictest privacy, and from absolute necessity.

My neighbour told me the whole story without even lowering his voice, although the compartment was quite full, before he had been in the train ten minutes. Indeed, he was in that condition of mind that I believe if all his companions had turned a deaf ear, he would have poured out his tale of woe through the window at the next stopping-place to the first porter or newsboy within hail.

On another occasion I shared a compartment in a night train going North, with a middle-aged man who was bound for the Hebrides, I think, on some commercial business.

His *fiancée* had come to King's Cross to see him off, and their parting was most impressive. She observed that she wished she was going with him, to which he replied with fervour that he wished to heaven she was. They embraced repeatedly at the window, and as the train moved out he leant forward and exhorted her solemnly, like a kind of commercial Charles the First, to "Remember!—remember!—remember!"

After which he settled down in his corner and abandoned himself to retrospective sentiment till we had passed Potter's Bar, when he became aware of my presence, and I had an alarming intuition—alarming because it was late and I was sleepy—that he



F. ANSTEY.

was studying how to introduce the subject dearest to him in an easy and natural manner. I could not help some curiosity as to how he would manage it,—which he did before we reached Hatfield, and not without art.

"It's a wonderfully fine night," was his opening, and I agreed.

"The moon's so bright," he went on, "you can see all the trees and hedges as plain as if it was day." Again I assented. "Perhaps *you* can't make them out so well, though," he said; "for I see you wear eye-glasses?" I explained that my glasses made it possible for me to see fairly well. "Ah!" he said, "I don't know if you noticed that young lady I was talking to at King's Cross—*she* wears glasses. But not out of affection."

With that, of course, the string of the shower-bath was pulled. Before I got any sleep he had told me everything about her, down to her age—she was something under twenty,—and even her exact weight—she was of pleasing appearance, though undeniably plump.

When I woke next morning he again took up the wondrous tale. I hope she *did* remember whatever it was he implored of her (he did *not* tell me that), and that she has made him very happy.

Talking of seeing people off, I remember a parting at Euston once between a stolid servant-girl and her aunt, an elderly shabby-genteel woman, who had evidently chaperoned her niece to the station. Said the niece, with sudden solicitude: "Have you got any hap'ence for your 'bus back?" "I denno" that I have," said the aunt, with a studied indifference.

"Well," suggested the niece in a tentative tone, "I can give you some."

"Please yourself," replied the aunt, with self-repression, as the other produced her purse.

"After all," said the niece, feeling that she was in danger of being foolishly lavish, "you're better off than I am." So she put back her purse unopened, and I am very much afraid her poor old aunt had to walk all the way back.

Most of us have met the non-smoker who *will* travel in a smoking compartment. I was once in a third-class carriage in North Wales, with six or seven others, chiefly labourers or quarrymen, and a little old man and his wife insisted on coming in, although reminded that the compartment was intended for smokers.

Soon after we had started the wife pointedly asked her husband (who was a sort of "Grandfather Smallweed," with a vicious eye like an elderly cockatoo's) whether he was sure he could stand the smoke. "Well," quavered "Grandfather Smallweed," glaring round at us indignantly, "considerin' I smoked my last pipe in the year eighteen 'underd an' fourteen, I *do* find it very disagribble—*very* disagribble!" After which every pipe was, of course, extinguished, till the old gentleman and his wife deprived us of their society, which, however, they did not do before their destination was reached.

As might be expected, there is far more general conversation in a third-class compartment than in the other two classes. First-class passengers seldom unbend; second-class, never. But in the third-class one almost always finds someone with a talent for autobiography. Here is an account of himself which a seafaring man once gave me between Bognor and Barnham Junction:

"I always get the times of the trains wrong," he said. "Don't go by times in my calling. Tides I go by. I'm a sailor. Home for a bit now. Nine months I've been at home. Been at it" (he meant the sea) "twelve year, off and on. Merchant service. I like company on board. None o' your 'one to look out and t'other below.' I once walked from Sydney to Adelaide. Three 'undred mile, every step of it. Run away from my ship. If they'd caught us afore the voy'ge was over we shipped for, and I'd refused to serve, I'd ha' had nine months" (this with pride). "At Liverpool, afterwards, I came across the Capt'in I'd run away from. With a chum, I was. And the Capt'in, he reco'nized us, he did, and says he, 'Where's your ship?' 'In dock,' I says. 'What's her name?' he says. So we told him. 'Very well,' says he, 'when she pays off, I'll get your pay stopped! With that we takes out a pound or two and shows him. 'You're a day too late, Capt'in!' we says. And, says he, 'You're a pair o' d—d scoundrels, that's what *you* are!'" He repeated this handsome tribute to his own and his friend's virtues with infinite gusto, and continued: "I was born in Bognor, I was, thirty-six year ago. And my father, he was born in Bognor, sixty-seven year ago. And my grandfather, *he* was born in Bognor, 'undred an' twenty-six year ago—a Waterloo veteran *he* was. My father was a sailor for a time. Now he lets out Bath chairs—it's payin'. He says to me afore I come away this afternoon, 'I'm agoin' to bed,' he says, 'to be out o' the way o' the carts an' 'orses."

"I've got a brother a butcher in L——, opposite the Marine Hotel. Maybe you know

him? I've aunts and cousins in L——, too. Got another brother in B——. Keeps flies and 'ansoms. He's well off, *he* is. I generally make him tight when I come to see him: he's one o' them quiet chaps—close-fisted; doesn't care about partin' with a 'a'p'ny when a farden 'll do as well. You know the sort. 'Tain't like *me*. I make him spend his money, though, when I'm with him. He don't like it next day!"

The speaker was a little monkey-faced man, with short yellow hair and beard, an almost flat and very red nose, and a trick of putting out his tongue when amused, which gave him a somewhat impish expression. I thought it possible that his brother found his visits trying. We parted amicably at Barnham, and he presented me, as a parting gift, with a large wedge of tobacco for chewing.

Here is another monologue by a burly and cheery cattle-dealer, which I find in my notes of a third-class railway journey in Essex. "It's six weeks for stealing a sheep, and a month for taking a 'a'penny turnip! Many a turnip I've 'ad out of a field when I was a boy. They say they can't touch you if you eat it *in* the field." (We all commended the humanity of this legal distinction.) "I'd rather hev a good turnip nor any *apple*. Cut 'em in slices and fry in a pan with dripping, and Lord!" (here he smacked epicurean lips) "they're beautiful! I like a good swede, too. There's them Dutch ones—all green—de-licious they are! The biggest mangold ever I see was three foot round. 'Ow large d'ye think I've seen cabbages growin'?" (We were quite unable to guess, so he told us.) "And marrers too—*there's* catin'! I got a marrer now 'angin' up ready for Christmas!" He gloated over the prospect, and continued:

"I used to live at Woodford once. There ain't a 'ealthier nor yet a wealthier place in all Europe than what Woodford is, and I've 'eard other people say so the same." (Nobody had any desire to contradict him, and presently he got, I forget how, upon the subject of railway travelling.) "I can remember travelling without a top to the kerridge and standin' up like cattle. *We* didn't mind. Bime-by we gits a roof. '*Splendid!*' says we. Then they give us a bit o' winder cut in a slot, so's we can see what's 'appening. "*This is snug!*" we thinks. And so it goes on, till we gits to blinds and cushions, like we 'ave now. . . . Dalston's where I live now," he went on, with another conversational leap, "in a four-roomed 'ouse. Used to live in a bigger one, and the old girl was never well there. What do *we* want of a big 'ouse?" he asked us, argumentatively; and, naturally, we didn't know. "There's on'y four of us—*me* and my missus, and my nephew and the girl; and we've got a nice parlor, and a lovely kitching."

Then he proceeded to tell us how his nephews and nieces all declared "*they* never tasted any jam like Uncle Joe" (*he* was Uncle Joe) "made with his own hands"; which, as he exhibited them for inspection, did *not* afford the most powerful recommendation; how he distilled a special kind of sloe gin, with which he had cured his own doctor of cholera; and many other no less thrilling stories. Altogether, he was a good, cheerful soul, and enjoyed life; but perhaps he was a little wanting in reserve.

The following is a discourse by a horse and dog breeder in a Welsh train:

"I bought the grandest stepper the other day that ever I saw in my life. Leaps and kicks about like a young lamb. When you're used to her kicking, it's like being in bed!" (This to a meek man, who seemed of opinion that the resemblance might be unpleasantly close.) "I've got a old 'orse, and his favourite bits at this time o' year are just the tender shoots off the end o' the gorse: eat 'em for hours, he would; and won't touch the older shoots. He's eighteen years old, and a clever old monkey. Bites when he gets the chance. Not me! I understands him, and he me. Bit me once, twelve year ago, in the small o' the back, and I knocked him down with the broom. . . . Always make friends with the guard; I do. A tidy guard smooths the traveller's path through life: a neat little threepence to go and have a nice tidy drink with—you niver lose anything by it, saves you lumps o' trouble in the end! Some is allays for a row. There was old Mr. Williams, o' Newport, they niver could get him to pay extra on his ticket, when he hadn't paid the full fare. 'Summons me' he'd say. Ah, and he'd give the Company snuff too! Go over the line with a surveyor, he would, and measure every inch, and if *that* didn't do, he'd appeal. Cost 'em a lot o' money; and he'd win—sometimes. They was very glad to see the old gentleman's funeral—they'd *done* with him then!"

But the talkative passenger does not always succeed in holding his audience. I was once travelling down from Westmorland in a compartment with several farmers and a dogmatic man, who for a time impressed them as a powerful and original thinker.

He was giving them his views on taxes. "Tax the land," he said, "don't tax earnings" (which the farmers, being probably tenants, considered a reasonable arrangement). "What does all the income-tax go for?" he demanded. "Why, to pay for big guns and ships. What do we want of big guns and ships now there's a telephone to Paris?" (It struck me that the farmers, like myself, found a little difficulty in following the thread of this argument; but that only increased their respect for him.)

If he had *his* way, he said—it is fortunate that so few powerful thinkers of his type ever do get their own way—if he had *his* way, he'd disband the 'ole British army—ah, he *would*, though,—and 'em over to General Booth, or set 'em to fill up Morecambe Bay, and bring more land into cultivation. Look at the way land was going out o' cultivation everywhere as it was—like rope-making and watch-engraving. Why, *he* could remember—I forget what, but it was something perfectly irrelevant. What was ruining farming was these newfangled machines. So far the farmers were with him; but he rashly went on, intoxicated by success, to describe a certain American reaping-machine he had lately seen, which he declared could reap and bind twenty acres a day with only two horses.

This was too much for the farmers, who openly derided his statement. "Twenty acres?" they said. "Why, eight acres a day is wunnerful work for two 'orses—and *then* they wouldn't be fit to go out next day!" So the dogmatic man lost all his prestige in a moment, and changed his carriage at the next station, leaving the farmers still chuckling intermittently, and repeating to one another: "Twenty acre a day!"—"For two 'orses!"—"Eh, that's a good 'un!"—"Tak' soon time to beat, that!"

There was a grim matron I met recently in a corridor train, who had secured herself a corner seat in a reserved compartment by the simple expedients of removing the rug she found there and tearing down the "engaged" label from the window. Expostulations had no effect upon her. She was there, and she meant to remain. So they called the conductor, who offered to find her a corner seat somewhere else. "I shan't stir from here till I get it, then," she insisted. "Really, mum," said the man, "You don't expect me to bring you another corner seat *'ere*, do you?" But that was precisely what the unreasonable lady did expect, and she stayed where she was.

In the smoking-car of another corridor train I found a lazy man who seemed to have escaped from an elderly aunt whom he was supposed to be escorting, on the excuse of "just one cigarette." It proved to be a cigar, of course; and she sent him pathetic messages to entreat his return at every stoppage, to which he invariably replied that he would come to her at the very next station.

He was still in the car when a youthful official came in to collect the tickets. "Here's mine," said the lazy man, "and this other one belongs to an old lady in a second-class compartment behind."

"Would you mind coming and pointing her out to me, sir?" said the youth.

"Don't see why I should!" said the nephew, who clearly meant to enjoy his liberty to the last. "You'll find her right enough. There can't be so many old ladies in second-class compartments without tickets as *all that*!"

If he had any expectations from his relative, I don't think he improved his prospects much by that journey.

But perhaps the railway conversation which lingers most clearly in my memory is one I happened to hear between some Surrey rustics some years ago.

They were discussing a case in the local paper, from which it appeared that a villager had discovered a woman drowning in a well, and, losing his head, had rushed off to give the alarm at the nearest constabulary station. As this was more than a mile away, the police naturally failed to arrive in time to save the poor woman's life.

"They'll censure him," said one rustic.

"Certain'y they'll do *that*," said another. "Some think it wur a case o' soocidee."

"Ah," said a third, a little obscurely, "she was *young*—young enough, leastways."

At this the fourth struck in. "I come 'pon much the same thing once," he began, with conscious importance. No one offered any comment; and after allowing sufficient time for effect, he continued: "Yes, it frightened me fur a minute or so, it did; but after that I soon settled with myself what was the right thing to do—and I done it."

He paused again, and the others maintained an apathetic silence.

"I done it," repeated the fourth man, "An' I didn' run off to no police-station neither, I didn't."

There was another long pause, during which my curiosity was so wrought upon that I was just on the point of asking the last speaker what the deuce it was that he *did* do, when the first rustic spoke:

"Crops are comin' on nicely now, ain't they?" he remarked—and the golden moment had fled for ever.

F. Anstey

I am no traveller;—~~which~~ is a rather humiliating admission in these days when people cross the Atlantic as casually as they used to cross the Channel, & to go up the Nile, or across India, or round the world is a mere question of coupons.

*"Carlotta Grisi, in the Ballet of 'Giselle,
ou les Wilis.'" (A Coloured Print.)*

BY MAX BEERBOHM.



IT is not among the cardboard glades of the King's Theatre, nor, indeed, behind any footlights, but in a real and twilight garden that Grisi, gimp-waisted sylphid, here pirouettes for her posterity. To her right, the pale roses on the trellis are not paper roses—one guesses them quite fragrant. And that is a real lake in the distance; and those delicate, dim trees around it, they too are quite real. Yes! surely this is the garden of Grisi's villa at Uxbridge, and her guests, quoting Lord Byron's "al fresco, nothing more delicious," have tempted her to a daring by-show of her inalienable genius. To her left there is a stone cross, which has been draped by one of the guests with a scarf bearing the legend GISELLE. It is Sunday evening, I fancy, after dinner. Cannot one see the guests, a group entranced by its privilege—the ladies with bandeaux and with little shawls to ward the dew from their shoulders; the gentlemen, D'Orsayesque all, forgetting to puff the cigars which the ladies, "this once," have suffered them to light? One sees them there; but they are only transparent phantoms between us and Grisi, not interrupting our vision. As she dances—the peerless Grisi!—one fancies that she is looking through them at us, looking across the ages to us who stand looking back at her. Her smile is but the formal Cupid's-bow of the ballerina; but I think there is a clairvoyance of posterity in the large eyes, and, in the pose, a

self-consciousness subtler than merely that of one who, dancing, leads all men by the heart-strings. A something is there which is almost shyness. Clearly, she knows it to be thus that she will be remembered; feels this to be the moment of her immortality. Her form is all but in profile, swaying far forward, but her face is full-turned to us. Her arms float upon the air. Below the stiff ruff of muslin about her waist, her legs are as a tilted pair of compasses; one point in the air, the other impinging the ground. One tiptoe poised ever so lightly upon the earth, as though the muslin wings at her shoulders were not quite strong enough to bear her up into the sky! So she remains, hovering betwixt two elements; a creature exquisitely ambiguous, being neither aerial nor of the earth. She knows that she is mortal, yet is conscious of apotheosis. She knows that she, though herself must perish, is imperishable; for she sees us, her posterity, gazing fondly back at her. She is touched. And we, a little envious of those who did once see Grisi plain, always will find solace in this pretty picture of her; holding it to be, for all its unreality, as much more real as it is prettier than the sharp, real ballet-girls of Degas.



MAX BEERBOHM.

From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

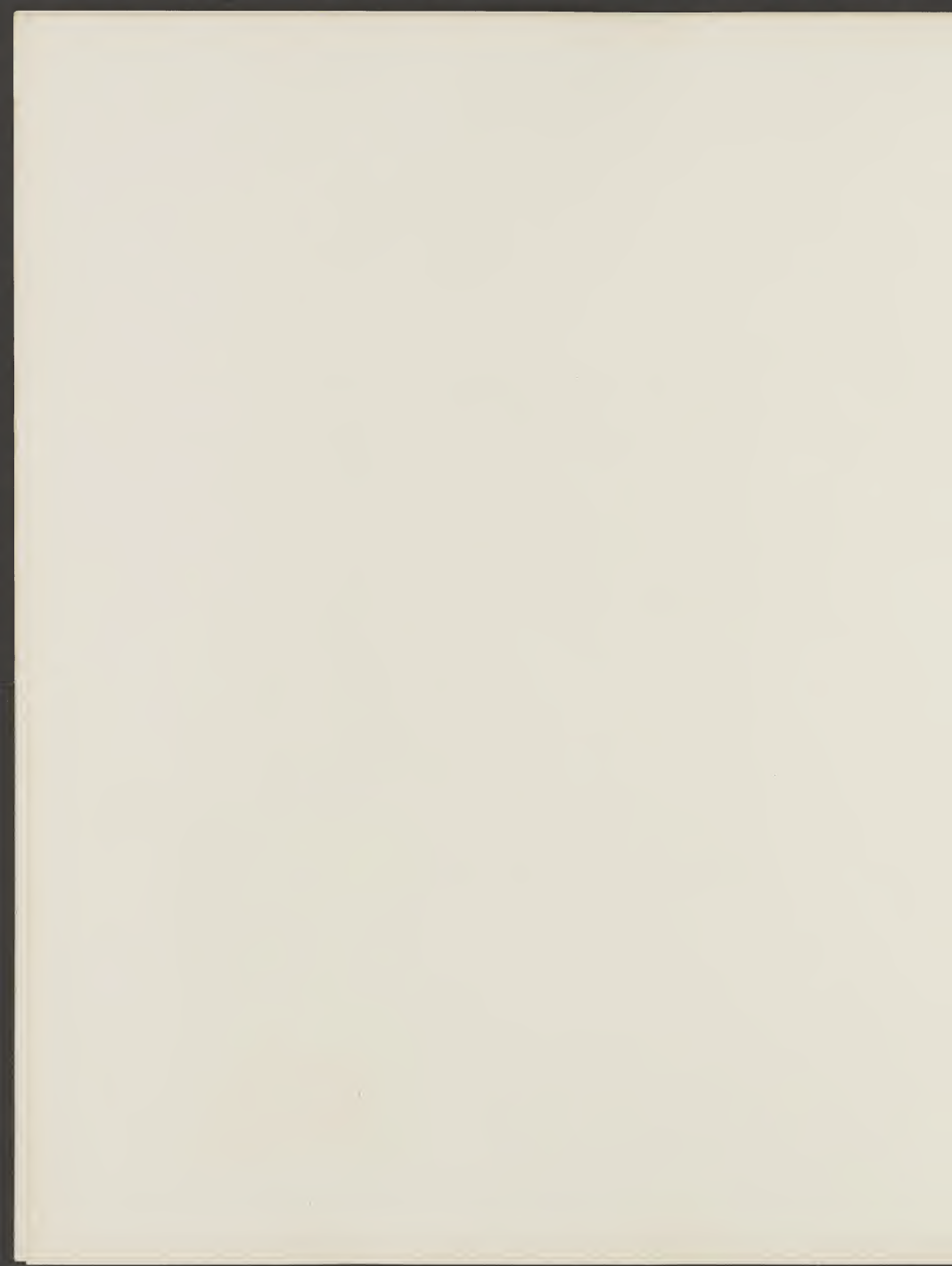
Max Beerbohm.
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*It is not among the cardboard glades of the
King's Theatre, nor indeed behind any foot-lights,
but in a real and twilight garden that Grisi,*



Swan Electric Engraving Co.

FROM A DRAWING BY G. DENHOLM ARMOUR.



The Sun's Heat.

BY SIR ROBERT BALL,

Lowndean Professor of Astronomy and Geometry at Cambridge, formerly Royal Astronomer of Ireland.

THERE is a story told of a well-intentioned missionary, who tried to induce an Eastern fire-worshipper to abandon the creed of his ancestors. "Is it not," urged the Christian minister, "a sad and a deplorable superstition for an intelligent person like you to worship an inanimate object like the Sun?" "My friend," said the Oriental, "you come from England; now tell me, have you ever seen the Sun?" The retort was a just one, for those of us whose lot it is to live beneath the clouds and in the gloom which so frequently brood over our northern latitudes have a very inadequate conception as to how the great orb of day is displayed before those who know it in the clear Eastern skies.

It will be remembered that when Nebuchadnezzar condemned the unhappy Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego to be cast into the burning fiery furnace, he commanded in his fury that the furnace should be heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated. Let us think of the hottest furnace which the minions of Nebuchadnezzar could ever have kindled with all the resources of Babylon. Let us think of one of the most perfect of modern furnaces, in which a substance so refractory as steel, having first attained a dazzling brilliance, has been further melted to run like water. Let us imagine the heat-dispensing power of that glittering liquid to be multiplied sevenfold. Let us go beyond Nebuchadnezzar's frenzied command, and imagine the efficiency of our furnace to be ten or twelve times as great as that which he possessed; we shall then obtain a notion of a heat-giving power corresponding to that which would be found in that wonderful celestial furnace, the great Sun in heaven.

Ponder also upon the amazing size of that orb, which glows at every point with the astonishing fervour I have indicated. The Earth on which we stand is no doubt a mighty globe, measuring as it does eight thousand miles in diameter. Yet what are such dimensions in comparison with those of the Sun? If the Earth be represented by a grain of mustard seed, then on the same scale the Sun should be represented by a cocoanut. Perhaps, however, a more impressive conception of the dimensions of the great orb of day may be obtained in this way. Think of the Moon, the Queen of Night, which circles monthly around our heavens, pursuing as she does a majestic track at a distance of two hundred and forty thousand miles from the Earth. Yet the Sun is so vast that if it were a hollow ball, and if the Earth were placed at the centre of that ball, the Moon could revolve in the orbit which it now follows and still be entirely enclosed within the Sun's interior.

For every acre on the surface of our globe there are more than ten thousand acres on the surface of the great luminary. Every portion of this area of flame is pouring forth torrents of heat. It has indeed been estimated that if the heat which is incessantly flowing through any single square foot of the Sun's exterior could be collected and applied beneath the boilers of an Atlantic liner, it would suffice to produce enough steam to sustain in continuous movement those engines of twenty thousand horsepower which enable a superb ship to make a record voyage from Europe to America.

The solar heat is shot forth into space in every direction with a prodigality which seems well-nigh inexhaustible. No doubt the earth does intercept a fair supply of sunbeams for conversion to our many needs, but the share of sun-heat that the dwelling-place of mankind is able to capture and employ forms only an



SIR ROBERT BALL.

From a Photograph by Russell & Son.

infinitesimal fraction of what the Sun actually pours forth. It would seem, indeed, very presumptuous for us to assume that the great Sun has come into existence solely for the benefit of poor humanity. The heat and light daily lavished by that orb of incomparable splendour would suffice to warm and illuminate quite as efficiently as the Earth is warmed and lighted more than two thousand million globes each as large as the Earth. If it had indeed been the scheme of Nature to call into existence the solar arrangements on their present scale for the solitary purpose of cherishing this immediate world of ours, then all we can say is that Nature carries on its business in the most outrageously wasteful manner. What should we think of the prudence of a man who, having been endowed with a splendid fortune of not less than ten million pounds, spent just one penny of that vast sum usefully, and dissipated every other penny, every other shilling and every other pound of his gigantic wealth in mere aimless extravagance. This would, however, appear to be the way in which the Sun managed its affairs, if we are to suppose that all solar heat is wasted, save that minute fraction which is intercepted by the Earth. Out of every ten million pounds worth of heat issuing from the glorious orb of day, we on this Earth barely secure one single pennyworth, and all but that insignificant trifle seems to be utterly squandered; we may say it certainly is squandered so far as humanity is concerned.

And now for the great question as to how the supply of heat is sustained so as to permit the orb of day to continue its career of unparalleled prodigality. Every child knows that the fire on the domestic hearth will go out unless the necessary supplies of wood or coal can be duly provided. The workman knows that the devouring blast-furnace requires to be incessantly stoked with fresh fuel. How then comes it that a furnace so much more stupendous than any terrestrial furnace seems able to continue to pour forth in perennial abundance its amazing heat, without being nourished by supplies? Professor Langley, who has done so much to extend our knowledge of the great orb of heaven, has suggested a method of illustrating the quantity of fuel which would be required, if indeed it were by successive additions of fuel that the Sun's heat had to be sustained. Suppose that all the coal-seams which underlie Great Britain and America were made to yield up their stores. Suppose that the coal-fields of Australia, China and elsewhere were compelled to contribute every combustible particle they contained. Suppose, in fact, that we extracted from this Earth every ton of coal it possesses in every island and in every continent. Suppose that this vast store of fuel, which is adequate to supply the wants of this Earth for centuries, were to be accumulated in one stupendous pile. Suppose that an army of stokers, arrayed in numbers which we need not now pause to calculate, were employed to throw this coal into the great solar furnace. How long, think you, would so gigantic a mass of fuel maintain the Sun's expenditure at its present rate? I am but uttering a deliberate scientific fact when I say that a conflagration which destroyed every particle of coal contained in this Earth would not generate so much heat as the Sun lavishes abroad to ungrateful space in the tenth part of every single second. During the few minutes that the reader has been occupied over these lines a quantity of heat which is many thousands of times as great as the heat which could be produced by the ignition of all the coal in every coal-pit in the globe has been totally lost to the solar system.

But we have still one further conception to introduce before we shall have fully indicated the extent of the Sun's extravagance in the matter of heat. As the Sun shines to-day on this Earth so it shone yesterday; so it shone a hundred years ago, a thousand years ago; so it shone in the earliest dawn of history; so it shone during those still remoter periods when great animals flourished which have now vanished for ever; so it shone during that remarkable period in Earth's history when the great coal forests flourished; so it shone during those remote ages many millions of years ago, when life began to dawn on an Earth which was still young. There is every reason to believe that throughout these millions of years which the imagination strives in vain to realize, the Sun has dispensed its radiant treasures of light and warmth with just the same prodigality as that which now characterizes it.

We all know the consequences of wanton extravagance. We know it spells bankruptcy and ruin. The expenditure of heat by the Sun is the most magnificent extravagance of which human knowledge gives us any conception. How have the consequences of such awful prodigality been hitherto averted? How is it that the Sun is still able to draw on its heat reserves from second to second, from century to century, from æon to æon, ever squandering two thousand million times as much heat as that which genially warms our temperate regions, as that which

draws forth the exuberant vegetation of the tropics, or which rages in the desert of Sahara. This is indeed a great problem.

It was Helmholtz who discovered that the continual maintenance of the Sun's temperature is a consequence of the fact that the Sun is neither solid nor liquid, but is to a great extent gaseous. His theory of the subject has gained universal acceptance. Those who have taken the trouble to become acquainted with it are compelled to admit that the doctrine set forth by this great philosopher embodies a profound truth.

Even the great Sun cannot escape the application of a certain law which affects every terrestrial object, and whose province is wide as the Universe itself. Nature has not one law for the rich and another for the poor. The Sun is shedding forth heat, and therefore affirms this law: the Sun must be shrinking in size. We have calculated the rate at which this contraction proceeds. We thus find that the width of the great luminary is ten inches smaller to-day than it was yesterday. Year in and year out, the glorious orb of heaven is steadily diminishing at the same rate of about ten inches per diem. For hundreds of years, aye, for hundreds of thousands of years, this incessant shrinking has gone on as it goes on at present. For hundreds of years, aye, for hundreds of thousands of years, the shrinking still will go on. As a sponge exudes moisture by continuous squeezing, so the Sun pours forth heat by continuous shrinking. So long as the Sun remains practically gaseous, so long will the great luminary continue to shrink, and thus continue its gracious beneficence. Hence it is that, for incalculable ages yet to come, the Sun will pour forth its unspeakable benefits. Hence it is that, for a period compared with which the reign of man is but a day, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, will have their due succession on the Earth.

Robert S. Ball

There is a story told of a well-intentioned missionary who tried to induce an Eastern Fire-worshipper to abandon the creed of his ancestors "Sit not" urged the Christian minister "A sad and a deplorable superstition for an intelligent person like you to worship an inanimate object like the sun?" "My friend" replied the Oriental "you come from England: now tell me, have you ever seen the sun?" The retort was a just one, for those of us whose lot it is to live beneath the clouds and in the gloom, which so frequently brood over our northern latitudes, have a very inadequate conception as to how the great orb of day is displayed before those who know it in the clear Eastern skies

Mr. Tree's "Hart goes out to Me!"

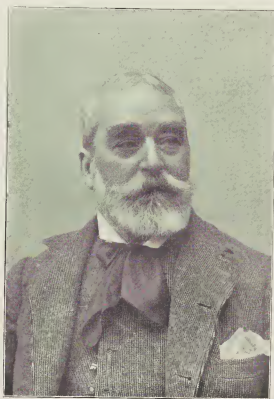
AND SO IT DOES, OR, RATHER, "SO HE DOES," FOR HERE IS MR. HART REPRESENTING ONE BRANCH OF OUR TREE'S WIDE-SPREADING WORK AND INFLUENCE.



ARDON me for troubling you, but I am awaiting your MS. for the Charing Cross Hospital Bazaar Souvenir." So says to me the energetic Secretary, Lionel Hart,—"the Hart that pants" (and no wonder in this glorious June weather!) and will not be satisfied. Was there not a "*Heart true to Poll*"? and does not this "Hart of Oak" (Mr. Tree is, of course, the Oak) so stick to the work of the "poll" which he has undertaken that you cannot be rid of him until he has obtained, as agent, what his principal requires? If he doesn't see you, he writes: to quote the Cornish line, it is "Tree, Pol, and pen." Add another "l" to the second word, and there you have it. And what am I to give to this Hart that must not be overstrained? How can I best comply with his demands? That they must be complied with is evident, for who can withstand *Cœur de Lion*-el? Let me think; let me consider. . . . Yet to think takes time; and what says the generous Hart in his Hartful letter to me? "We are setting up the articles" (Harticles?) "alphabetically, and," he adds naively, on the presumption of my unfamiliarity with the alphabet, "B comes so early in such an arrangement." B is the early bird; A is the earliest; C will go one better, and so on until we arrive at Z, which will evidently be represented by "Zangwill," and that eminent writer will have had time to write at least twenty-four pages. "Every minute is of value," urges Mr. Tree's active agent. Certainly "Every minute is of value." At what sum shall we put it? One minute equals sixty seconds." What price "seconds"? I know "seconds" only as "oysters"—the "Dutch seconds"—or "Double-Dutch," sixty of which do *not* go to a minute, unless, perhaps, there be another oyster-eating champion like the historic Mr. "Dando"—then "*Solvitur Dando*." To return to our computation, doing it in oysters. What price "seconds"? Half-a-crown a dozen? For argument's sake (which means that I do *not* want to argue the point, whether it be "blue point" *à propos* of oysters, or any other) let us say two-and-six, which is the same thing. Agreed. A dozen seconds, two-and-six. Sixty seconds, therefore, will mean five dozen, *i.e.* twelve shillings and sixpence per minute; twenty-five shillings for two minutes; and so on, and so on, taking at least half-an-hour or three-quarters of my valuable time at this reckoning, which is the total; and, in, the words of the old Elizabethan song:

"That, Hart, I give to thee."

It being understood that thereby the Charity Bazaar for the Charing Cross Hospital Funds be benefited. "Thank you," says Mr. Hart, "I must not detain you." "Nor I you," is my return. "Kindly explain to Tree—*verbum 'sap'*—and may the result be a Tree-mendous success!"



F. C. BURNAND.

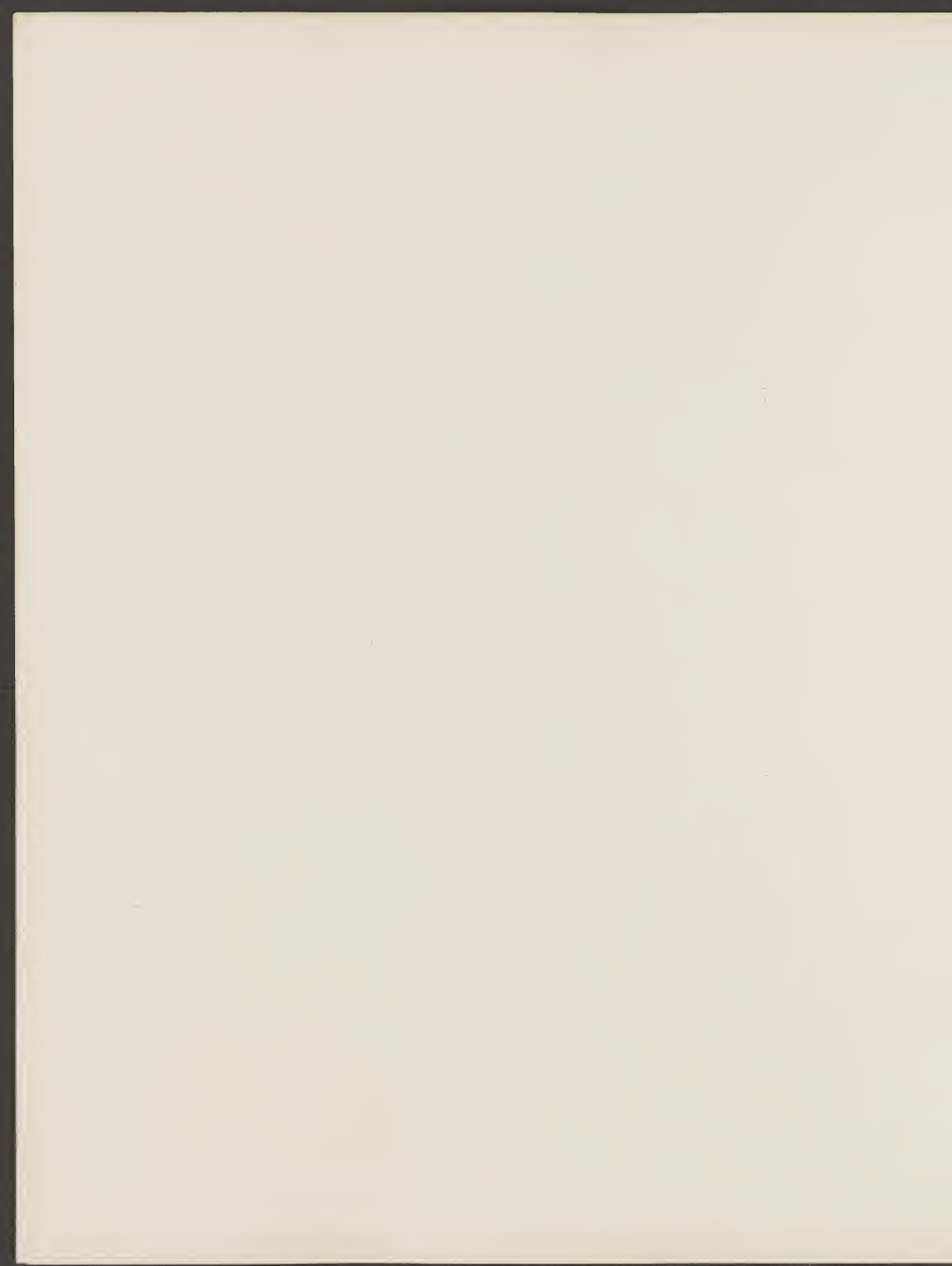
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

F. C. Burnand

"
Pardon me for troubling you but I
am awaiting your MS. for
to form a Hospital Bazaar
Souvenir "



FROM A DRAWING BY LEWIS BAUMER.



"The Countess Cathleen": A Fragment of Criticism.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

[NOTE.—My friend, Mr. George Moore, has dealt somewhat severely with me for my supposed lack of appreciation of the Irish Literary Drama. By way of showing that I am not so obtuse to its merits as Mr. Moore imagines, I extract from a critical study of Mr. W. B. Yeats, written many months before Mr. Moore took me to task, the paragraphs referring to "The Countess Cathleen," which has recently been produced in Dublin. Mr. Moore, of course, could not take into account an unpublished essay of which he knew nothing; but he might have known, or ascertained, that I had warmly praised Mr. Yeats's other drama, the exquisitely poetic "Land of Heart's Desire"—the only one of Mr. Yeats's works which, having been placed on the London stage, has come within my ken as a theatrical critic.—W. A.]



It is not easy to determine the precise relation between Mr. W. B. Yeats and M. Maurice Maeterlinck. Their affinity of spirit is obvious. Both are mystics; both regard the visible world as little more than a hampering veil between them and the far more real and momentous unseen universe; both are full of pity for the blindness and helplessness of man, encompassed, in all his goings out and comings in, by capricious, vaguely-divined, and generally malevolent powers.

M. Maeterlinck, no less than Mr. Yeats, goes to folk-lore, to nursery legend one might say, for his material; though his folk-lore is generalised, not local or even racial. The Flemish poet has, to my thinking, a less melodious, less lyrical, but more specifically dramatic genius, and he is certainly the more penetrating and accomplished psychologist. But the true problem for criticism is not to balance the merits of the two writers, but to determine whether their curious similarity of method is due to independent development along parallel lines, or is partly attributable to the direct influence of the one upon the other. In "The Countess Cathleen" we recognise some of the most original features of M. Maeterlinck's dramatic method: the indeterminate time and place, the almost child-like simplicity of speech, the art of eliminating even the illusion of free-will, and representing human beings as the passive, plaintive puppets of dominions and powers unseen. Now "The Countess Cathleen" was published in the autumn of 1892, and Maeterlinck's early works, "La Princesse Maleine," "L'Intruse," and "Les Aveugles," had been read and discussed in England for at least a year previously.* Thus it is probable enough that Mr. Yeats was acquainted with these plays of Maeterlinck's before his own play was published. But in dedicating it to Miss Maud Gonne, he stated that it was "planned out and begun some three years ago"—that is to say, before any of M. Maeterlinck's works were published, or at all events before the first rumour of them had crossed the Channel. The original conception and plan, then, which are quite as Maeterlinckian as any of the details, cannot owe anything to M. Maeterlinck. Unknown to each other, and almost simultaneously, the two poets must have sought and found a similar vehicle for expression. M. Maeterlinck, possessing, as I have said, the more distinctively dramatic talent, was the first to perfect his vehicle; and his example may very likely have

* An article by me, entitled "A Pessimist Playwright," appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for September, 1891, and I believe Mr. George Moore had published an appreciation of Maeterlinck even earlier.



WILLIAM ARCHER.

From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

been of assistance to Mr. Yeats. But it may with confidence be said that the similarity between them is much more truly attributable to general sympathy of spirit than to conscious, or even unconscious, imitation on Mr. Yeats's part.

A melancholy theme indeed is that of "The Countess Cathleen." It can be told in a few words. The land is famine-stricken; Satan sends two demons in the guise of merchants to buy the souls of the starving peasants; the Countess Cathleen will sacrifice all her vast wealth, her "gold and green forests," to save the people; but the emissaries of hell (the heavenly powers being apparently asleep) steal her treasure, becalm her ships, delay the passage of her flocks and herds; so that at last there is nothing for her to do but to sell her own soul and feed the people with the proceeds. The absolute impotence, the practical non-existence, of the powers of good, and the perfect ease with which the powers of evil execute their plots, render the play depressing almost to the point of exasperation. It is true that at the end an Angel intervenes, and gives us to understand that Cathleen's soul is safe, because

The Light of Lights
Looks always on the motive, not the deed,
The Shadow of Shadows on the deed alone.

But this is a tardy consolation to the reader, who feels, moreover, that Satan is not quite fairly dealt with, being balked by a quibble, not openly encountered and vanquished. Oppressive melancholy, however, is the note of the folk-lore from which Mr. Yeats draws his inspiration; though in his delightful little book of prose, "The Celtic Twilight," he seems inclined to contest the fact. Be this as it may, "The Countess Cathleen" (especially in its revised form) is as beautiful as it is sad. The blank verse has a monotonous, insinuating melody which is all its own, arising not only from the dainty simplicity of the diction, but from the preponderance of final monosyllables and of what the professors of Shakespearometry call "end-stopped" lines. Mr. Yeats eschews all attempt to get dramatic force and variety into his verse by aid of the well-known tricks of frequent elisions, feminine endings, periodic structure, and all the rest of it. And herein he does well. No rush and tumult of versification could suit his mournful fantasies so perfectly as this crooning rhythm, this limpid melody, which seems, as Cyrano de Bergerac would say, to have a touch of the brogue in it.

Let me now note a few passages in which the resemblance to Maeterlinck is most apparent. The first scene takes place in the famine-stricken cabin of Shemus Rua, the personages being Shemus, his wife Maire, and their son Teig:

SHEMUS.

What food's within?

TEIG.

There is a bag half full of meal, a pan
Half full of milk.

SHEMUS.

And we have Maive, the hen.

TEIG.

The pinewood were less hard.

MAIRE.

Before you came

She made a great noise in the hencoop, Shemus.
What fluttered in the window?

TEIG.

Two horned owls

Have blinked and fluttered on the window sill
From when the dog began to bay.

SHEMUS.

Hush, hush!

Who can fail to be reminded here of M. Maeterlinck's fondness for extracting eerie effects from the (alleged) sensitiveness of the animal kingdom to spiritual presences? The baying of the dog and the fluttering of the hens are eminently Maeterlinckian—only that in Maeterlinck the hens would be swans. Think, for example, of the part played by the swans in "L'Intruse," or of the fight of the dogs and the swans in "Pelléas et Mélisande." The two owls, I should add, are not

on the same plane as the dog and the hen, for they are the demons in disguise. They are first-cousins, not of M. Maeterlinck's swans, but of the poodle in "Faust." Nevertheless the passage is absolutely Maeterlinckian in effect; and so is the following:

MAIRE.

Who knows what evil you have brought to us?
I fear the wood things, Shemus. [*A knock at the door.*
Do not open.

SHEMUS.

A crown and twenty pennies are not enough
To stop the hole that lets the famine in.
[*The little shrine falls.*

MAIRE.

Look! look!

SHEMUS. [*Kicking it to pieces.*

The Mother of God has dropped asleep,
And all her household things have gone to wrack.

MAIRE.

O Mary, Mother of God, be pitiful!

[*SHEMUS opens the door. Two MERCHANTS stand without. They have bands of gold round their foreheads, and each carries a bag upon his shoulder.*

The two Merchants are the owls of the previous passage, in another disguise; and the falling of the shrine at their approach is a piece of pure Maeterlinck. Take, again, the following:

COUNTESS CATHLEEN.

We must find out this castle in the wood
Before the chill o' the night.
[*The musicians begin to tune their instruments.*

Do not blame me,

Good woman, for the tympan and the harp:
I was bid fly the terror of the times
And wrap me round with music and sweet song
Or else pine to my grave. I have lost my way;
And the bard Aheal, who should know these woods,
Because we met him on their border but now
Wandering and singing like the foam of the sea,
Is so wrapped up in dreams of terrors to come
That he can give no help.

MAIRE. [*Going to the door with her.*

Beyond the hazel

Is a green shadowed pathway, and it goes
To your great castle in malevolent woods.

Here the style is not at all that of Maeterlinck; but the concluding phrase—the "great castle in malevolent woods"—depicts in five words the scene of half M. Maeterlinck's dramas. The old nurse Oona, too, is entirely in the spirit of the author of "Les Aveugles" and the creator of so many weird embodiments of pallid eld. Take this for an example:

OONA.

Now lay your head once more upon my knees.
I'll sing how Fergus drove his brazen cars.
[*She chaunts with the thin voice of age.*

*Who will go drive with Fergus now,
And pierce the deep wood's woven shade,
And dance upon the level shore?
Young man, lift up your russet brow,
And lift your tender eyelids, maid,
And brood on hopes and fears no more.*

You have dropped down again into your trouble.
You do not hear me.

"THE COUNTESS CATHLEEN."

CATHLEEN.

Ah, sing on, old Oona,
I hear the horn of Fergus in my heart.

OONA.

I do not know the meaning of the song,
I am too old.

CATHLEEN.

The horn is calling, calling.

OONA.

*And no more turn aside and brood
Upon Love's bitter mystery;
For Fergus rules the brazen cars,
And rules the shadows of the wood,
And the white breast of the dim sea
And all dishevelled wandering stars.*

Why, you are weeping—and such tears! Such tears!
Look, child, how big they are. Your shadow falls,
O Weeping Willow of the World, O Eri,
On this the loveliest daughter of your race,
Your leaves blow round her. I give God great thanks
That I am old—lost in the sleep of age.

Like Oona, "I do not know the meaning of the song," but I know that it is beautiful; and in her dialogue the nurse certainly speaks with the tongue of her aged sisters in the dramas of M. Maeterlinck.

The marked resemblance between the two poets raises once more the much-debated question of race in literature. M. Maeterlinck's swans and Mr. Yeats's hen may stand in the relation of cause and effect, or (as I rather believe) may be co-ordinate effects of similar psychological causes; but in any case there can be no possible doubt of the strong spiritual affinity between the two poets. Now mark the difficulty with which we are brought face to face. M. Maeterlinck, a Fleming, is presumably of Teutonic race; while Mr. Yeats, as we know, is a Kelt of the Kelts. How do the critics who found their faith (like the lady in Dickens) upon "blood" account for this close brotherhood between men of two races which it is the fashion to regard as diametrically antagonistic to each other in the structure of their souls? Observe, too, that it is precisely in his most Keltic qualities that Mr. Yeats approximates most closely to M. Maeterlinck. The Teuton is, if possible, more Keltic than the Kelt. Are we to assume that some single far-off Keltic progenitor (perhaps one of the Irish soldiers in the army which "swore terribly in Flanders") lives again, by a freak of atavism, in M. Maeterlinck? There is nothing improbable in such a conjecture; but if we admit it in this case, we can scarcely exclude a similar conjecture in any other case. And thus we strike at the root of all race-theorising by owning it impossible to assert, of any Western European, that the blood of any one of the great races flows unadulterated in his veins. Wherefore I suggest that, as a foundation for theories of the artistic temperament, blood is very little thicker than water.

W.A.

Note:—My friend Mr George Moore has dealt somewhat severely with me for my supposed lack of appreciation of the Irish Literary Drama.

Concerning Charing Cross.

BY SIR WALTER BESANT.



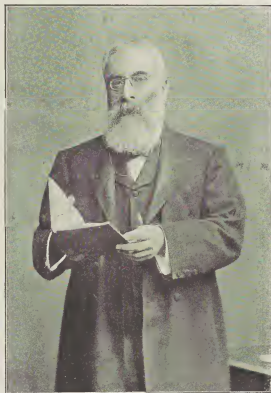
ONE must read a great many books and take a great many walks before arriving at a sense of the antiquity and the continuity of London in all its parts. The legislation, which from time to time endeavours to break up and destroy the unity of the great City; the blindness, which cannot see how the City itself is the true and only possible centre; the ignorance of the strength and vitality of the City; the inability to understand how the ancient machinery may be adjusted and extended to cover all the modern extension of the City: these things prove that our legislators have no knowledge whatever of the history of London and no understanding of what London means as a City, which, in all her parts, ancient as well as modern, has her roots in the past; springs from that small area once included by the Wall and the Ditch; belongs to that venerable spot by ancient association, and in these modern days is maintained and supported by that hive of industry.

I shall endeavour to show, in a brief chapter on Charing Cross, how this little corner of London is filled with history and crammed with associations of the past: not only the distant past, but the past of the eighteenth century, the past of our own day, which seems so near yet is as distant—since it is gone—as any time of Plantagenet or Tudor.

The hamlet of Charing must have been in existence as far back as the year 1222, because there is mention in that year of its church. That it was a place covering a very large area with a very few houses is certain, because so late as the year 1561 the map of London shows that Hedge Lane (now Whitcomb Street) and St. Martin's Lane ran through fields, pastures and gardens, with field paths lying across them. Yet at that time the Strand was built up on both sides.

In the earlier centuries, as in the twelfth and thirteenth, there were none of these buildings in the Strand: the riverside palaces had not yet been commenced. It is perfectly easy to discover and to trace the origin and early history—when there was no history save that of birth and life and death—of the village, as it has been constantly called, of Charing. We must set aside altogether the modern idea of a village. There was no cluster of houses round a church: the mediæval village was often a long way from its church—witness the Church of East Ham, alone in the marshes, and certain churches in the New Forest, far away from their villages. The "village" of Charing was a parish: the church stood on the site of the present Church of St. Martin: it was built by the monks of Westminster, to whom the land belonged, for their tenants. Out of their lands they formed a parish. Their tenants farmed the land, with its pastures and its arable fields: their cottages were scattered about the place. Some of the tenants, however, were Thames watermen and fishermen who lived on the banks of the river where was afterwards Hungerford Market, and formed some kind of village or cluster of houses. A piece of the churchyard was still reserved for the Thames watermen long after they had left the parish and gone across the river. The hamlet lay between London and Westminster. It was on the high road, as the historians say—erroneously, because the high road between London and Westminster was the river. Those who had to ride from one place to the other, the following of a baron or a bishop, certainly used the road, but their numbers were few compared with the crowded and busy life on the river.

The so-called high road was a rough and primitive way—no more than a track full of holes, not "made" in any sense,



SIR WALTER BESANT.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

without pavement, only mended when the King or Queen rode in state—which ran from Ludgate Hill to Charing and thence to Westminster.

Such was the beginning of the "hamlet" of Charing. And so for centuries it continued. The first event in the history of Charing was the foundation of a small monastic house called St. Mary Rouncevalles, a Cell attached to the Priory of Rouncevalles in Navarre. This Cell, which was small, seems to have gained no popularity and to have attracted little attention. I cannot find that it appears more than once in the "Calendar of Wills" in the year 1378. On that occasion it received a small bequest towards the building or rebuilding of the Chapel. It stood on the site of Northumberland House. There was a dispute as to the ownership of certain lands and tenements attached to this house in the time of Richard II. It was proved that the lands had been granted by the Earl of Pembroke in the reign of Henry III. to the Hospital of Rouncevalles, and that the King had no right to the property. The House was dissolved by Henry V., in the general suppression of all the Cells in England attached to alien priories. Beside the convent stood a Hermitage. When we speak of a Hermitage we are naturally moved to think of the Hermitage at Warkworth or at Guy's Cliff—of a cell cut in the rock. This kind of Hermitage, however, was not a rock-cut cell,—partly, perhaps, because there was no rock in the place. It was like the Hermitage of St. James in the City. This, which was a comparatively large building, stood in the north-west angle of London Wall, and contained a chapel and lodging for two or more priests. The Hermitage of Charing Cross was large enough to have a Precinct, and this of considerable area, as is proved by the fact that Henry III. gave permission to William, Bishop of Llandaff, to lodge within its Precinct whenever he came to London. Now, when a Bishop came to London, he did not travel alone, but with a goodly retinue of ecclesiastics, gentlemen, and body-guard. The erection of these religious houses gave some individual character to Charing. There was yet a third house of religion not far from Charing—the Lazar House of St. James, founded and endowed for the maintenance of fourteen women afflicted with leprosy. This house was taken over by Henry VIII., when leprosy had ceased, or nearly ceased, in the land, and made the site of the Palace of St. James.

One more historical event makes this site memorable. In the year 1291 Edward I. brought the body of his wife, Eleanor, from Lincoln to Westminster, marking each resting-place by a memorial cross. These crosses are put up at Lincoln, Northampton, Stony Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St. Alban's, Waltham, Chepe and Charing—nine places in all. The most elaborate was the last, the Cross of Charing, designed by Richard and Robert de Coverdale. The Cross was octagonal, and was embellished with statues in tiers of niches. The new Cross within the railway station was intended for a reproduction of the old one, which was destroyed in 1647, greatly to the disgust of the people. Some of the marble from the pedestal was carried off and cut up into knife-handles, and sold as relics of the Cross.

The "village" of Charing began to assume another appearance when the great nobles' houses were built along the Strand. The watermen, dispossessed of their old quarters, retreated to Westminster, beyond the King's House; or they joined the colony of fishermen and watermen who lived upon the Lambeth Embankment. Their place was taken by the retainers and followers in the service of the noble lords who owned the new palaces and houses. The front of the house was towards the river; each house had its own stairs and "bridge," or pier, with its own barges and boats and boatmen; the gates of the court looked upon the Strand. Where men-at-arms are gathered together needs must that taverns, with music, drinking, dancing, and companions of the gentler sex, must also be found. Charing began to find these taverns springing up in plenty—they had always formed the principal part of Westminster, outside the Abbey and the Palace. Then more great houses were built, some on the north side; more taverns arose; and, as Doctor Johnson said, "the full tide of human existence" began to flow round Charing Cross. We must not imagine that the great houses, though every one contained hundreds of followers, demanded, as they would in our time, shops close at hand: the houses were supplied with provisions of all kinds by boat and barge from the markets of Billingsgate, Newgate (by way of the Fleet), East Cheap and Queenhithe: the only shop required by the followers and "livery" of the great lords, was the "house of call" or tavern.

The next step towards the creation of a centre of population at Charing was the erection of the King's Falconry—the King's Mews—on the present site of Trafalgar Square. This establishment brought with it a small army of yeomen and servants.

If, then, you would reconstruct Charing as it was in the time of Richard II., lay down, first, the river—that is always the first thing to lay down on a London map; then St. Martin's Church, with a large churchyard extending as far as Bedfordbury; St. Martin's Lane, with no houses, and fields on either side; the King's Mews on the site of Trafalgar Square; Hedge Lane on the other side, nearly parallel to St. Martin's Lane; the Cell of Rouncevalles, occupying exactly the site of Northumberland House; the Hermitage beside it, within its own Precinct; the Cross before the monastery; and the road leading east to Ludgate and south to Westminster. Add, south of the Church, a tavern or two, and your map will be complete. The erection of the great houses which lay along the riverside from Bridewell Palace to Westminster made great changes in the appearance of Charing. In the fifteenth century we find these palaces occupying the whole north bank; the Thames watermen have disappeared; and from the Fleet to Thorney there is a long succession of palaces. The Thames, like the Grand Canal of Venice, ran past a line of splendid mansions. At the back of these mansions was the Strand crossed by two or three tiny streams, still preserving the character of a country road—that is, unpaved and without any care—lined on the north side by taverns and houses for the use of the men-at-arms and service of the palaces. The religious foundations of the Cell and the Hermitage had both disappeared at that time.

In the sixteenth century the King's Mews were turned into the King's Stables: the parish of St. Martin's was slightly enlarged, so that the sight of the frequent funeral passing on its way to St. Margaret's might offend the King no longer. The church had become ruinous: Henry restored or rebuilt it. When he moved from Westminster to Cardinal Wolsey's Palace of Whitehall, the people of the Court went with him, and Charing became a busy, populous, and cheerful place, full of taverns, with all the "materials" for the comfort and solace of Priest or Friar, Knight, man-at-arms or groom. There were few, if any, lepers left in England; therefore the Hospital of St. James could be converted into a Palace without injury to any. If there were any inmates they might go out into the world without fear of spreading infection. I believe that there were still a few ladies in the place, which had apparently become a kind of Hampton Court. These residents received pensions, like the monks and nuns, and so disappeared.

The modern Charing Cross begins with the seventeenth century. I have long wished to restore to the London of that century the very important characteristic which Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists and poets never mention. This feature was the ruined monastery. London stood at that time girt about with ruins: they were not ruins of decay, but ruins of destruction. The Religious House was granted to this noble or that: the Church was spared in some cases; in others it was desecrated; in others it was taken down: the Refectory for the most part was converted into a hall: the Dormitory, the Misericordia, the Calefactory, the Cloister, the Guest Chambers, the Abbot's or the Prior's Hall—these were either taken down at once and cleared away, or they waited to be cleared away piecemeal. Shakespeare and his friends constructed theatres in and among these ruins. The Curtain was erected close to Holywell Nunnery; the Globe, by St. Mary Overies; the Dorset, by the Carmelites; the Playhouse, in Blackfriars. Close beside the Theatre, these venerable ruins must have spoken to the poets, not only of the ancient faith, but also of passion, suffering, pride, ambition and despair. The poets wrote under the very shadow of these ruins; they wandered about in the gardens where nuns had slowly withered and monks had wasted their futile lives. But the place did not inspire them. There is no word about the ruins of Elizabethan London in the Elizabethan poets. At Charing Cross, for instance, there were the ruins of the Alien Priory, whose revenues had been sent out of the country every year to far-off Rouncevalles in Navarre. The Earl of Northampton, in 1605, cleared away these ruins and built a noble house with gardens sloping to the river. It was designed by the same architect, John Thorpe, who built Burghley House. The place passed from Lord Northampton to Lord Suffolk, after whom it was called, till it fell into the hands of Algernon, tenth Earl of Northumberland, when it became and was always afterwards called Northumberland House. Hollar made a drawing of the house. Suckling mentions it in his delightful poem:

"At Charing Cross, hard by the way,
Where we, thou know'st, do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs."

The lovely Cross was pulled down as a monument of superstition, in 1647. The Cross of Cheapside was pulled down on the same day.

There is a curious history about the statue of Charles I., which has stood in its present position for two hundred years. It was executed by a French sculptor, Hubert le Sueur. He received the sum of £600 for it. The work was undertaken in 1630, and the statue was cast three years later in a piece of ground near Covent Garden. For some reason unknown it was not set up when the Civil War broke out, and lay where it was cast for some years, until the Parliament sold it to one John Rivet, a brazier of Holborn, with strict orders to break it up. He declared that he had done so, and showed fragments of metal which he said belonged to the statue. In order to avoid suspicion he also advertised brass handles of knives as made from the statue. These were bought by Royalists as relics. On the Restoration, Rivet—surely a good name for a worker in brass—announced the safety of the statue and wanted to sell it. The law officers of the Crown took a view of the affair which the brazier could not share, and there was a lengthy correspondence. In the end the statue was erected, but it is not known what John Rivet made by the transaction.

Charing Cross after the Restoration became the scene of the cruel and barbarous execution of the regicides. Hugh Peters, who had been Cromwell's chaplain, General Harrison, Colonel Jones, and Colonel Scrope and others were brought out to die according to the law and with all the cruelty and humiliation possible. The two first suffered on October 13th, and the others on October 17th, 1660. They exhibited the courage one expects of men sincere and fixed in their convictions and looking on death as no more than a brief, if painful, passage to the blissful rest beyond. It is the one pleasing feature of the dreadful story that Harrison, in the midst of his tortures, sprang to his feet and struck the executioner in the face, falling back to die. It was the final blow for the cause of the unconquerable Roundhead.

A few years later Titus Oates stood in pillory here. Considering the temper of the Catholics it is wonderful that he escaped with his life. Pillory, however, was but the beginning of his punishment. The fact probably restrained the hands of the bystanders. The cruelty which was to follow was so great that not a brickbat was thrown by his enemies to end him on the spot. The man must have had a constitution as brazen as his own front to suffer such a punishment as that flogging and to live.

Other interesting criminals have stood in pillory at Charing Cross. The publisher, Edmund Curll, here showed his unblushing face for publishing books *contra bonos mores*. Could we but revive this salutary discipline! Here stood a notorious forger, one Japhet Crooke. He was the last forger to stand in pillory. The House passed a law making forgery a capital offence; and a few days later a wretch was hanged at Tyburn for the same offence for which the more fortunate Japhet had escaped with pillory. In 1763 one Parsons, the chief agent in the grand imposture of the Cock Lane Ghost, was exhibited at Charing Cross in the same sorry situation.

The punishment of pillory practically gave a criminal over into the hands of the populace. They pronounced judgment and executed sentence upon him by common consent. If they acquitted him—if they approved of his conduct—if they justified his crime—he was received with acclamations: the pillory was a triumphal car: the cross-beam became an extended halo for the saintly head imprisoned in it. If, however, the mob were inclined to virtue, and demanded justice, the sufferer received a pelting of dead cats, dead dogs, putrid rabbits, rotten eggs, offal and filth of every description. If, as sometimes happened, the temper of the people ran high against the crime, it was not the rotten egg that the poor wretch had to face, but stones and brick-bats. In many instances the pillory meant the martyr's death by stoning. But this was later, and in the eighteenth century, when the mob had grown more savage than was ever known before and less under control. Again, in its earlier forms, pillory was a punishment of shame for man or woman. Instances are on record of persons dying of a broken heart after the shame of pillory. While this wholesome shame lasted, we find it the most common form of punishment. Indeed, what could be more dreadful for a woman with the least modesty and self-respect than to be carried through the streets in a cart with trumpets and drums before her, clad in a hood which proclaimed her sin, and placed in "thew" before the multitude of mocking eyes.

There are other, and more pleasant, associations connected with Charing Cross of the eighteenth century. There are the taverns—Locket's, the Rummer, the Golden Cross, the Swan, and many others—taverns and coffee-houses, great and small. Of these taverns the most famous, perhaps

was Locket's. This place stood on the present site of Drummond's Bank. Etherege, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, were all frequenters of Locket's. Prior celebrates Locket's:

"With evening wheels we'll drive about the Park,
Finish at Locket's, and reel home 't the dark."

In other words, Locket's for some thirty years was the most fashionable dining and supper place in the West End. The vogue of Locket's lasted for nearly fifty years—from the reign of Charles II. to that of George I.

The Rummer Tavern, two doors from Locket's, was another tavern of good repute. It was kept at one time by Matthew Prior's uncle, who took the boy into the house when his father died. In after years the poet wrote:

"My uncle, rest his soul! when living
Might have contrived me ways of thriving:
Taught me with cider to replenish
My vats or ebbing tide of Rhenish.
So when for hock I drew pricked white wine
Swear 't had the flavour and was right wine.
All this you made me quick to follow
That sneaking, whey-faced god, Apollo.
Sent me among a fiddling crew
Of folks I'd neither seen nor knew,
Calliope and God knows who.
I add no more invectives to it,
You spoiled the youth to make a poet."

The literary associations of Charing Cross are many, had one the space to enlarge upon the subject. Especially did the wits of Charles II.'s reign assemble in the coffee-houses and the taverns of the place. There was a bookshop near the Mews kept by a man named Payne, whose "back parlour" was every day filled with scholars, poets and divines, talking and disputing. I find no mention of the shop in "Boswell," but in the later years of Johnson's life, the years with which Boswell was most familiar, the lexicographer haunted Fleet Street more than Charing Cross. Beyond Charing Cross, in Pall Mall, Dodsley, bookseller and publisher, had his shop.

One must not forget the artistic memories of Charing Cross. They are plentiful, and chiefly connected with St. Martin's Lane. A remarkable group of artists either resided here in the eighteenth century, or frequented the famous coffee-house and tavern called Old Slaughter's. This place, named after the first proprietor, one Slaughter, stood on the west side of the Lane, three doors south of Newport Street: the site is now swallowed up in Cranbourne Street. The company which "used" Slaughter's has been restored, and not without success, in a book called "Wine and Walnuts, by Ephraim Hardcastle," published about the year 1825. He depicts a society free, cheerful and convivial; discourse conducted without respect to person; full of the element which we call Bohemian; much more lively than the Literary Club; not so gross as the old clubs which were kept up for the exhibition of wit, such as the "Keep the Line," and the old Beefsteak; and not so much addicted to port and punch as the clubs of St. James's Street. Among the company were, at different times, Thornhill, Hogarth, Roubiliac, Reynolds and Fuseli; not to speak of a crowd of minor lights, including the poet, Ambrose Philips.

There were, next, the slums. We cannot get along without our slums. Even the model dwelling houses, I have learned, can be converted into slums, and in some cases can already be compared, by reason of drunkenness and "language," to the lanes and tenements which they swept away. In the eighteenth century the slum was gloriously independent. No lamp lit its black courts at night; no paving, not even of the cobble kind, covered its areas; no sewer received its refuse: its woodwork was broken; its roofs were falling in. As for the people, they were what may be imagined. There is not now a court in St. Giles's or in any part of the East End which can compare with the eighteenth century slum. The Charing Cross slum lay right and left of St. Martin's Lane and opposite St. Martin's Church in the space between the Church and the Mews. It is worth while even now to walk up and down those of the courts that are left, although they are now clean, and lit, and paved, and swept. One of these alleys was called Porridge Island, because it contained a number of cheap cook's-shops for working people and

others: it stood in Bedfordbury, a place not yet quite reclaimed. The whole area of dingy and disreputable streets and courts was known in the early seventeenth century as the Bermudas, probably on account of the difficulty of finding one's way about the intricate passages and alleys. Afterwards the name was changed to that of the Cribbee Islands, indicating the nature of the profession principally followed in this favoured spot.

I conclude these notes on Charing Cross by one on the stage coaches of a hundred years ago. There were five inns in the Strand and Charing Cross from which coaches ran: the Bell, the Edinburgh Castle, the Golden Cross, the Hope, and the White Hart. Thirteen coaches left three inns every day; five left twice a day; two left once a week; two left three times a week; a dozen and more departed several times a day to the suburbs—Hammersmith, Chelsea, Deptford, Greenwich, Hampstead. The latter days of the stage coaches showed travel in its most picturesque aspect. The excellent horses; the perfect appointments; the well-kept coaches; the admirable driving; the guard's horn skilfully played, not with a blare, which is all that the modern guard can give us, but played with musical skill, sometimes two or more playing the same tune in perfect time and harmony,—the return of every coach was announced by its own tune played by the guard while the coach was yet afar off;—the brightness and well-ordered bustle of the whole gave Charing Cross a picturesque appearance which a railway station can never approach. There was, of course, another side to the picture: thieves lurked about the inn yard, hoping to pick up a portmanteau or a parcel; they were in league with the hotel porters. Rogues and evil-doers of both sexes haunted the streets where the coaches alighted. They caught the innocent countryman with the confidence trick, with the ring trick, or with the card trick; they lured him with smiles of welcome and invitation into dens from which he emerged stripped to the shirt. On the journey the time allowed for food was insufficient; the food itself was dear and bad; the tips to coachmen, guard and porters were exorbitant; the company was mixed; in cold weather the outsidings were frozen; in hot weather the insides were stifled. A man still living has described to me a journey he took from Liverpool to London in the year 1828. He said: "I was nineteen at the time: it was not the custom for young men to wear great-coats, even in the coldest weather. I was only protected against the cold by a woollen comforter round my neck. The time was late autumn; a chilly rain set in; the seats had no cushions. At every stage I got down, took up an armful of dry straw and made a cushion with it: before we arrived at the next stage it was wet through. You may imagine the discomforts of the night, and the wet and miserable condition in which I reached London in the morning."

Walter de la Mare.

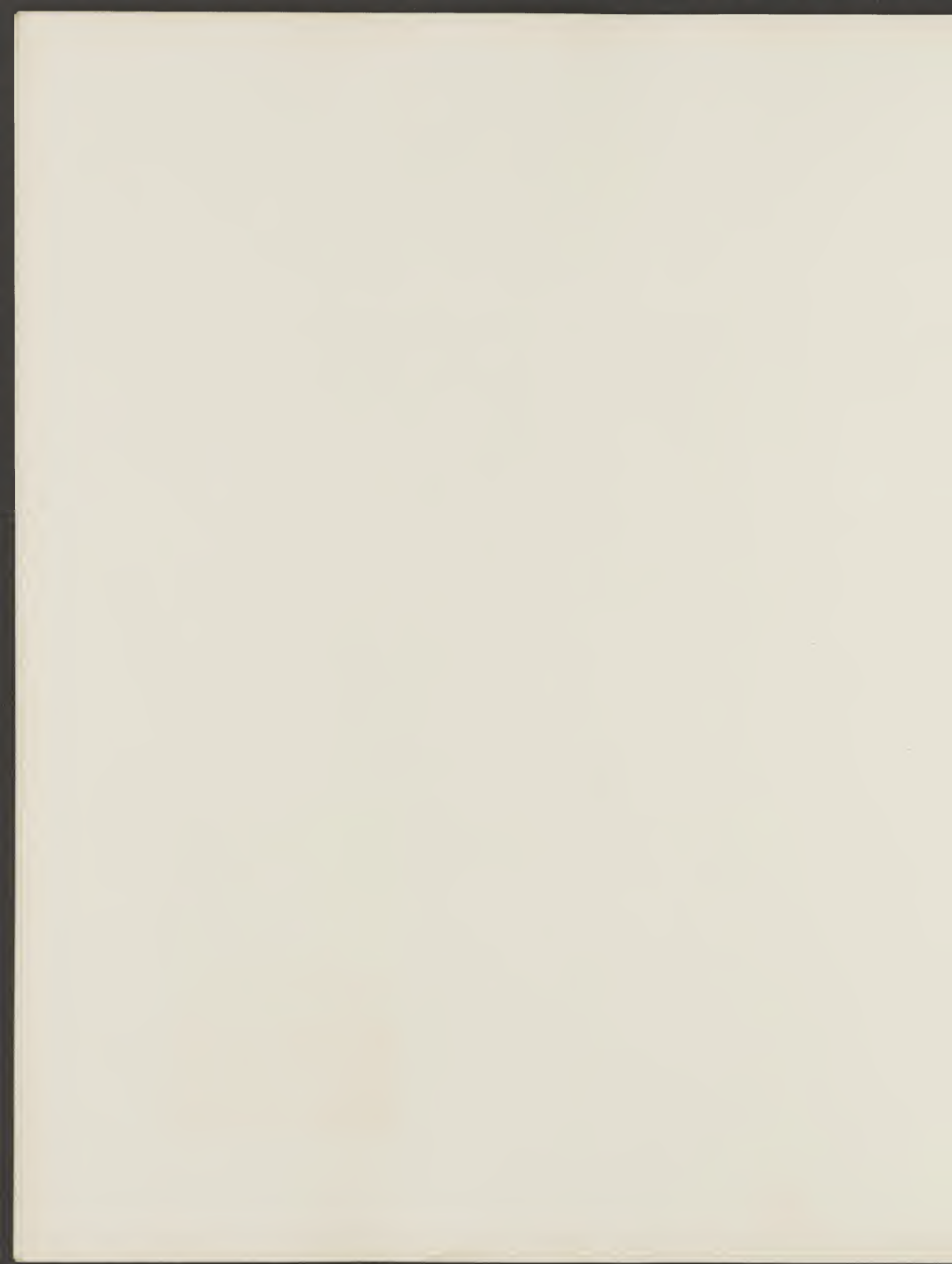
*You must lead a queer many bodies and take a queer
many walks before arriving at a clue of the mystery
and the bonhomie of (London in all its parts)*



Swan Electric Engraving Co.

"BARBARA."

FROM A DRAWING BY G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.



The Stir of Existence.

By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

"I talked of the cheerfulness of Fleet Street, owing to the constant, quick succession of people which we perceive passing through it. *Johnson*: Why, sir, Fleet Street has a very animated appearance, but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross."



WONDERFUL are the fortunes of stray observations if only by happy chance they find a pious reporter! These words of the Doctor, lightly uttered one Sunday afternoon in this very month of April, one hundred and twenty-four years ago, at the house of Mr. Hoole, the translator of Tasso, have reverberated through the world, have lodged themselves permanently in human memories, are repeated scores of times every year, and have become part and parcel of the table-talk of the Anglo-Saxon race. To think of all the volume of sound of 1775 that has vanished as completely as the mists that then enveloped Scaw Fell or Snowdon, and of the good fortune that has attended a casual saying like this, is to be prompted to moralize; and as a rule of conduct it is generally well never to do what you are prompted to do.

It is the picturesqueness of the phrase that has won for it immortality. "*The tide of human existence*": what an improvement upon Boswell's "*constant, quick succession of people*"! Words are charged with emotion. I saw in a bookseller's catalogue the other day an Italian version of Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," in which the title was rendered in the Italian equivalents for "Lines written in a Cemetery in the Suburbs"! Nor was "Il Vagabondo" a happy rendering of Johnson's own "Rambler." The tide of human existence is a splendid image, and one that appeals to every dweller in a great city. We hear and have felt, half with delight, half with dismay, of the solitude of great cities, just as we have felt the solitude of the sea-shore. The tumult of the waves, the restlessness of the stony beach, the inpouring and the outgoing of the tide, all find their counterparts in the movements of a great crowd and in the stir of the street.

Poetry is full of these two things—the thunder of the sea-shore and the murmur of living men. Great orators and preachers and hymn-writers have found in the comparison fire, fervour and inspiration, until at last the music of Ocean and of Humanity melt into one Symphony.

How fitting it is that hard-by Charing Cross, within sound of its mighty rushing tide of life, there should stand a famous Hospital and School of Medicine.

He who wanders along our coasts often encounters—sometimes on breezy headlands, sometimes on low-lying cliffs, occasionally in solitary bays and coves—the habitations, whitewashed and tarred, where dwell our coastguardsmen and are stored the boats and rockets and other life-saving apparatus of the Board of Trade. We are thus reminded, though the day be fine and the sea so still that a babe could paddle in it, of dark nights and furious winds, of the raging storm and crashing beach, of wrecks and bodies washed ashore. In the same way Charing Cross Hospital reminds us, as we are hurried past its portals, of the tragedies of the streets, of the pain and suffering that dog humanity and make up so much of the full tide of human existence.

But just at this time, and with me, to think of Charing Cross Hospital is to think, not of the full tide of human existence, or of the whole burden of humanity (and such thoughts soon lose themselves in a listless ineffectiveness), but of a bright and accomplished being who was until the other day one of the assistant physicians. I mean the late C. J. Arkle. To him



AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.
From a Photograph by Bassano.

Charing Cross Hospital was the theatre of action, the scene of daily labour. Here he learnt, taught, prescribed. The out-patients knew him, trusted him, loved him. To the noble art of healing he devoted himself with a holy zeal. He seemed to care for nothing else. To meet him was to hear about the Hospital. His was a crowded life, and useful beyond the power of one's estimation. Almost suddenly he disappeared: a few days' illness, and he was gone. He was but thirty-seven. Another has his place. The great stream of patients pours steadily in as before, though he is no longer there to hearken to the familiar symptoms of disease. For the full tide of human existence still surges and roars at Charing Cross.

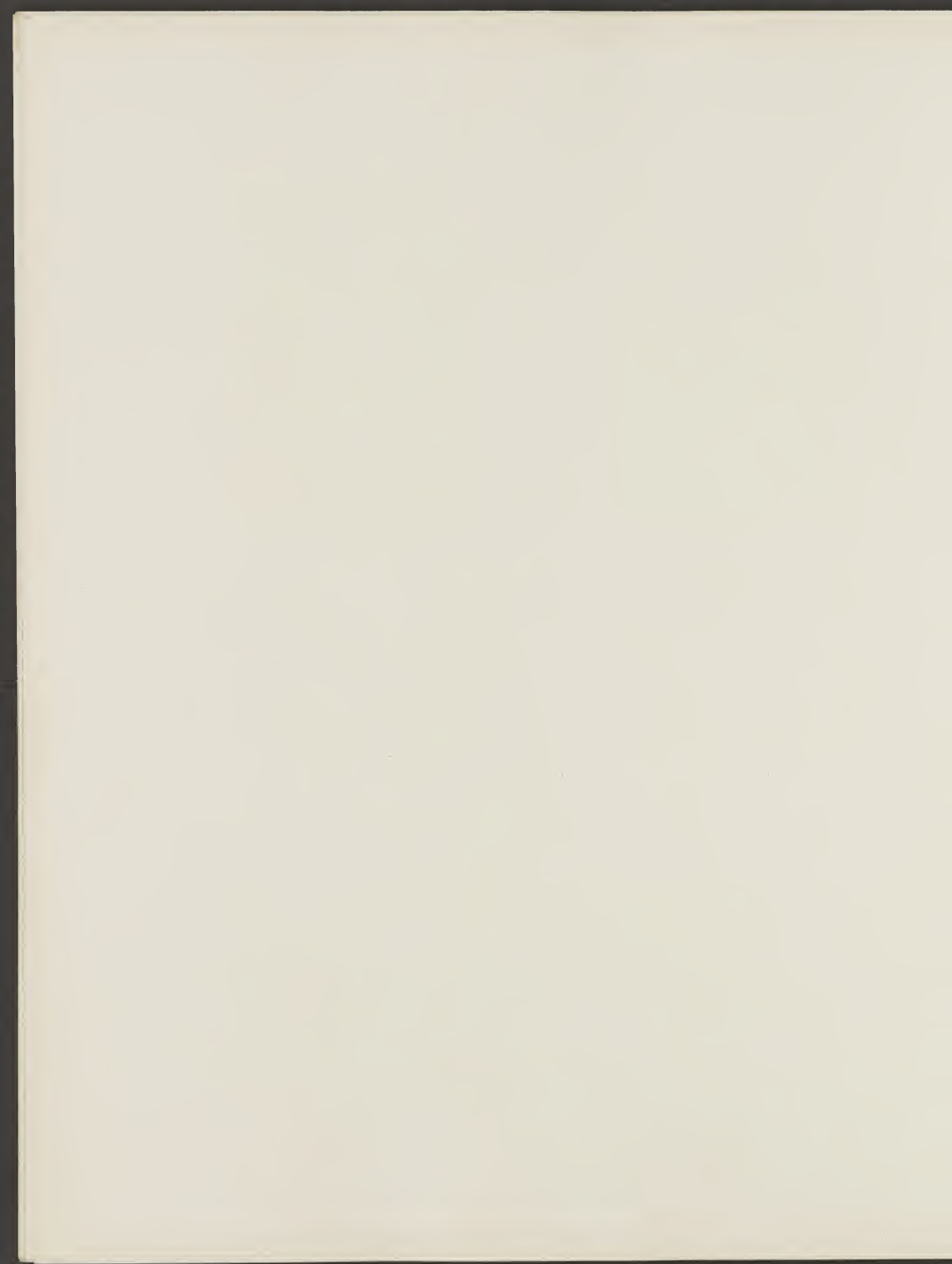
A. Russell

' I talked of the cheerfulness of Fleet Street owing
 ' to the constant quick succession of people
 ' which we perceive passing through it. Johnson
 ' Why not Fleet Street has a very animated
 ' appearance but I think the full taste of
 ' human existence is at Charing Cross '



From Elsie's Engineering Co.

"OPHELIA"
FROM A DRAWING BY A. H. BUCKLAND.





DR. TROUTBECK.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.



SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

Christmas Carol.

WORDS BY

REV. DR. TROUTBECK,
Precentor of Westminster.

MUSIC BY

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, Mus. Doc.
Organist of Westminster Abbey.
Gresham Professor of Music.

Not fast. *cresc.*

Andante
Pastorale.

On fit . . ful winds of win . . ter floats Once
more the won . . ted Christ . mas chime, And not a list . . ning

ear but notes The news that greets the gra - cious time. Sing

rall. *a tempo.*

Glo - ry to God in the high - est.....

rall.

2. Good will and peace, the bells pro - claim, A

cresc.

- gain there comes, Good will and peace, No sweet - er ac - cents

A

man can frame, Un - dy - ing words, that shall not cease. Sing

Glo - ry to God in the high - est.....

Thou shalt.

Victor Bridge

“The Upturned Faces of the Roses.”

BY C. HADDON CHAMBERS.

Persons :					
COLIN	-	-	-	-	THE HUSBAND
MARGERY	-	-	-	-	THE WIFE
ROBIN	-	-	-	-	THE FRIEND

Time : Sometime or other.

Place : Somewhere or other.

THE SCENE:—A room, the arrangement and decoration of which betray MARGERY'S graceful and somewhat sentimental taste. A large double French window c. Principal door L. well up. Door leading to sleeping apartment R. A couch R.C., near it a small occasional table. There are many flowers about the room. A Chippendale bookcase occupies the L. corner up stage. In the R. corner a grandfather's clock. Several chairs of different character about the room. A guitar rests over against the clock. A garden can be seen, into which the French window leads. The moon shines softly without upon the dark shrubs and “on the upturned faces of the roses.” It is evening, and the room is lighted by candles.

[Upon the curtain rising, COLIN is discovered seated at the little table R. trying to work out a chess problem. He has before him a weekly paper and a chessboard. He is deeply absorbed.

Colin.



O, that won't do it. Black in five moves. [Looks at paper—then he takes back a piece he has moved.] What a puzzler! [Pause.] Try with the bishop. [Moves black bishop.

Enter MARGERY with a cup of black coffee on a tray.

Margery. [Pausing for a moment and regarding him. Aside.] Still at it! [She sighs. Then, aloud.] Dearest!

Colin. [Without looking up.] Darling!

Margery. Your coffee.

Colin. [Not looking up.]

Thanks! [Moves a white piece. MARGERY puts the cup down on chessboard. COLIN, rather hastily.] No, dear, no; not there, please. It distracts my attention.

Margery. [Ironically.] Oh, darling, I wouldn't have it do that for untold gold.

[She puts cup on a chair by his side. She then goes up, takes a book and sits down to read with great determination.

Colin. I've lost my plan of attack.

Margery. [Smiling.] What a disaster!

[He looks round at her suspiciously, but she composes her features and reads desperately. With a sigh of irritating resignation he rearranges the pieces and attacks the problem afresh.

Colin. [After a pause.] I'll try it with the bishop and castle. [Makes moves. MARGERY watches him over the top of her book. Suddenly she coughs. He turns with the slightest show of irritation. She reads desperately. He returns to the chessboard, makes another move.] That's better. Check!

Margery. [Jumping up and dropping book.] Oh, you've finished at last! I'm so glad!



C. HADDON CHAMBERS.
From a Photograph by Langfa.

Colin. [Rather reproachfully.] Darling! Really——!

Margery. [Disappointed.] Not finished?

Colin. Of course not; and unless I have a little quiet——

Margery. I'm so sorry! How thoughtless I am! [Sits in another chair and reads. Pause. He makes further moves.] I hope my reading doesn't disturb you, dearest?

Colin. [Unconsciously.] Not at all, darling!

Margery. [Raising her eyebrows at his stupidity. Aside.] Amazing!

Colin. No—that won't do! Hang it! [Leans back in despair.]

Margery. [Aside.] Oh! Poor old darling—it vexes him! I mustn't be cross. [While he rearranges the chess pieces, she softly lays down her book and comes behind him.] Can I help you, dearest?

Colin. No, dear—thank you. [He moves pieces.]

Margery. I thought if we did it together it would be over sooner, darling?

[He is absorbed in the problem, and doesn't reply. After a pause she plays with his hair and begins to sing very softly. His face betrays his irritation; but he still tries to work out the problem. There is a long pause. Suddenly he jerks his head away from her with great irritation, and half rises.]

Colin. Oh, darling, if you would only——

Margery. [Moves back from him.] Cease making love to you? Certainly, dear, if it bores you.

Colin. [Standing rather foolishly.] Well, you needn't put it so unkindly.

Margery. [With passionate bitterness.] Unkindly! Unkindly! [Then restrains herself, and speaking with a calmness through which her emotion only just preps.] Go back to your chess, my dear. I apologise for interrupting you—I apologise for wanting your attention—I apologise for loving you. See, I'll sit right out here [going to a corner of room], and be so quiet and good. Darling, I'll try so hard not to breathe.

Colin. You mean that sarcastically, of course. What is it you want me to do?

Margery. Your chess problem, dear.

Colin. Oh dear no! You set your heart on preventing that—and succeeded, of course.

Margery. How?

Colin. By the usual means of interfering with my comfort—an elaborate affectation of martyrdom.

[Pause.] Well, have you nothing to say? You've robbed me of my amusement! What have you to offer me in its place?

Margery. Nothing!

Colin. Nothing! Exactly!

Margery. Nothing now—I've lost interest.

Colin. [Throwing himself into a chair with a studied yawn.] It might be interesting to know what original ideas you entertained a few minutes ago.

Margery. A few minutes ago my heart was warm, now it is frozen.

Colin. My fault, of course.

Margery. Yes, your fault for forcing on me the reflection that you married me, not to gain a companion, a friend, a wife, but a mistress. [She comes to him.]

Colin. Margery!

Margery. I mean it. Since the passion for the mistress waned, what fulness of life have you given the wife? I'll remind you. You go out in the morning and remain away until dinner in the evening. Doubtless you are happy with your friends. For me?—my companions are my thoughts—not always merry ones. Oh, to catch sight of the man one loves during the weary day—only for one moment through a telescope! But one remembers to dress for dinner—and to see that the dinner is dressed too—all to win one cherished smile, or perhaps, on holidays, a kiss—but only on the cheek or brow, of course—[slowly]—nowadays.

Colin. [A little touched.] I think you are putting the case with unnecessary bitterness.

Margery. [Not noticing the remark and walking the stage.] "Oh, but," the sympathetic stranger remarks, "you, of course, have the evenings." Wait, sympathetic stranger, and you shall hear. After dinner our husband and late lover either lies on the couch "just to think things over"—which means to sleep, not unsilently. Or, he says, "I'll just look in at the club for a few minutes, darling," and disappears for the evening. Or, occasionally—but come, sympathetic stranger, I'll show you. [She goes to chess-board as if leading a person by the sleeve.] You see these little bits of ridiculous ivory? Well, he gives his eyes, his face, his mind, his affection, to these; and for me—his wife and late mistress—nothing but a muscular expanse of irresponsive back!

Colin. Oh, I've no doubt it's a bit dull; but life altogether is a dull business.

Margery. Dull? Dull? Is there no beauty anywhere—no music, no poetry? Are there no noble thoughts to be spoken? Is there no love in the world to make companionship sweet? Why is the

moon kissing "the upturned faces of the roses" out there? Why don't you see the flowers that lie at your feet? Why are there no echoes in your heart to the song that pants in mine?

Colin. I don't quite understand! Anyway, I'm not an expert in echoes.

[MARGERY, who is standing near the chessboard, is struck hurtfully by this remark. She looks at him hard for a moment.]

Margery. No; these are your songs and echoes! [She upsets chessboard deliberately at his feet.]

Colin. [Angry.] Margery!

Margery. Well?

Colin. I'll not have this sort of thing. I can't think what's come over you. You must be hysterical.

Margery. Yes. You'll never see me hysterical again, my poor Colin.

Colin. I sincerely hope not. Really, you've upset me dreadfully—I— [He is interrupted by the voice of ROBIN singing in the garden.] That's Robin! He mustn't see—we mustn't let him think—

Margery. [Bitterly.] Oh, no! we must never let anyone know how unhappy we are. That must be our secret.

Enter ROBIN by C window.

Robin. Am I lucky enough to find you both at home?

Colin. [Breathily.] Yes, we're here! How do you do, Robin?

Robin. How are you, Colin? And you, Margery? [Turning to her.] Good evening!

Margery. Good evening, Robin! [They shake hands.]

Robin. [Seeing scattered chessmen.] Hullo! An upset?

Colin. [Forcing a laugh.] Ha! ha! ha! Yes. Such a joke! I tripped in the carpet and upset the lot.

Robin. [Sloping.] I'll help you to pick 'em up.

Colin. No, no! Certainly not; not for worlds—leave them—leave them. The servants will pick them up in the morning. By the way, Robin, I was just going out. Do you mind?

Robin. Oh! I'm sorry. But I'll stay and keep Margery company, if I may.

Colin. Do, old fellow. [Then to MARGERY.] I'm just going to look in at the club for a few minutes, darling. [He goes. Her eyes follow him. Exit COLIN.]

Robin. Dear old Colin. [Takes both her hands.] Isn't it sweet of him to give us a chance of some music together?

Margery. [Disengaging her hands.] Oh, most considerate. But—but I'm not in a humour for music.

Robin. Not? Oh, Margery, I'm so sorry!

[MARGERY has her back to him. She is looking down tearfully at the scattered chessmen. There is a pause.]

Robin. Aren't you happy, dear?

Margery. Yes. [She wipes away a tear. Pause.]

Robin. [Trifling nervously with his cap.] Perhaps you would rather I went away?

Margery. [Turning to him quickly.] No—no—no—certainly not! [She takes his cap.] Why should I be left alone? Happy? Happy? Of course I'm happy. [She runs up stage flourishing his cap.] Isn't the world all sunshine, or isn't it moonshine? [She laughs nervously.]

Robin. [Going up to her.] Either is beautiful, dear. [She stands with her face turned up to the moon. Pause.] What's the matter, dear?

[She comes down without answering. She puts Robin's cap down, resolutely dries her eyes, and sits.]

Margery. Tell me what you have been doing to-day?

Robin. Nothing.

Margery. Nothing? That isn't right, surely. You told me you were going to be an author—that you meant to try to write something beautiful. Why don't you begin?

Robin. I think because I am not yet complete.

Margery. [Wondering.] Not yet complete?

Robin. [Not looking at her.] I have no one to tell my gladness to.

Margery. [Softly.] Oh!

Robin. [Speaking half to himself.] There is a song in my heart. I have no one to sing it to.

Margery. And when the other is found you will be complete?

Robin. Yes. Then I shall enter into the fulness of life—and then I shall write the story.

Margery. That is love.

Robin. Is it? I thought perhaps it was. And you understand?

Margery. Oh! yes. I understand.

Robin. Shall I ever find the other?

Margery. You don't know her yet?

Robin. I don't think so.

Margery. Suppose, when you find her, and sing to her your song, she won't listen—won't hear—doesn't think it beautiful?

Robin. That, I suppose, would break my heart.

[Pause.]

Margery. Tell me how you idled to-day.

Robin. I shall weary you.

Margery. No—no! Tell me.

Robin. [Sits at her feet.] This morning I went into the hills. I felt so glad of life, and so grateful, that at times I had to run to prevent myself from shouting aloud. I got higher and higher, and always nearer the sun, until I reached the summit of the Man Rock Hill. You know it, dear?

Margery. Yes, I know it.

Robin. The top is flat—a little plateau—a platform of grass; and there I spent an idle, useless day. I lay on my back, with my face to the sun, wondering why I was glad; for there must be a reason, of course.

Margery. Oh, of course.

Robin. I lay so still that the birds came around me, quite close, without any fear. One of them once perched upon my breast. His confidence gave me a foolish happiness, and I scarcely dared to breathe until he flew away. In the evening I saw the shadows gather slowly in the valleys; but I was the last to see the sun, for I was higher than anyone else.

[Pause. She softly, as if unconsciously, lets her hand rest on his head.]

Margery. And then?

Robin. Then as I wandered down in the dusk, I—I thought of you.

Margery. Why did you think of me?

Robin. I don't know, dear. Do you?

Margery. No. [She abruptly moves her hand from his head.] Were you still glad?

Robin. Not glad—but not unhappy. [MARGERY rises. ROBIN takes her hand to detain her.] You are tired of my foolish talk?

Margery. It is not foolish, and I am not tired; but—[he slowly kisses her hand. MARGERY withdrawing her hand hastily]—I'll sing to you.

Robin. [Absently.] Yes, dear.

[MARGERY gets her guitar and sits in a chair further from him. ROBIN listens, at first almost unconsciously, but gradually more intently, and as her song concludes his face is radiant. He turns to her as she lowers her guitar and rises.]

Robin. Margery! Margery! I understand.

Margery. What, Robin?

Robin. [Rises and goes towards her.] It is you. It is you, dear. My gladness is for you.

[He takes her in his arms.]

Margery. [Struggling.] Robin! Robin! let me go! You don't know what you are doing. [She frees herself.] How do you dare?

Robin. [His head drooping.] Forgive me. Oh, forgive me!

Margery. I don't belong to you.—Would you be a thief?

Robin. [In an agony of remorse.] No, no! Forgive me! In God's name, forgive me!

Margery. [Her indignation breaking into great grief.] Never! never! You have made me ashamed—ashamed. I have never been ashamed before—I must always be ashamed now.

[She covers her face with her hands and exits R., pulling the door to after her. ROBIN falls into a chair and buries his face in his arms. Pause. Presently ROBIN rises—his eyes full of tears. He looks about half-blindly for his cap—finds it; then, after a pause, puts it down again, and goes timidly to door R. He knocks gently.]

Robin. Margery! Margery!

Margery. [Outside.] Go away!

Robin. My gladness is turned into ashes.

Margery. Go away!

Robin. I am going, dear. I only want you to know that I am sorry. This is the first sorrow I have had of my own; and if you knew how bitter it is, I think you would forgive me.

[The door opens a few inches, and MARGERY'S arm appears. ROBIN kisses her hand very reverently. Then goes up stage slowly, and with deep emotion, one hand covering his eyes, and exit into garden. Slight pause; then enter MARGERY very softly. She goes up slowly and stands at the window for a few moments, the moonbeams in her hair, looking after ROBIN. Then she comes down two steps, her hand to her heart.]

Margery. Robin! Poor, poor Robin!

Enter COLIN, L.

Colin. Still up, little wife?

Margery. [*Gently.*] Yes, dear.

Colin. And no longer cross?

Margery. No, dear; no longer cross.

Colin. Capital. Where's Robin?

Margery. He is gone.

[*She kneels and gathers together the chessmen.*]

Colin. What are you doing?

Margery. I would like you to finish your problem.

Colin. Oh, come, that's kind of you. I would like to master it. There's nothing so teasing as a chess problem. [*Together they arrange the chessmen on the board. Then he sits at the board with the paper containing the chess problem. He touches her hand and looks up at her smiling.*] Good little woman! [*She goes R. and takes her book.*] Let me see. [*Arranging pieces.*] Black in five moves.

MARGERY has found her book, and is about to sit, when enter ROBIN, C.

Robin. [*In confusion.*] I beg your pardon, but I—I have forgotten my cap!

Colin. Hullo, Robin! What—forgotten your cap? What a fellow!

Margery. [*Handing ROBIN his cap.*] It is here, Robin.

Robin. Thank you. I am so sorry! Good night, Colin!

Colin. Good night, dear fellow! Mind you don't forget your head. Ha, ha!

[*Goes on with his problem.*]

Robin. Good night, Margery!

Margery. Good night, Robin!

[*Exit ROBIN into garden. MARGERY sits with her book. Pause.*]

Colin. [*Half to himself.*] Forgotten his cap! What a fellow! [*The voice of ROBIN is heard singing the song MARGERY has sung to him. MARGERY rises and gently closes the window, and the voice is no longer heard. She then resumes her seat and reads. Pause. COLIN still at his problem.*] Forgotten his cap! What a fellow! [*He laughs softly to himself.*] What a fellow!

[*Meanwhile MARGERY slowly lowers her book to her lap. Her face is turned upwards. Her eyes fill with tears. The curtain falls slowly and*]

THE PLAY ENDS.

L. Haddon Chambers:

Persons

Colin The Husband

Margery The Wife

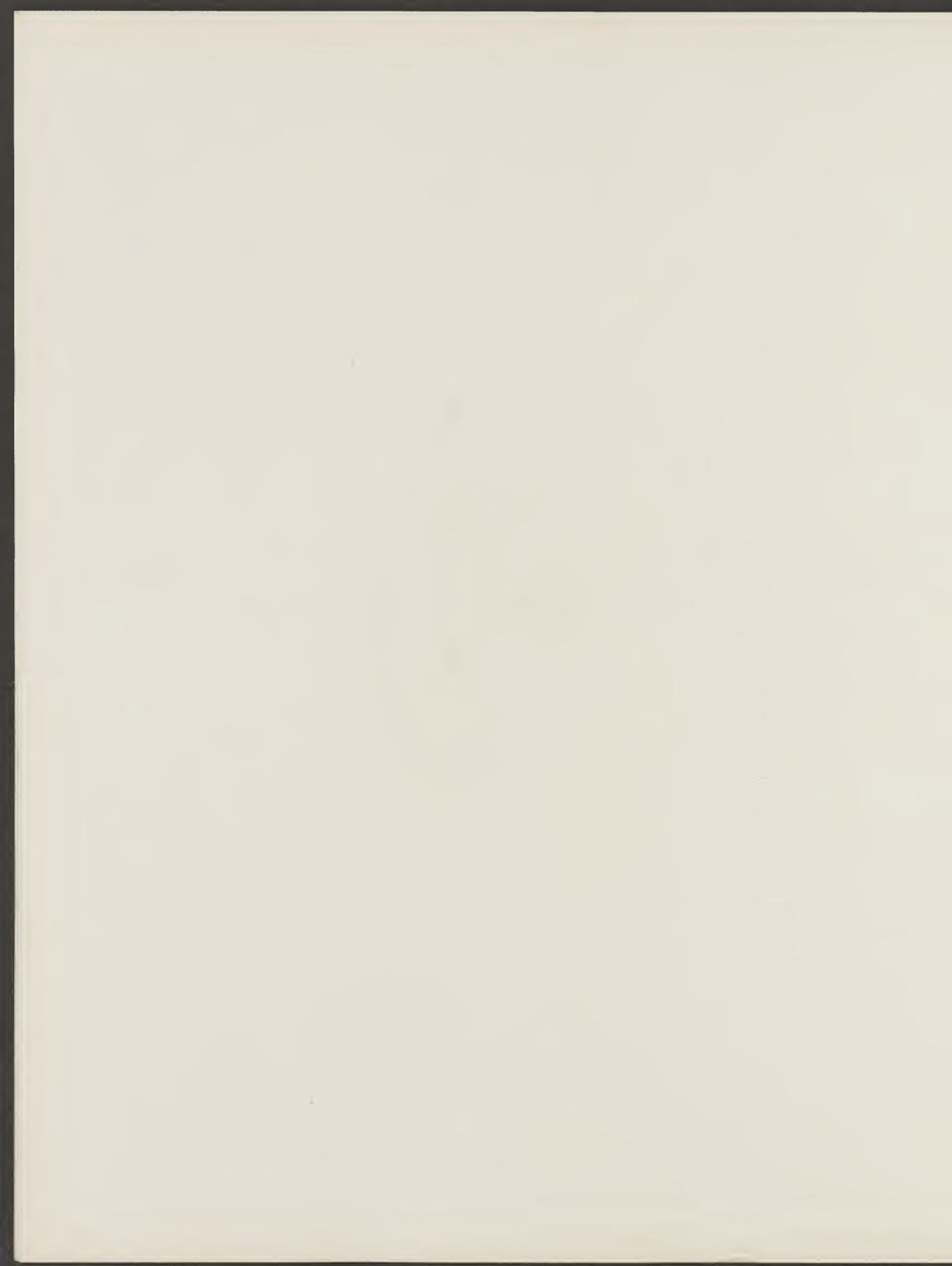
Robin The Friend

Time Place Somewhere or other
Sometime or other



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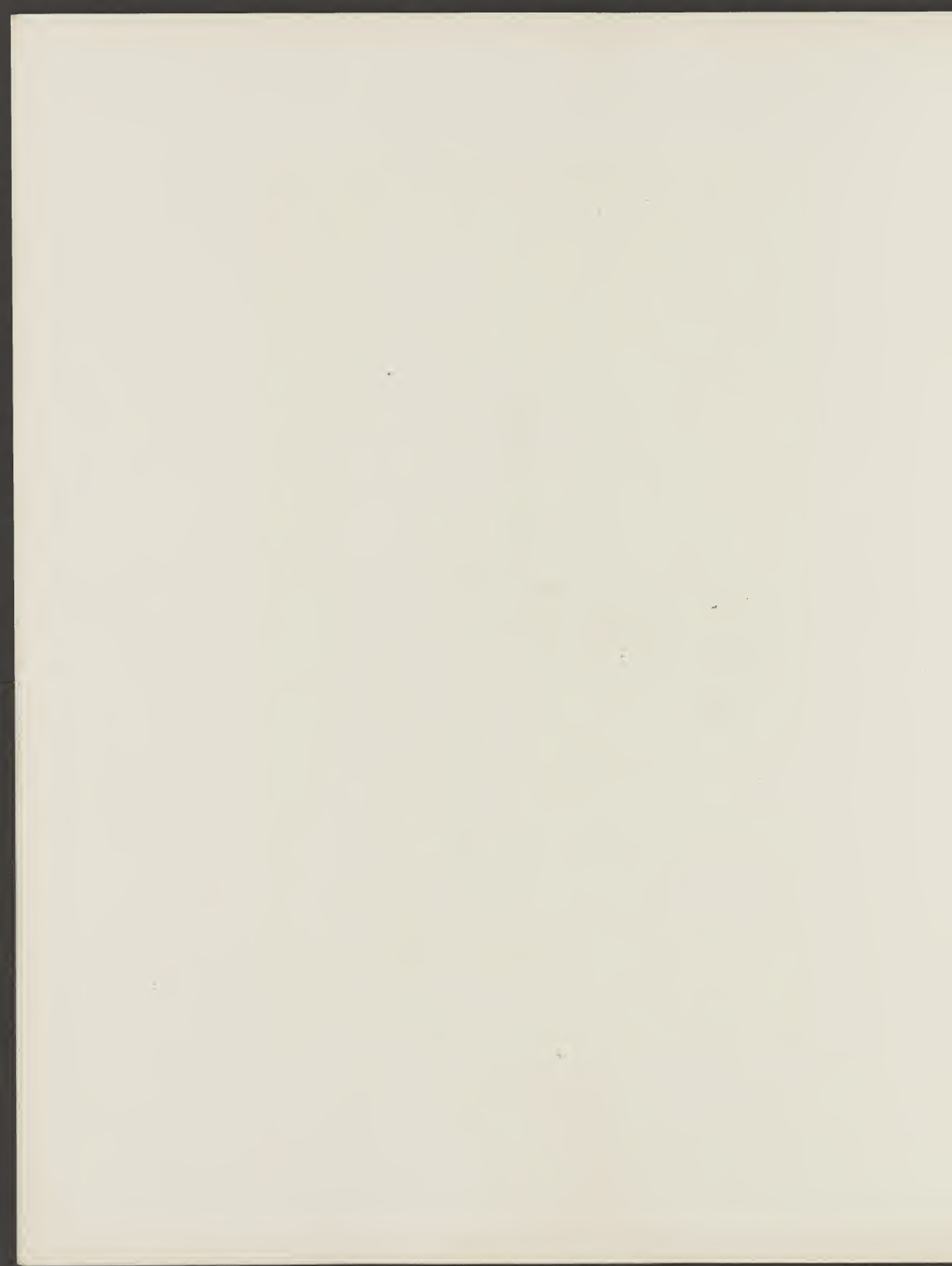
STUDY.
FROM A DRAWING BY SIR PHILIP BURNE-JONES, BART.





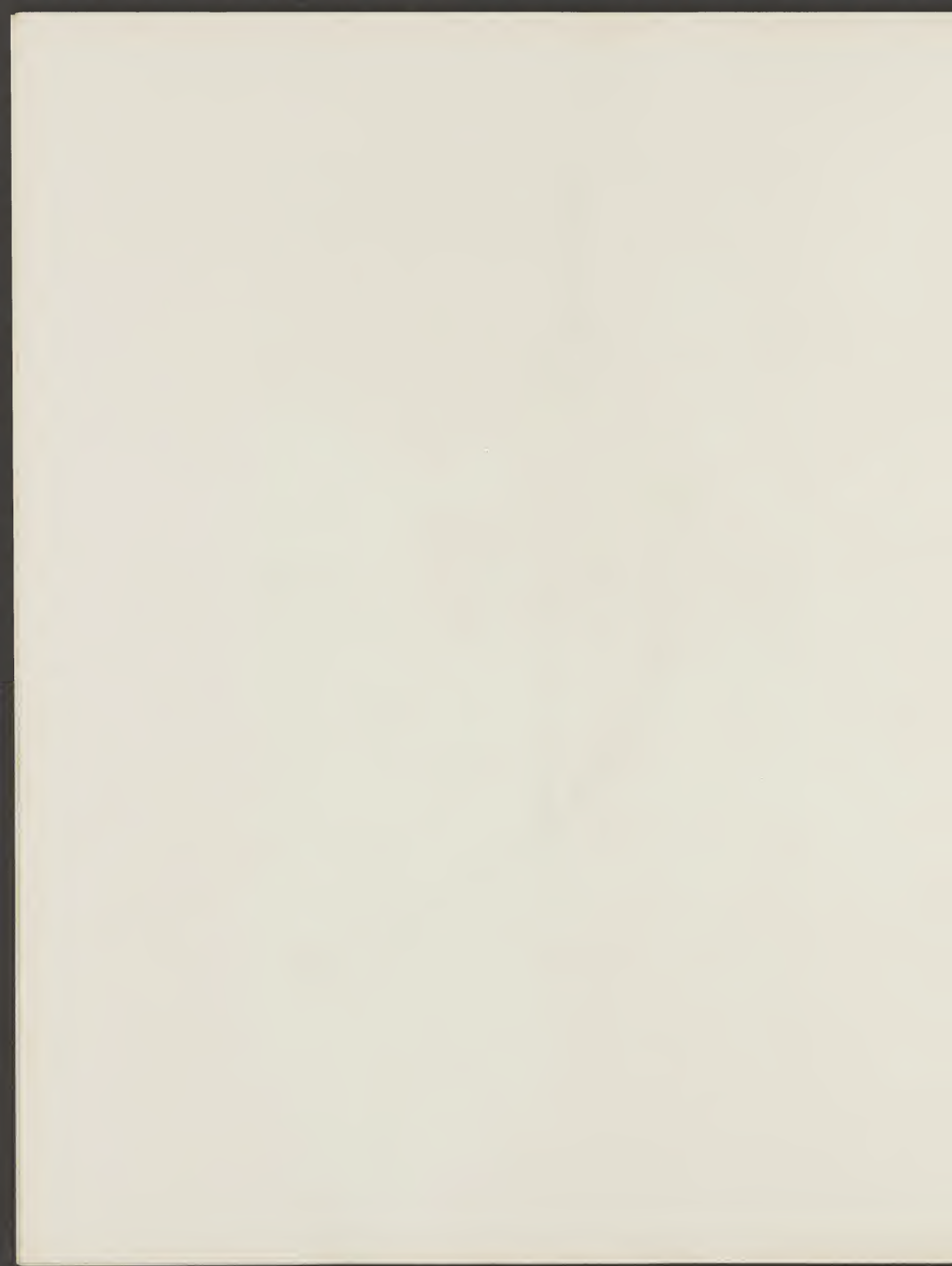
Sydney Electric Engineering Co.

"THE END OF THE STORY."
FROM A DRAWING BY HERBERT COLE.





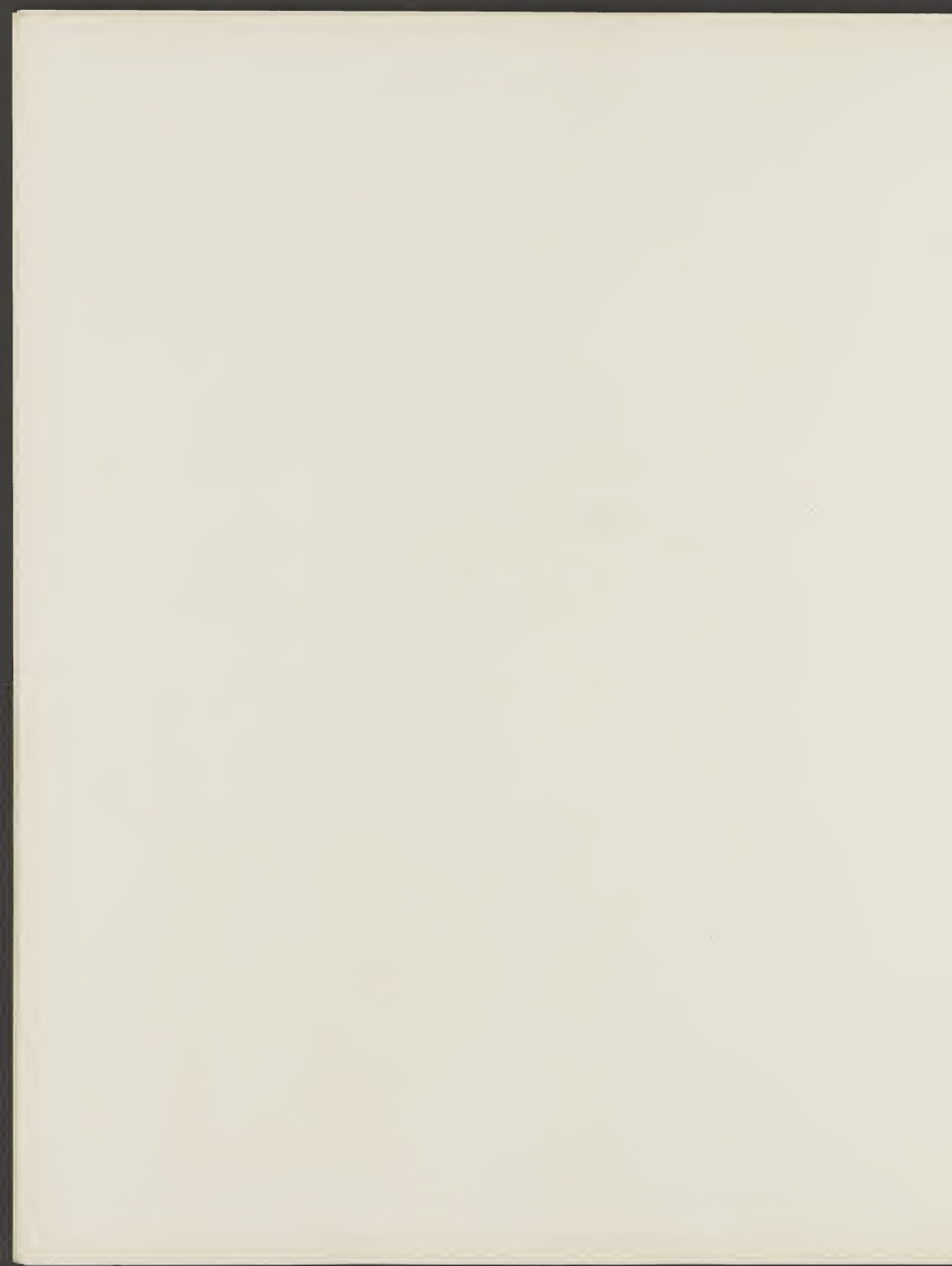
"THE SENTINEL."
FROM A DRAWING BY MARGARET MURRAY COOKESLEY.





Soon Electric Engraving Co

"AU REVOIR."
FROM A DRAWING BY MAX COWPER.



Literary Coincidence.

BY HALL CAINE.



WHEN I was a boy at school, a companion in the cricket-field had some slight injury to one of his eyes, and I was told off to take him to the eye infirmary. We waited for the doctor in a room filled with patients, and among them there was a young woman with both eyes bandaged. I talked with her, and she told me a striking, thrilling and pathetic story. She had lost the sight of both eyes about a year before. That was shortly after her marriage. In the meantime she had had a baby. Quite recently she had been operated upon, and for an instant, at the end of the operation, she had distinctly seen the doctor as he bent above her. Then her eyes had been closely bandaged, and she had been told that the slightest exposure to the light might result in total blindness. Thus she had not yet seen her baby's face, although she would have given worlds to do so, and knew she had only to draw away the bandage and the little face would be revealed.

Young as I was, the incident made a powerful impression upon my mind, and twenty years afterwards I put it into a book. The public received it with many praises of my invention and feeling, which I well knew were utterly undeserved. But judge of my surprise when a few years later I came upon a French novel written before I was born, in which the same story was told with every essential emotion and nearly every fact and every detail.

In my earliest childhood my playground for a while was an old disused church on the edge of the sea. The roof was tumbling in, the leads of the windows were broken, and the graves in the graveyard were overgrown with rank grass, and their inscriptions obscured by moss and lichen. One of the graves, a raised, square tomb by the porch, was especially useful for leap-frog. More than thirty years afterwards it was proposed to restore the old church and churchyard, and I subscribed to the movement in memory of early days. Meantime I had written a novel whereof the parish of the church was part of the scene. In writing this novel, my first difficulty had been the choice of a name for a leading character. He was to have three periods in his life. As a child, he was to be a bright, happy, wilful, mischievous little man. As a youth he was to be a reckless, hot-headed, hot-hearted fellow, with his good and bad angels on either hand. As a man he was to commit a terrible sin and work out a noble atonement. The name had to fit all three periods, and the difficulty of choice was great. At length I thought of Daniel. It seemed to suit my man exactly. As a child he was to be Danny; as a youth, Dan; as a man, Daniel. Having satisfied myself with a Christian name, I began to think of a surname. It had to be a surname that flowed rhythmically with Danny, Dan and Daniel, and it had to be proper to the scene of the story. After many experiments my selection fell upon Mybrea, and I congratulated myself upon my insight and ingenuity. The public liked the name and remembered it; but readers of the "The Deemster" will easily judge of my surprise, on returning to the old church on the edge of the sea, after thirty-five years, to find that the ruined square tomb by the porch bore the inscription, now cleared of its lichen and moss, "Sacred to the memory of Daniel Mybrea, one of Her Majesty's Deemsters of this Isle."

Perhaps I can tell a more extraordinary story of coincidence. Five years ago, I spent a holiday at Whitby, partly in the hope of picking up information about the whale-fishing which made that port famous in the past. I was then thinking of a book not yet written, in which a man of a tempestuous temperament was to go through a terrible struggle between the spiritual and the human sides of his nature and come out victor. The name



HALL CAINE.

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

of this man seemed to me a fact of the first importance. One day I walked across the harbour and up the hill to the old church which stands like a ship's cabin at the top of the cliff. On another raised square tomb, near to the other porch, sat an old Whitty mariner. I thought he looked ancient enough to remember the whaling industry, and I asked if any of the whalers were still living. He said "No, but this" (pointing to the tomb on which he sat) "was a family of Whitty whale-fishers." Then I read the inscription. It recorded the death of one John Storm. The name struck me as magnificent. It was impossible to forget it. Would it fit my man? I hardly knew.

Two days after I returned home a friend from Venice came to see me, and I told him where I had been. "I was there once," he said; "but almost the only thing I remember about the place was a name I saw on the top of the hill." "You mean John Storm?" I asked. "Yes," he answered.

The same year I went to America, and while at Buzzard's Bay I was invited to visit President Cleveland at "Grey Gables." Near the gate of "Grey Gables" there is a little wayside cemetery, and looking over the wall I saw a stone bearing the inscription, "In Memory of John Storm."

From Buzzard's Bay I went on to Canada in the interests of a copyright treaty with the mother-country which I was trying to bring to pass. This took me to Hamilton, Ontario; and one day the mayor of the city sent for me. It was snowing hard, and the hall of the hotel was full of people sheltering. One of these, a young man, made a way for me through the throng, and went out and opened the carriage door. While thanking him something prompted me to ask his name. "John Storm," he answered.

Returning to England, I looked up the London Directory to see if Storm was a common name. There was only one such name to be found there. By this time I was fully satisfied that John Storm was the only possible name for me. I used it. It caught on instantly. People said I had invented it; but nobody forgot it.

A few months ago I bought a mountain farm in the neighbourhood of my home. It is not subject to taxation to the State, being exempt on the ground that it belonged in ancient days to the Church. I heard that certain stones were to be found dotted about it bearing the sign of the Bishop's mitre, and one day I went in search of them. The search took me to unfrequented places, and far up in the hills I came upon the remains of an old chapel with a few gravestones dotted about it. The first of these stones recorded the death of the widow of John Storm, of that parish. The discovery was a sufficiently startling one; but on making inquiries I found that John Storm had lived in a cottage long pulled down, that stood either on or near the spot upon which my own house now stands.

Hall Gaine
2

in the course of the

When I was a boy at school a companion had some slight injury to one of his eyes, & I was told by a tale him to be eye infirmity. We waited for the doctor in a room ~~filled with patients~~ & among them some was a young woman with both eyes bandaged. I looked and her ~~eyes~~ she told me a story, a story a picture story. She had lost the sight of both eyes ~~about~~ about a year before. That was shortly after her marriage. In the meantime she had had a baby. This ~~travelling~~ travelling had been operated upon, & for an instant at the end of the operation, she had felt the return of sight. Then ~~her~~ her eyes had been closed bandages, & she had been told that the slightest exposure to the light might result in ~~the~~ total blindness. Thus she had not yet seen her baby's face, although she ~~must~~ must have given words to her son, & when ~~she~~ she had only to bring away the bandages & in less than a week she ~~must~~ must have seen him.

so he had
seen her.



FREDERIC H. COWEN.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

IN FAR LOCHÂBER.

SONG.

WORDS BY
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

MUSIC BY
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Frederic H. Cowen

Andante poco mosso.

Voice.

Piano.

In far Loch - â - ber's glen and glade, Where

hill and brow are soft - ly..... kissed, And fold - ed.... round by

K 2

qui . . et.... mist, There dwelt a lit . tle high . land maid. While

The first system of the musical score for 'In Far Locháber'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A and B, then a quarter note C, and continues with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand.

he who..... loved her sighed her name, She

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a melodic phrase, including a dotted half note. The piano accompaniment features a long, flowing line in the left hand, with chords in the right hand.

list . . ened day by day; 'Till one from dis . tant

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line includes a crescendo marking (*cresc.*) above the final measure. The piano accompaniment also features a crescendo marking (*cresc.*) above the final measure.

Eng . land came And stole her heart a . way! Ah;

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line ends with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment includes a decrescendo marking (*dim.*) and a mezzo-forte marking (*mf*) in the right hand.

espressivo. *dim. e*

love un- faith- ful, love un- true That brought the rose and

dim.

molto rall. *a tempo.*

left the rue! For love has come and love has gone, And

colla voce. *p*

poco cresc.

still the old sweet world rolls on; A life is..... sad, a

poco cresc.

rall. *rall.*

heart is..... sore, In far Loch-á-ber e- ver.

colla voce. *rall.*

more! *a tempo.*

espress. *dim.* *p*

In far Loch . ä . ber falls the.... snow, And

p

like a veil hides hill and brow; He loved her then, he

poco rall. *a tempo.*

loves her now, Tho' still she an . swers, sad . ly, "no." For

colla voce.

one who long a . . go has gone She watch . . es . . . by the

shore; The days and years creep e . . ver on, Love

faith . . less, comes no more! Ah, heart so faith . . ful,

heart so true, That lov . . ing still, must vain . . ly . . . woo! For

love will come, and love be..... gone, And still the old sweet

world rolls on; Two lives are sad, two hearts are sore, In

far Loch . à . ber e . . . ver . . more!.....

sempre rall. e

a tempo.

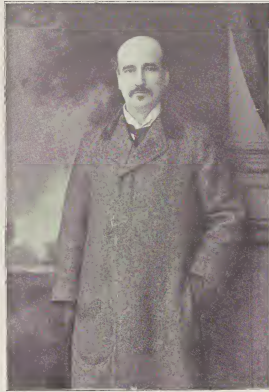
espress.

dim.

rall.

colla voce.

rall.



JOHN DAVIDSON.
From a Photograph by Hassano.

Sorrow is sweet
In the solitude
Of the sounding street,
Or the whispering wood.
Pictures pass
In the heart of home
On the sufferer's bedroom wall;
But those?—Alas,
When their fancies roam—
Strangers in hospital!

Today, tomorrow,
Through changing years,
Too sore for sorrow
And drained of tears,

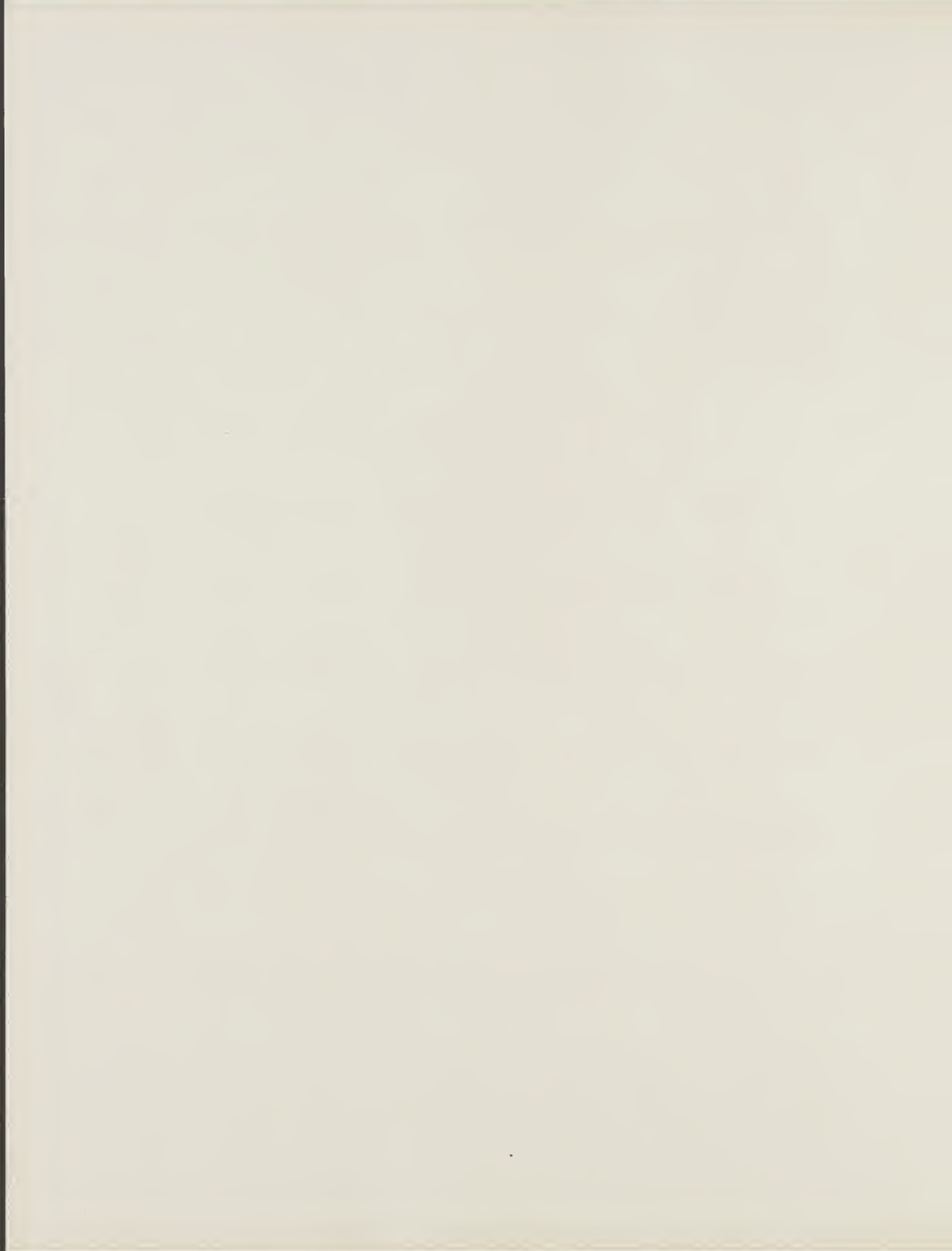
Never a groan
 Past the wan month's guard,
 Hardly a shuddering sigh,
 Each alone
 In the crowded ward
 Suffers, he knows not why

Oh, grief untold!
 Oh, dark despair!
 Give love, give gold,
 Wide room, sweet air.
 Pleasant hours
 When drops are vain
 (Have mended hearts that broke.
 Oh, new-blown flowers
 On the counterpane,
 Sweet sounds for the suffering folk!

John D. Anderson



FROM A DRAWING BY FRANK DICKSEE R.A.





EDWARD ELGAR.

Dry those Fair, those Crystal Eyes.

SONG.

WORDS BY
HENRY KING (1591—1699),
Bishop of Chichester.

MUSIC BY
EDWARD ELGAR.

Edward Elgar:

Andantino.

Voice.

Piano.

pp

And. * *And.* * *And.* *

dolce.

Dry those fair, those crys - tal eyes, Which like grow . ing

simile.

Con And.

cresc. *ten.*

foun . tains rise..... To drown their banks,

ten.

dim. cresc.

to drown their banks; Grief's sul- len

dim. p cresc.

brooks Would bet- ter flow..... in fur- row'd

rit.

looks: Thy love . . ly

poco allargando.

cresc.

f

largamente.

face was nev - er meant To be the shore of dis - con - tent.

Let

mf Then

And. più mosso.

clear those wat'rish stars a - gain, Which else por - tend a

mf simile.

Con And.

last - ing rain, Which else por - tend

dim. *cresc. molto.*

a last - ing rain; Lest the clouds which

dim. *p* *cresc.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the vocal line with a rest followed by the word 'Then' and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The piano accompaniment consists of chords. The second system begins with a vocal line marked 'And. più mosso.' and the lyrics 'clear those wat'rish stars a - gain, Which else por - tend a'. The piano part has a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and a 'simile.' instruction. The third system continues the vocal line with 'last - ing rain, Which else por - tend' and includes a 'Con And.' tempo marking. The piano part continues with chords. The fourth system concludes with the vocal line 'a last - ing rain; Lest the clouds which' and includes dynamic markings of 'dim.', 'p', and 'cresc. molto.'. The piano part also includes 'dim.', 'p', and 'cresc.' markings.

set - tle there Pro - long my win - ter all the

rit.

year, And thy..... ex -

poco allargando.

cresc.

f

largamente.

am - ple oth - ers make In love with sor - row for thy

dim. e rit.

p

rit.

colla parte.

sake.

a tempo.

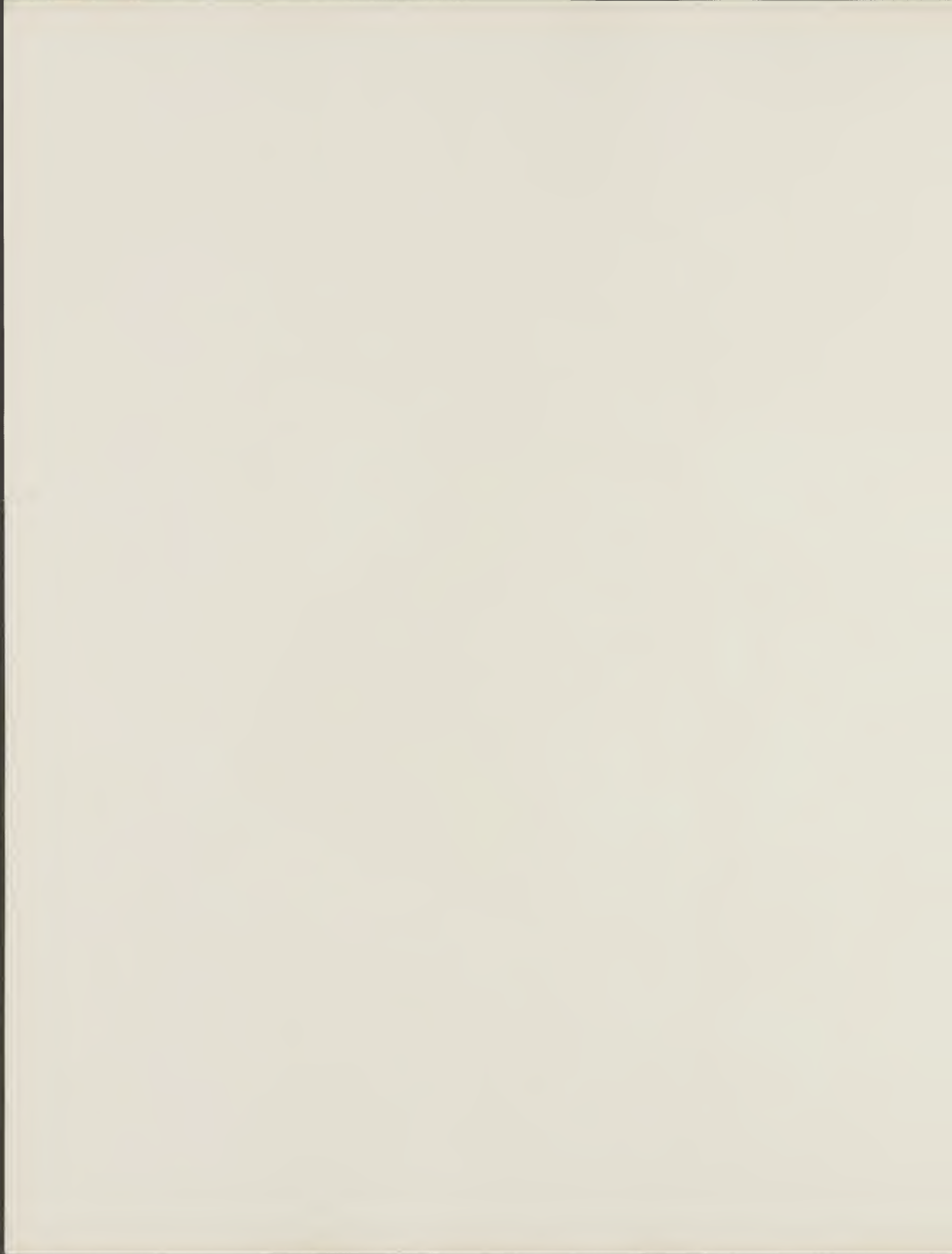
più lento.

pp

Con Ped.



FROM A DRAWING BY LORE BATES, E.A.

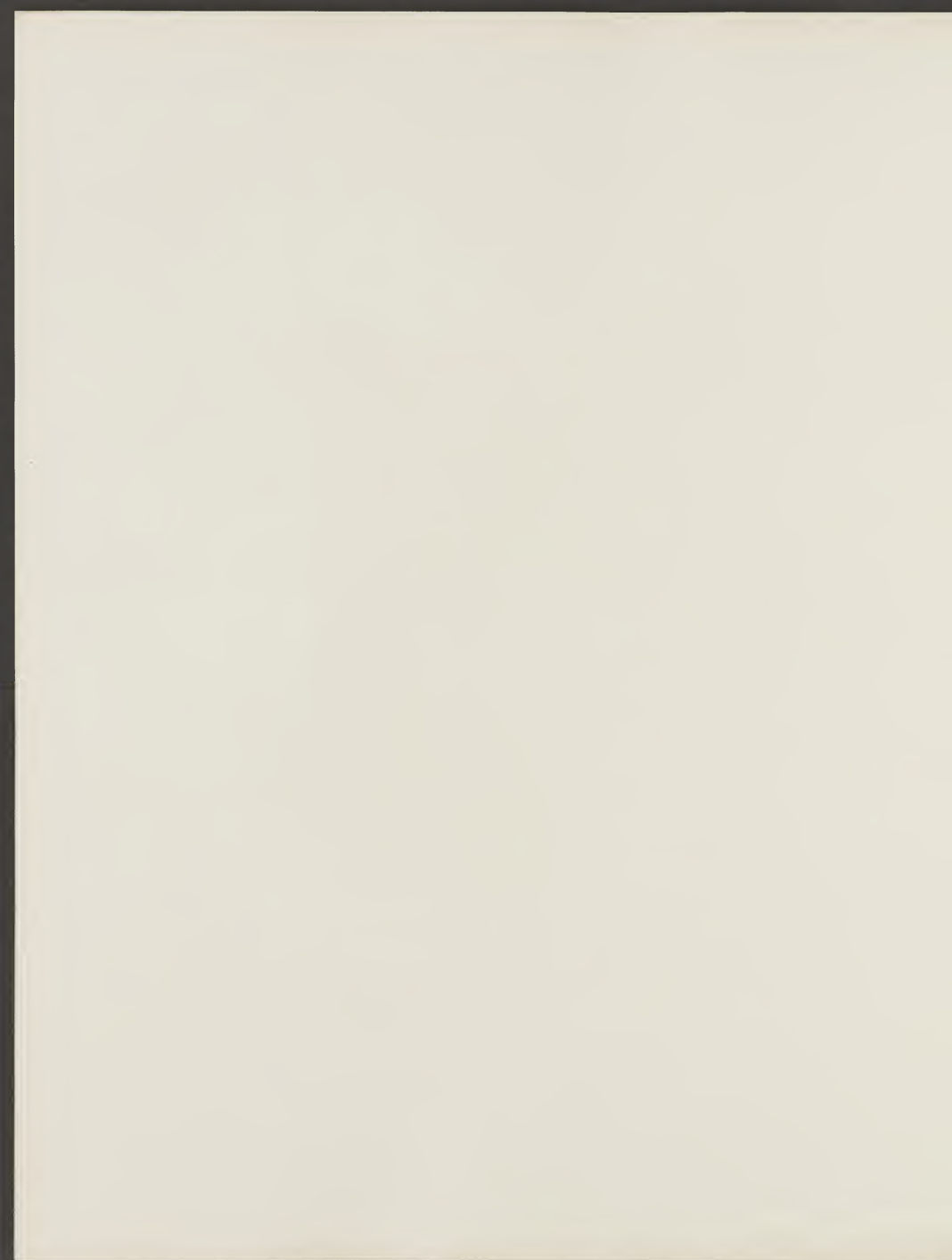




My dear tree

You asked me for
something characteristic of my
work - will this do? Yours ever

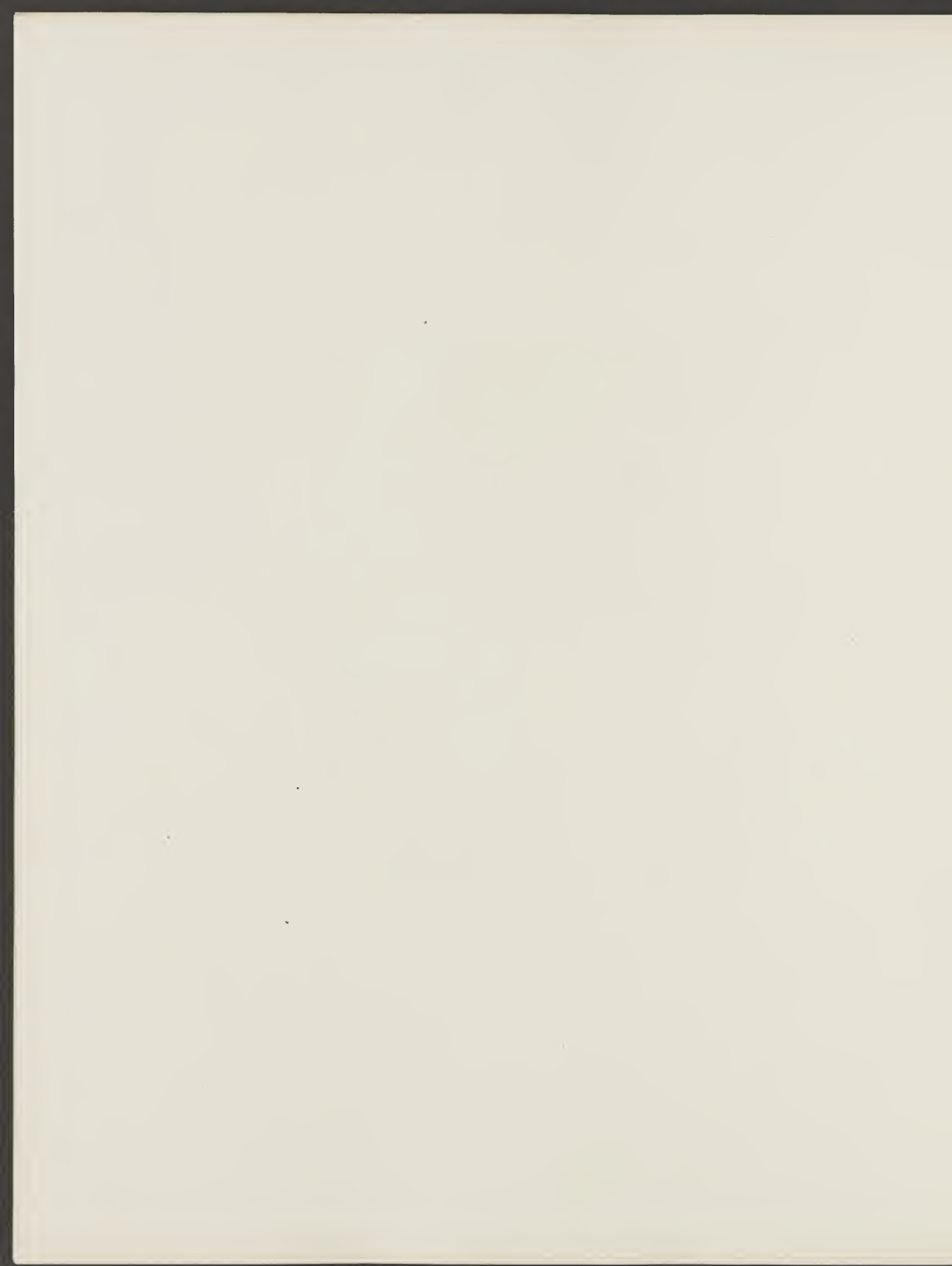
Harry Furness
June 1st 1899





From Electric Engineering Co.

FROM A DRAWING BY ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.





A. CONAN DOYLE.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

A Soldier's Prayer.

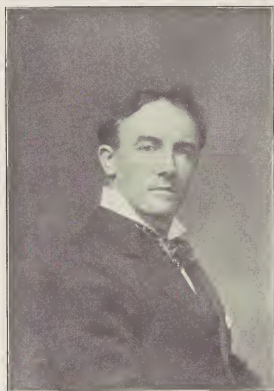
A SWORD! A sword!
 Ah, give me a sword!
 For the world is all to win.
 The way is hard,
 And the door is barred,
 But the strong man enters in.
 If Chance and Fate
 Still hold the gate,
 Give me the iron key,
 And turret-high
 My plume shall fly,
 Or you may weep for me.

A horse! A horse!
 Ah, give me a horse
 To bear me out afar,
 Where blackest need
 And grimmiest deed
 And sweetest perils are.
 Hold thou my ways
 From glutted days,
 Where poisoned leisure lies,
 And point the path
 Of tears and wrath
 Which mounts to high emprise.

A heart! A heart!
 Ah, give me a heart
 To rise to circumstance:
 Serene and high,
 And bold to try
 The hazard of the chance:
 With strength to wait,
 But fixed as Fate,
 To plan, and dare, and do:
 The peer of all,
 And only thrall,
 Sweet lady mine, to you.

*The hazard of the chance.,
 With strength to wait
 But fixed as fate
 To plan and dare and do,
 The peer of all,
 And only thrall
 Sweet lady mine to you.*

A Conan Doyle



SONG
WITHOUT
WORDS.

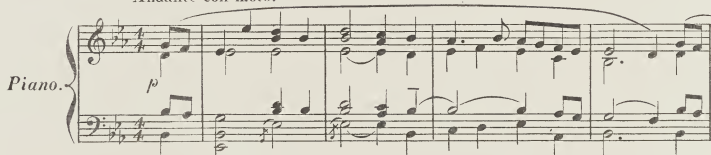
BY

Edward German

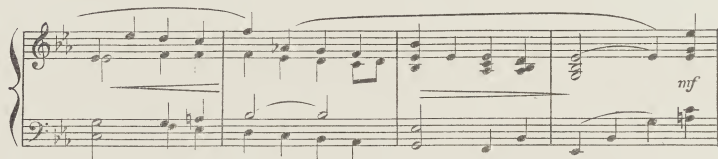
EDWARD GERMAN.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

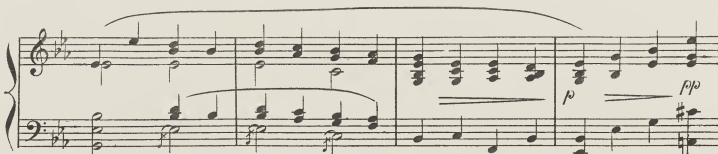
Andante con moto.



Ad. * Ad. *



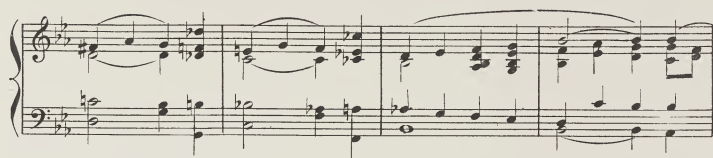
Ad. *



Ad. * Ad. * Ad. *

SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

81



A True Story of Duty Nobly Done and Temptation Manfully resisted.

BY SYDNEY GRUNDY.



It was a hot day. The door communicating between the stage vestibule of the Haymarket Theatre and the inner passage stood wide open. The stage-door itself was under the charge of an ancient warrior, whose breast gleamed with medals. I had known him for many years, and he had known me. He saluted. "Is Mr. Maude in the theatre?"

Alas! I cannot reproduce the accent of the warrior. He hails from an adjacent island.

"Mr. Maude is not in the theatre, sir; but he is a gentleman of very regular habits, and I expect him in about ten minutes. Will you step into his room?"

"No, thanks; I'll wait here in the air."

I produced a pipe. The warrior watched me with interest. I filled it. He almost smiled. I was about to strike a match, when one already lighted was tenderly placed in my hand. The pipe set going, I strode to and fro. It is a habit of mine. In and out of the vestibule, in and out of the street. The warrior beamed on me benignly. Suddenly he grew serious. Then he looked perturbed. The medals rose and fell upon his breast. Clearly he was the prey of conflicting emotions. Still I paced to and fro. Abruptly a strange voice addressed me. I wheeled round, and found myself one step within the inner passage of the theatre, confronted by the warrior.

It was his voice, but how changed! He stood at the salute.

"Mr. Grundy, sir, I smoke a pipe myself, and it does my heart good to see you smoke yours—you do enjoy it so; but, sir, when you smoke it in that passage it becomes my duty to tell you, sir, that you infringe the rules of the Haymarket Theatre."

The struggle had been sharp, but short. Duty had triumphed. I gazed at him with speechless admiration. My hands were in my pockets—another habit of mine. Instinctively one grasped at half-a-crown. It was now my turn. Again the struggle was severe; and I am afraid that in my case duty might not have triumphed, but that in my imagination I could hear a strong Hibernian accent ringing in my ears:

"Mr. Grundy, sir, I thank you kindly; but the attendants at the Haymarket Theatre are strictly forbidden to accept gratuities."

I put my pipe in my pocket; and so ended an incident which I hope is as creditable to a dramatic author as it is to a stage-door-keeper.



SYDNEY GRUNDY.

From a Photograph by Mendelssohn.

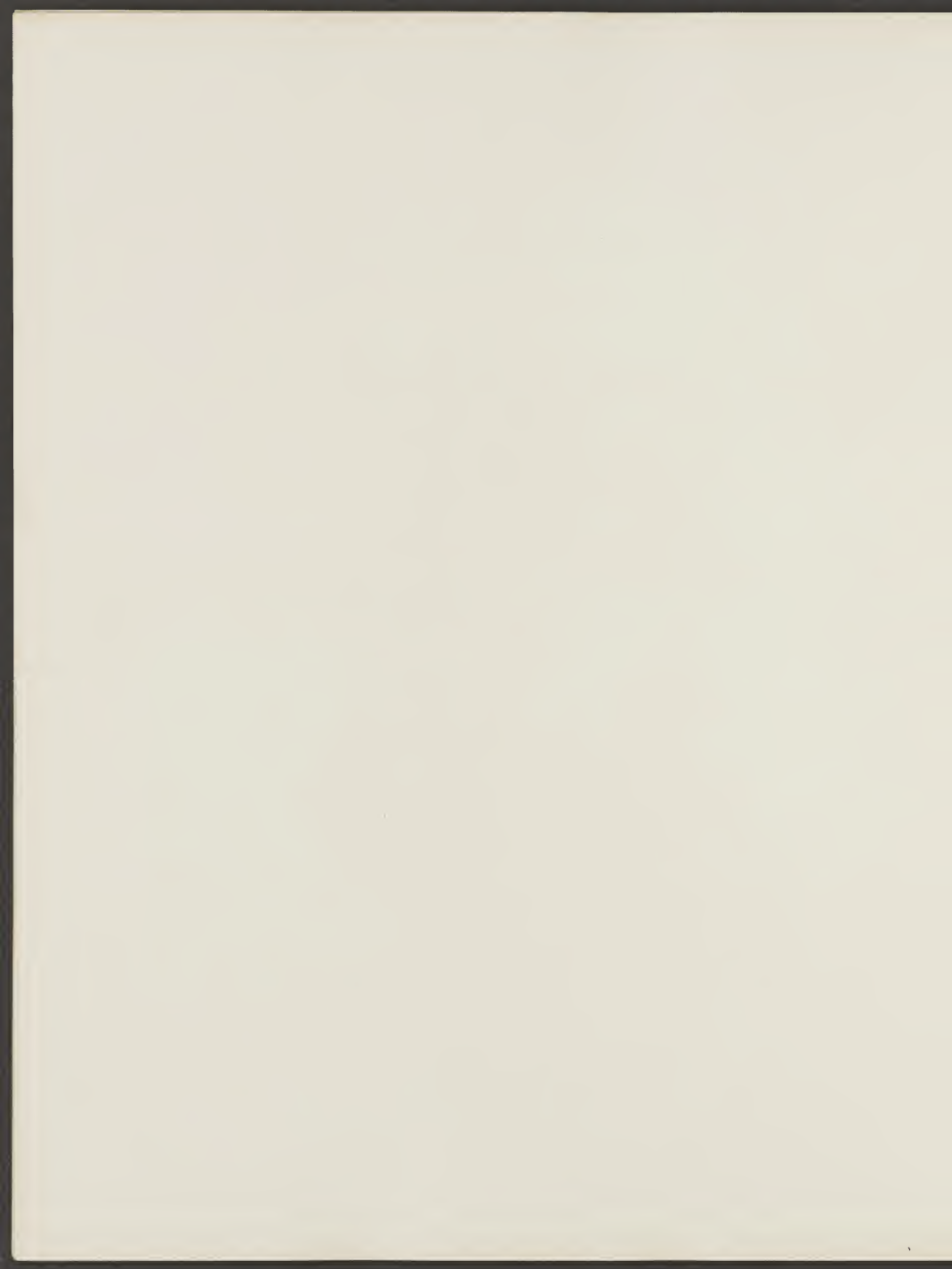
Sydney Grundy.

It was a hot day. The door communicating between the stage vestibule & the inner passage stood



Scam Electric Engraving Co.

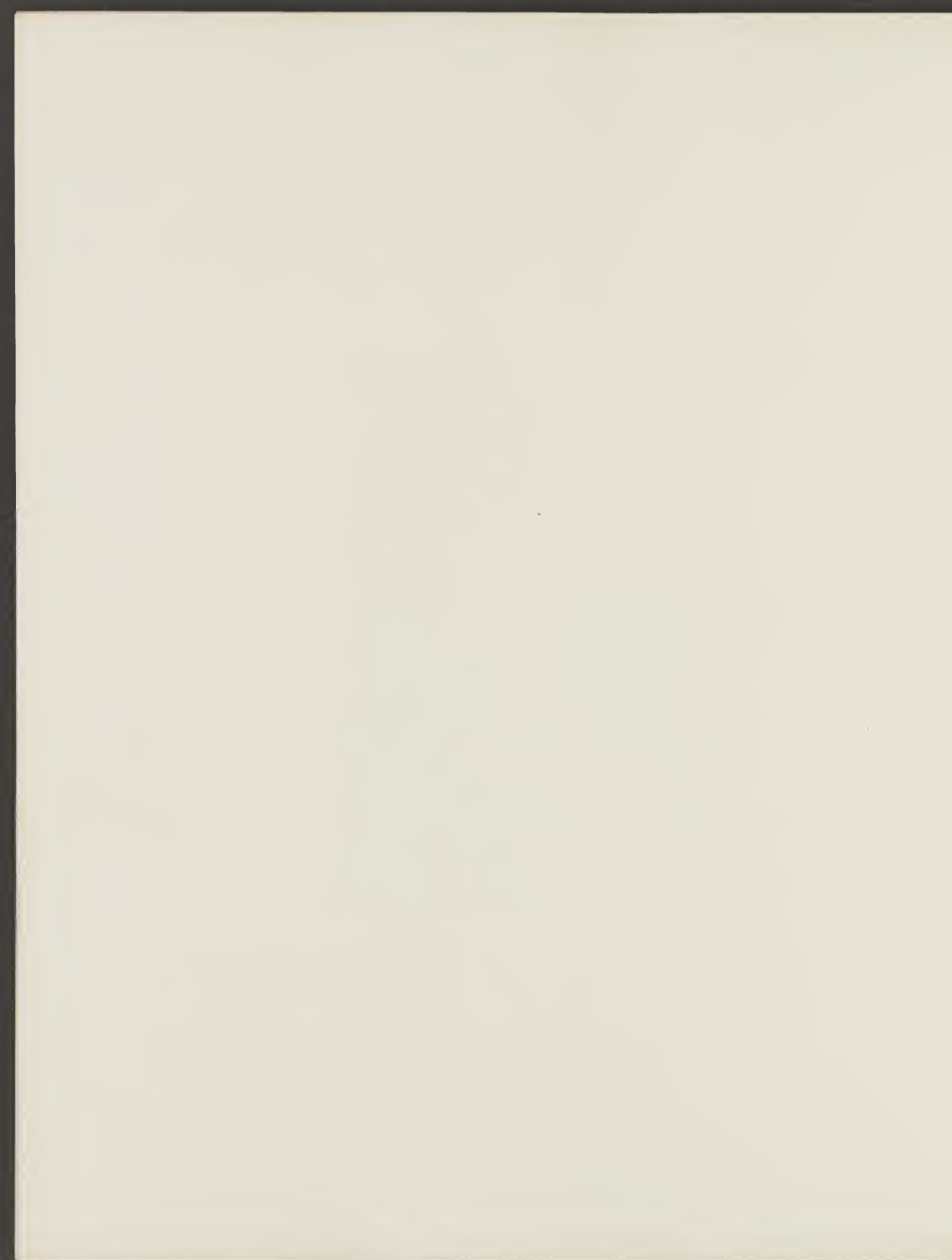
"HAGAR AND ISHMAEL."
FROM A DRAWING BY F. GOODALL, R.A.





Spun Electric Engineering Co.

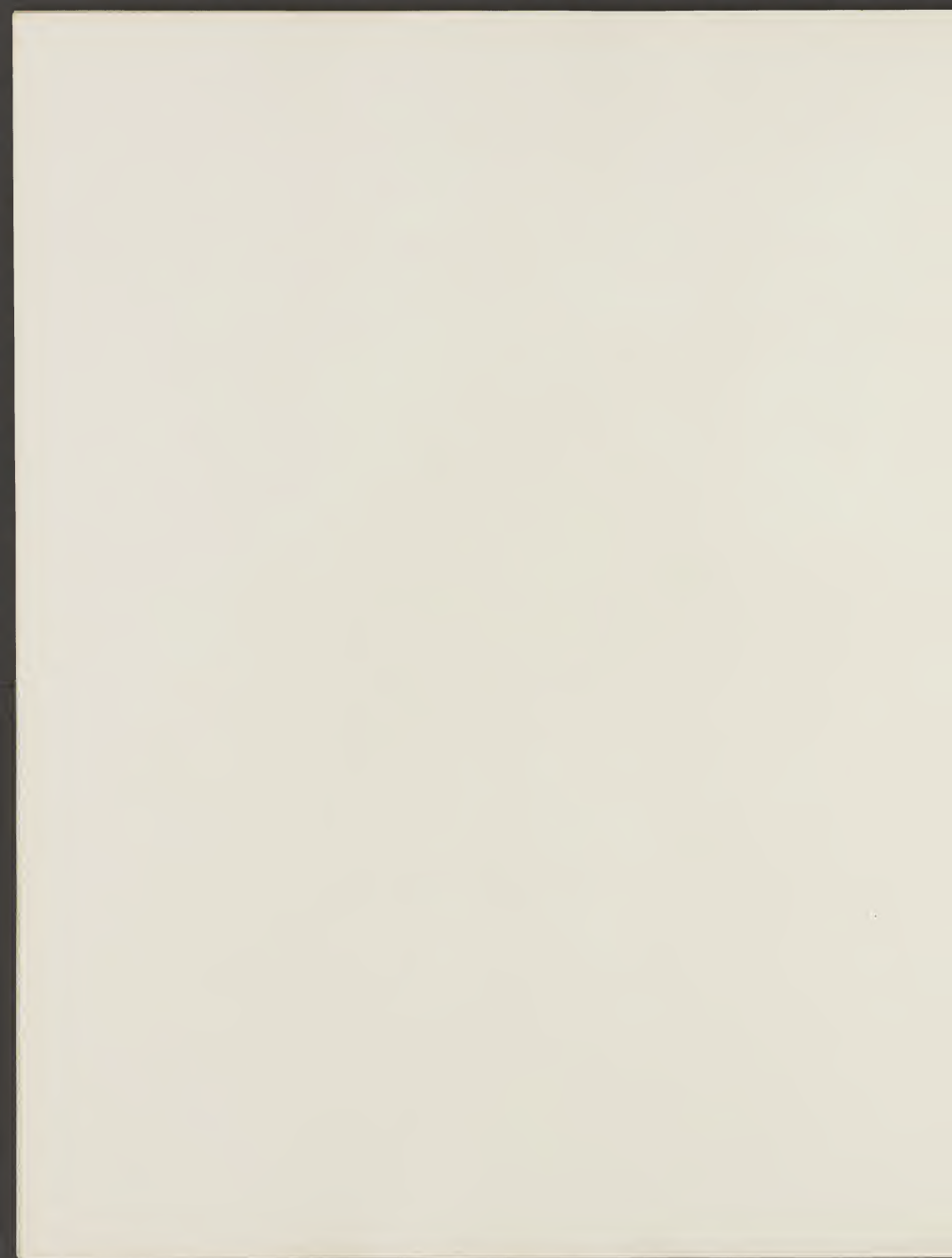
FROM A DRAWING BY ANDREW GOW, R.A.





San Elmo, Brigham Co.

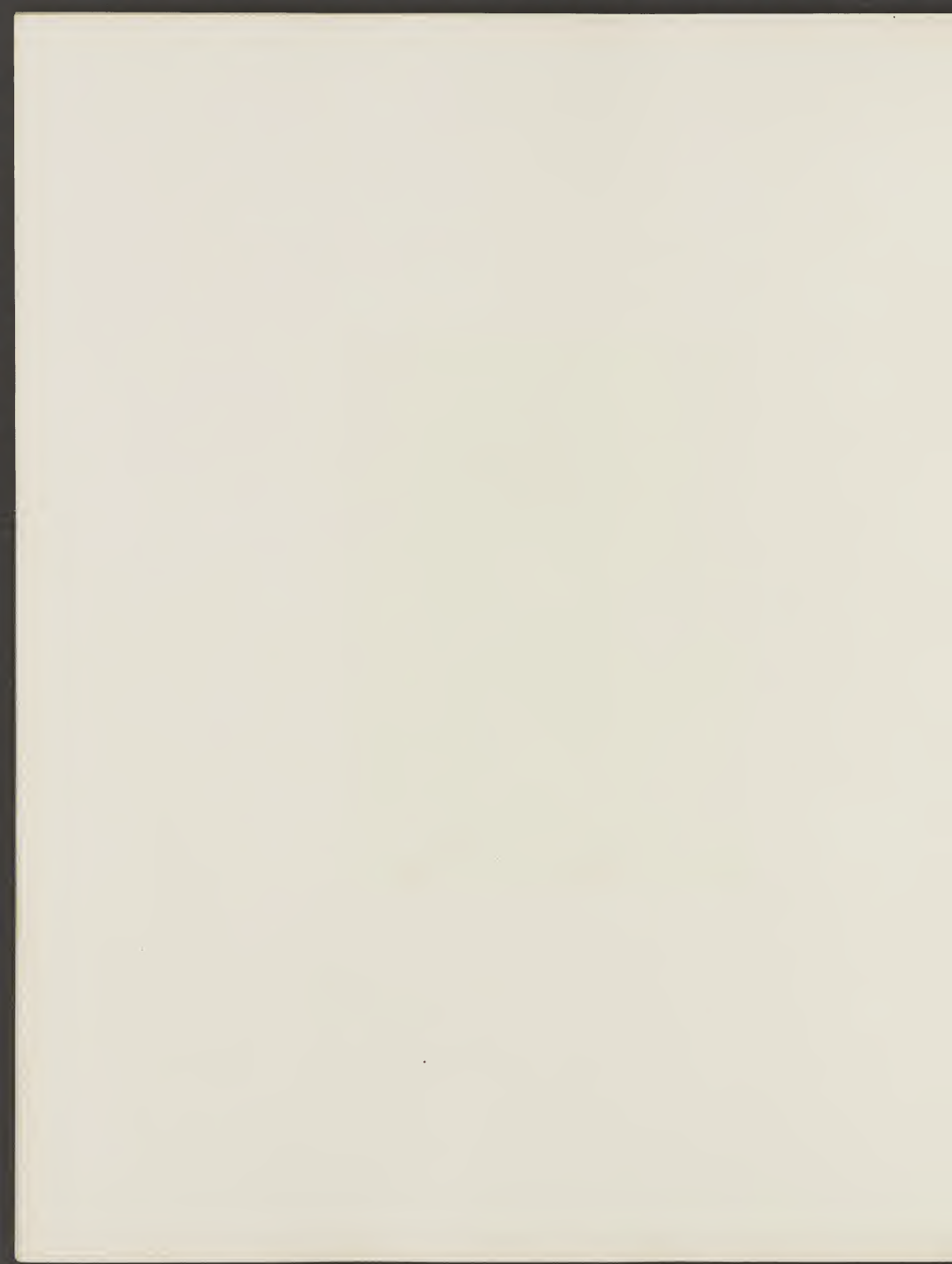
FROM A DRAWING BY PETER GRAHAM, M.A.





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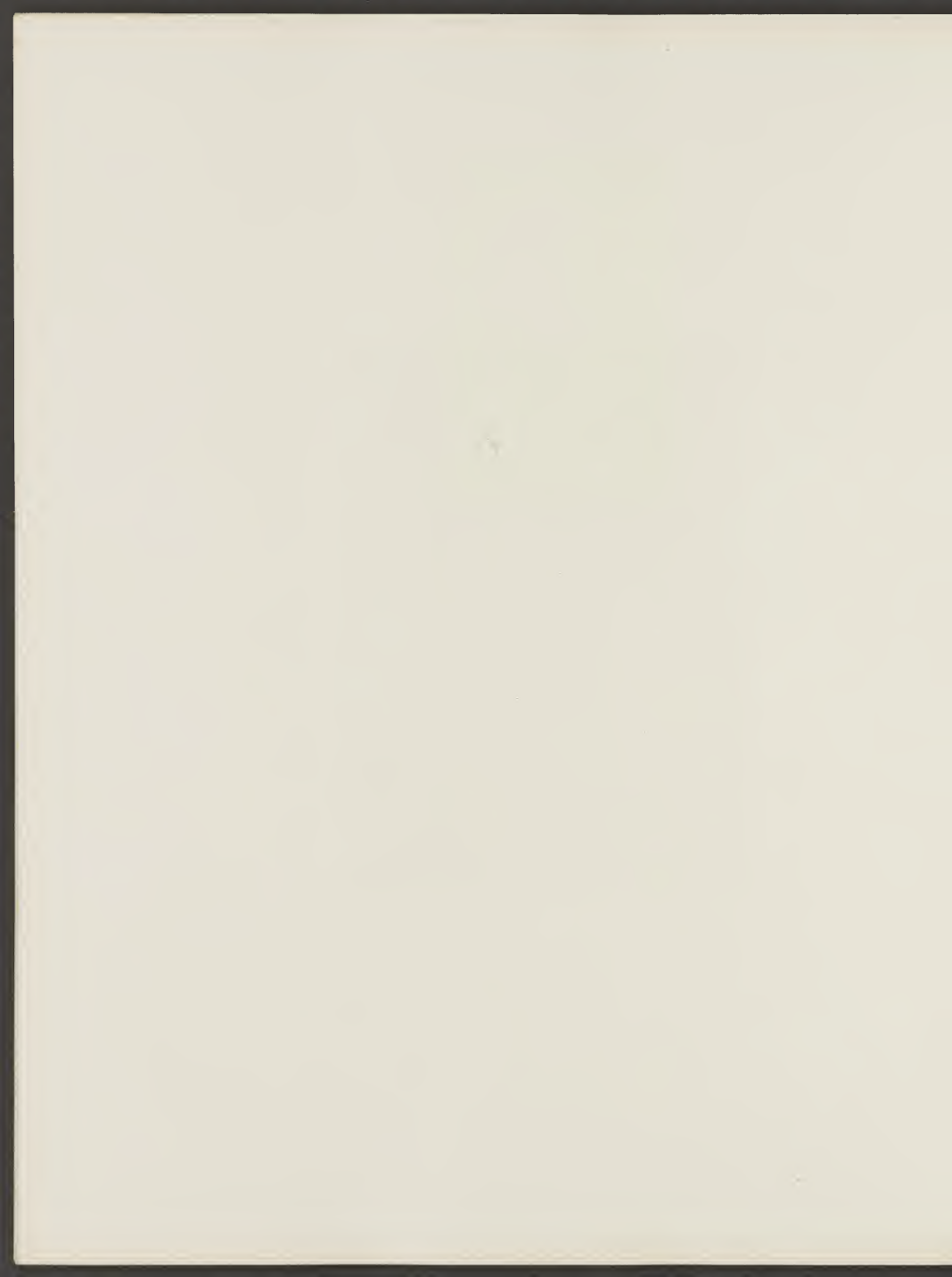
MRS. TREE.
FROM A DRAWING BY THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY.

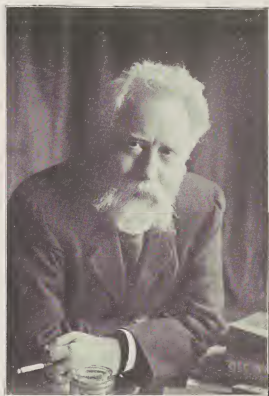




Swan Electric Engraving Co.

"NIGHT REFRESHING THE EARTH FROM A PITCHER OF DEW."
FROM A DRAWING BY H. GRANVILLE FELL.





W. E. HENLEY.

From a Photograph by Gardiner (Watling).

A SIGH sent wrong,
A kiss that goes astray,
A sorrow the years endlong—
So they say.

So let it be!
Come the sorrow, the kiss, the sigh!
They are life, dear life, all three—
And we die.

2

*A sigh sent wrong,
A kiss that goes astray
A sorrow the years endlong—
So they say.*

*So let it be!
Come the sorrow, the kiss, the sigh!
They are life, dear life, all three,
And we die.*

W. E. Henley

Song from "Osbern and Ursyne."

By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

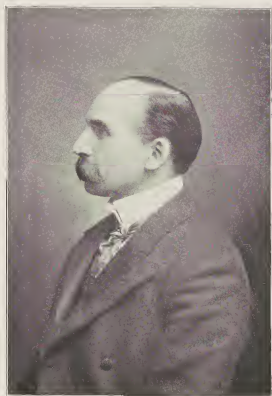
"A DIEU," said he. Adieu she could not say.
"Farewell," said he. "Farewell; this is a day
That we must long remember, you and I."

"He's gone," said they. "Come forth, clouds fill the sky,
The rain will fall ere you have felt the sun."
"Shines the sun still? I thought rain had begun."

"Adieu," said he. Adieu she could not say.
"Farewell," said he. "Farewell, this is a day
That we must long remember, you and I."

"He's gone," said they. "Come forth, clouds fill the sky,
The rain will fall ere you have felt the sun."
"Shines the sun still? I thought rain had begun."

John Oliver Hobbs



BASIL HOOD.
From a Photograph by Lauffer.

A Bow Belle.

BY BASIL HOOD.

D'YOU know Lizzie 'Arris—'er as lodges in our court?

Well, I says, says I to 'er, I says, says I,

"Wotever, Lizzie 'Arris, makes yer wear yer 'air cut *short*?"

I says, says I to 'er, I says, says I.

"I lorst it in a fever, dear," says she to me, says she.

"Dear me!" says I (consolin' like), I says, says I, "Dear me!

Some gells thinks it *becomin'*—but wot fools sech gells must be,"

I says, says I to 'er, I says, says I.

She's a darling! She's a hangel! She's a luckshury, is Liz!

But she's artful—Ho, she's artful! Blessed artful—that she is!

She got round 'Arry 'Opkins in 'er under'anded way—

And 'e took 'er down to Rosherville to spend a nappy day.

But wen 'e brought 'er back agen, I 'adn't gorn ter bed,

And I says, says I to 'er, I says, says I,

"Good evins, Lizzie 'Arris, wy, wot makes yer face so *red*?"

I says, says I to 'er, I says, says I.

"Per'aps the sun 'as caught it, dear," says she, without a blink.

"Don't shrink," I says (facetious like), "from speakin' out—don't shrink!

Yer mean *the sun was 'ot, and so yer've 'ad a drop ter drink?*"

I says, says I to 'er, I says, says I!

She's a darling! She's a hangel! She's a slice o' tipsy-cake!
 But she's artful—blessed artful, that she is—and no mistake.
 She got round 'Arry 'Opkins in a nunder'anded way,
 And 'e took 'er down to Rosherville to spend a nappy day.

Just now I meets with 'Arry, and I stops 'im walkin' parst,

And I says, says I to 'im, I says, says I—

"I 'cars," I says (a-smilin'), "Lizzie's caught yer then, at lars,"

I says, says I to 'im, I says, says I.

"I 'opes as 'ow we'll suit," says 'e, a-lookin' at 'is toe:

"I 'opes," I says (distrustful like), "I 'opes it may be so,

But wot yer 'opes," I says, "yer doesn't always *think*, yer know!"

I says, says I to 'im, I says, says I.

She's a darling! She's a hangel! She's a tasty macaroon!

And I 'opes she'll be as 'appy as a orgin out o' toon!

For she got round 'Arry 'Opkins in a nunder'anded way,

When 'e took 'er down to Rosherville to spend a nappy day!

Baud Hord.

D'you know dizzie 'Arris—'er as lodges in our court?

Well, I says, says I to 'er I says, says I

"Whatever, dizzie 'Arris, makes yer wear yer 'air cut short?"

I says, says I to 'er I says, says I

"I lost it in a fever, dear," says she to me, says she

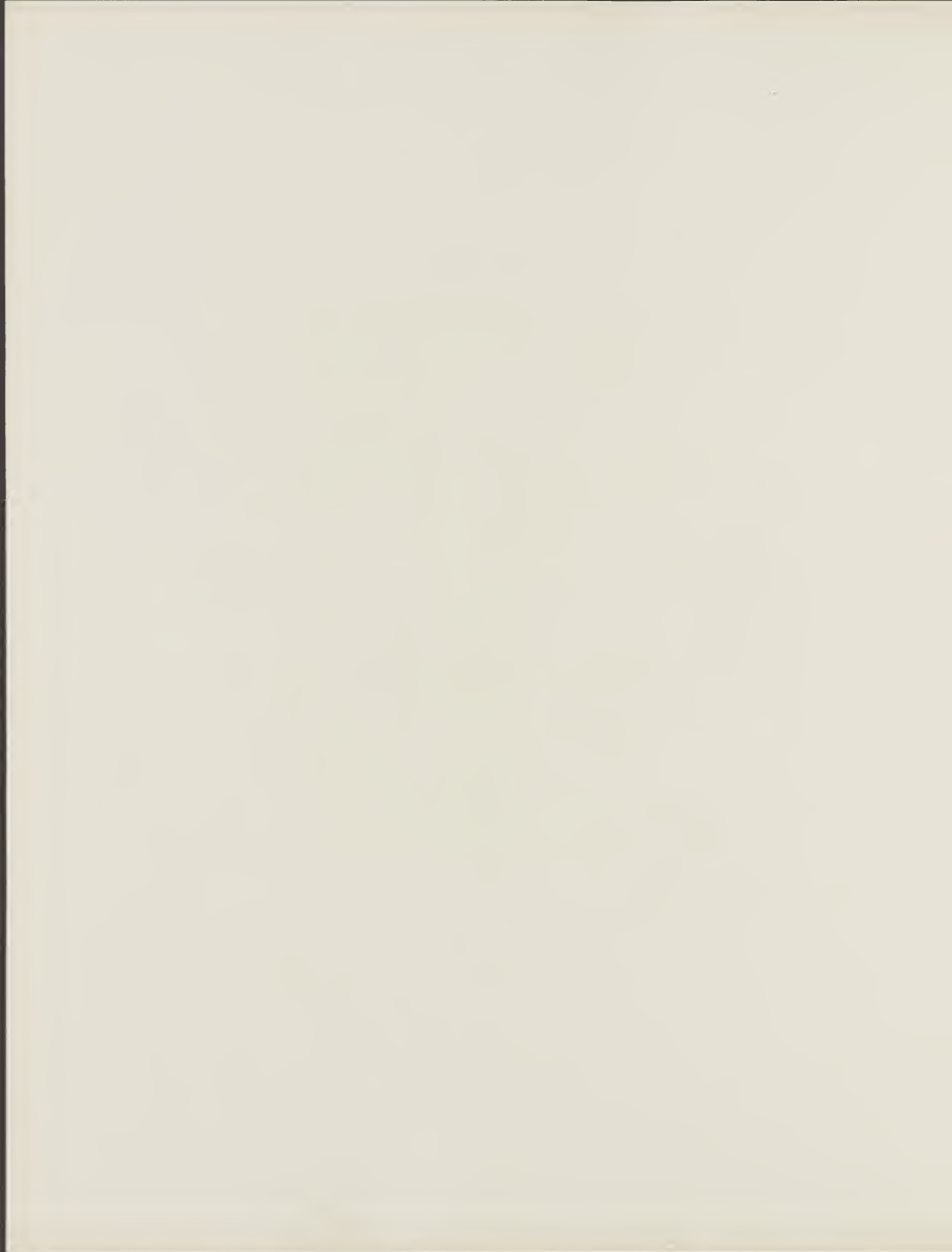
"Dear me!" says I (consistin' like) I says, says I "Dear me!"

"Some gells thinks it becomin'—but wot forso seek gells must be"

I says, says I to 'er I says, says I



"A BREEDER OF CANARDS."
FROM A DRAWING BY G. R. HALKETT.





Swan Electric Engraving Co.

"THE MALTSTER."
FROM A DRAWING BY A. S. HARTRICK



Flowers for the Sick.

BY DEAN HOLE.

IF they to whom God gives fair gardens knew
The happy solace which sweet flowers bestow
Where pain depresses, and where friends are few,
To cheer the heart in weariness and woe ;

If they could see the smile which dries the tear,
The new light glistening in the languid eyes,
The thin white hand which clasps the gift so dear,
With words of welcome and of glad surprise ;

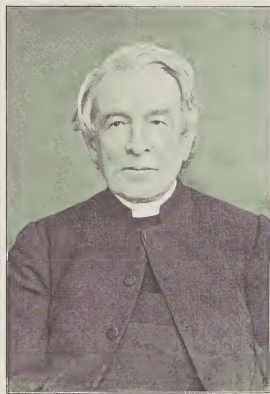
If they could hear those feeble voices tell
The tender memories of bygone years,
Of childhood's joy in flowery mead and dell,
That joy of innocence, which hath no fears ;

Then sadder thoughts of evil words and deeds,
When first the tempter to their Eden came—
Sowed in God's acre his foul tares and weeds,
To check the growth of purity and shame.

To check, but not to kill, when Hope shall dwell,
By Faith, through penitence and grace sustained,
And Mercy infinite to man shall tell
The promise of a Paradise Regained.

"I shall die soon," one said, "like these bright flowers ;
But the roots die not in their garden tomb ;
Waiting the sunshine and the vernal showers,
To rise again, and in their beauty bloom."

I pray you to whom God gives gardens, lend
This happy solace, which the flowers bestow,
Where pain oppresses, and where few befriend
To cheer the suffering and to soothe their woe.



DEAN HOLE.

From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

S. Reynolds Hole

*If they, to whom God gives fair gardens, knew
The happy solace, which sweet flowers bestow,
Where pain depresses, and where friends are few,
To cheer the heart in weariness, and woe*

Quite a Different Bazaar.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.



HE scene was brilliant, and I expected to enjoy myself very much; but before I had been in the place two minutes I became possessed of a kitten. I do not quite know how this happened. I had a vision of a remarkably pretty girl in a large hat; she held out her hand and said, "Only a sovereign" (they always say "Only" at bazaars, by way of forestalling objections). Imagining that the sum mentioned was in the nature of gate-money or an entrance fee, I placed the coin in her hand. In an instant the girl vanished, and the kitten was in my arms. It was white, with long hair; it seemed to take to me, as it dug its claws into my hand with a friendly and luxurious air.

I proceeded on my way, carrying the kitten; to put it down would have meant instant death to the poor creature, the crowd being considerable.

"What a sweet kitten!" said a voice at my elbow. "You must have a ribbon for it. We sell ribbons at our stall."

I had never seen the young lady before; she appeared attractive; and I purchased a quarter of a yard of blue ribbon, which she tied round the kitten's neck. The ribbon was only ten shillings.

A few steps brought me opposite Flora's stall. She was selling handkerchiefs—of all sorts—from a web made by a spider of indolent habits to a bandanna of such dimensions as a man subject to catarrh would take with him to the Klondyke. Flora pressed half-a-dozen of these latter commodities on my notice; they were only twenty-five shillings each. Scornfully rejecting them, I was about to pass on when the kitten mewed.

"What's the matter with the creature now?" I exclaimed.

"The matter! Why, it's cold, of course, poor little darling," said Flora reproachfully. (The weather, however, was warm.) "Look here, we'll wrap it in one of these beautiful handkerchiefs!" She fitted the action to the word; and I produced twenty-five shillings. "Oh, thirty, if you only take one," Flora reminded me.

We went on—the kitten and I; it was eating the handkerchief, and I was trying to avoid my acquaintances. But, as luck would have it, I ran right into Mrs. Payne-Forrester. She is a philanthropist and is especially interested in teaching girls basket-work. I thought I was pretty safe with her, because men are not supposed to have much use for baskets; so I asked when the Princess was coming, and made one or two other appropriate observations. Mrs. Payne-Forrester eyed the kitten thoughtfully.

"It doesn't look very comfortable there," said she. "I don't think you carry it in quite the right way." A brilliant smile illuminated her face. "I have it," she cried. "You want a little basket to carry it in. It'll be so snug then. I've just the very thing you want—only thirteen and sixpence."

Trusting that the matter would end there, I bought a basket from Mrs. Payne-Forrester, and we placed the kitten in it. The kitten made some protests, and my companion looked distressed.

"It didn't really want a basket at all," said I triumphantly.

"Yes, it did; but—why, of course! Mildred!" She was calling to a girl at the next stall. "Do bring one of those dear little mats of yours." She turned to me delightedly: "That's what the kitten wants."

Mildred placed the mat in the basket, and Mrs. Payne-Forrester placed the kitten on the mat, and I placed five shillings



ANTHONY HOPE.

From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

in Mildred's hand. I had now only a sovereign left in my pocket, and I was feeling thirsty. Determined to see whether a brandy and soda, or, say, a split soda at all events, could be obtained for that sum, I enquired my way to the refreshment stall. The lady whom I made bold to address did not answer this question; with one glance at the kitten she produced from some secret receptacle a little indiarubber ball.

"The very thing for your kitten," said she persuasively.

I was not going to haggle about a twopenny ball. I paid my half-crown and placed the ball in the basket with the kitten. Upon this the lady told me the way to the refreshment-stall very graciously.

"Oh, what a sweet kitten!"

I was growing suspicious of that observation; but the girl who made it was far from displeasing, so my tone was not disagreeable but merely firm as I observed:

"No, I don't want to buy a cat for it." That seemed to me to be by now the only thing the kitten hadn't got. "Could you tell me the way to the refreshment stall?"

"Oh, I keep it. Come with me."

I followed her. Her stall was a tea and coffee stall.

"Which will you have?" she asked urbanely.

"Well, as a fact," said I, in a confidential tone, "I was thinking of having a brandy-and——"

She smiled—indeed she laughed—though I saw nothing ridiculous in the suggestion. "I never take tea or coffee in the afternoon," I added.

"I think," she suggested, "that you must have forgotten that this bazaar is in aid of——"

"I never knew what," I interrupted.

"Well, it's in aid of the Temperance Cause."

I lifted my hat regretfully and was about to turn away, but she laid a hand on my arm.

"Anyhow, do let me give your dear little kitten a saucer of milk. It looks so hungry."

I am not an inhumane man. We extricated the kitten and gave it milk. The milk was only ten shillings. That left me five. I thought I would drive to the club, and made for the door. But what was I to do with the kitten? Our club rules forbid the introduction of dogs; nothing is said about cats. My kitten was a cat; but I felt doubtful whether the Committee, a very conservative body, would take this view.

"Would you like it sent?" asked a lady in the entrance hall.

"I should like it above all things," I responded with alacrity.

"We send anything, prepaid, for a fee of five shillings."

I laid down my money, delivered over the kitten and its paraphernalia, and cast one furtive glance round. The hall was empty. I gave my brother-in-law's name and address, and left the building hurriedly.

I was not surprised, and was extremely pleased, to read that the cause benefited by a very substantial sum.

Anthony Hope.

The scene was brilliant and I expected to enjoy myself very much; but before I had been in the place two minutes I became possessed of a kitten. I do not quite know how this happened. I had a vision of a remarkably pretty girl in a large hat; she held out her hand and said "Only a sovereign" (they always say "Only a sovereign" by way of prebaking objections). Imagining that the sum



VIOLET HUNT.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

To a Hard Woman.

BY VIOLET HUNT.

HERE for the last time together,
Pacing down the garden slow,
Neither of us knowing whether
We are lovers still or no.

Ah, my life, when this page closes,
Like a song without a tune,
Like a garden without roses,
Like a night without a moon!

And end of roses, songs, and moonlight,
Words that cut me like a sword,
From your lips—the lips that meet mine!
You are better than your word.

To-morrow think no more about me:
Day brings counsel with its light.
Though you mean to live without me,
You would die with me to-night!

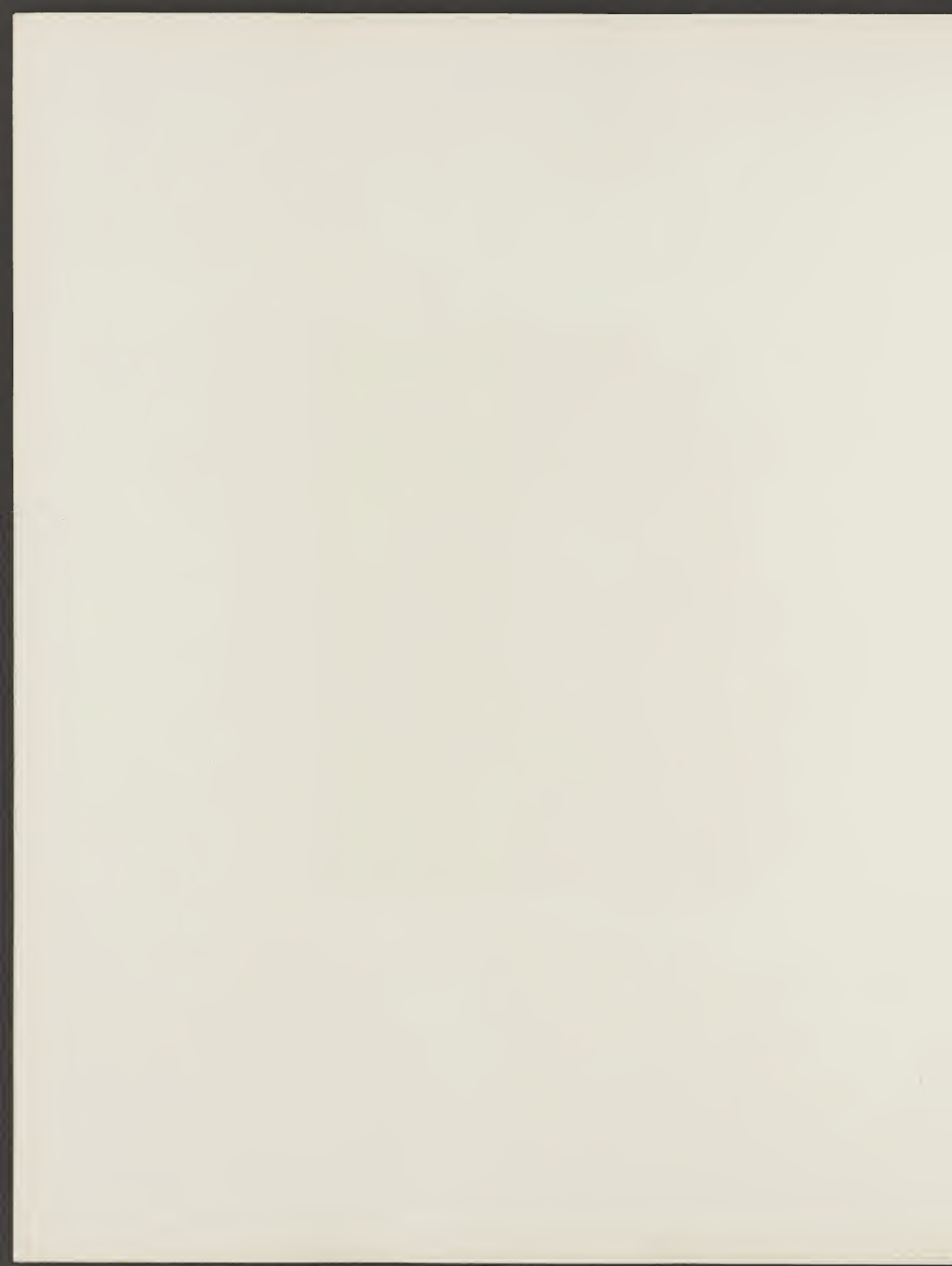
Violet Hunt

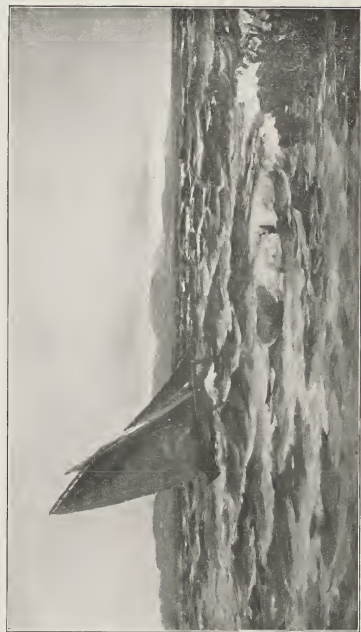
*Here for the last time together
Pacing down the garden slow
Neither of us knowing whether
We are lovers still or no?*



Scott Electric Engraving Co.

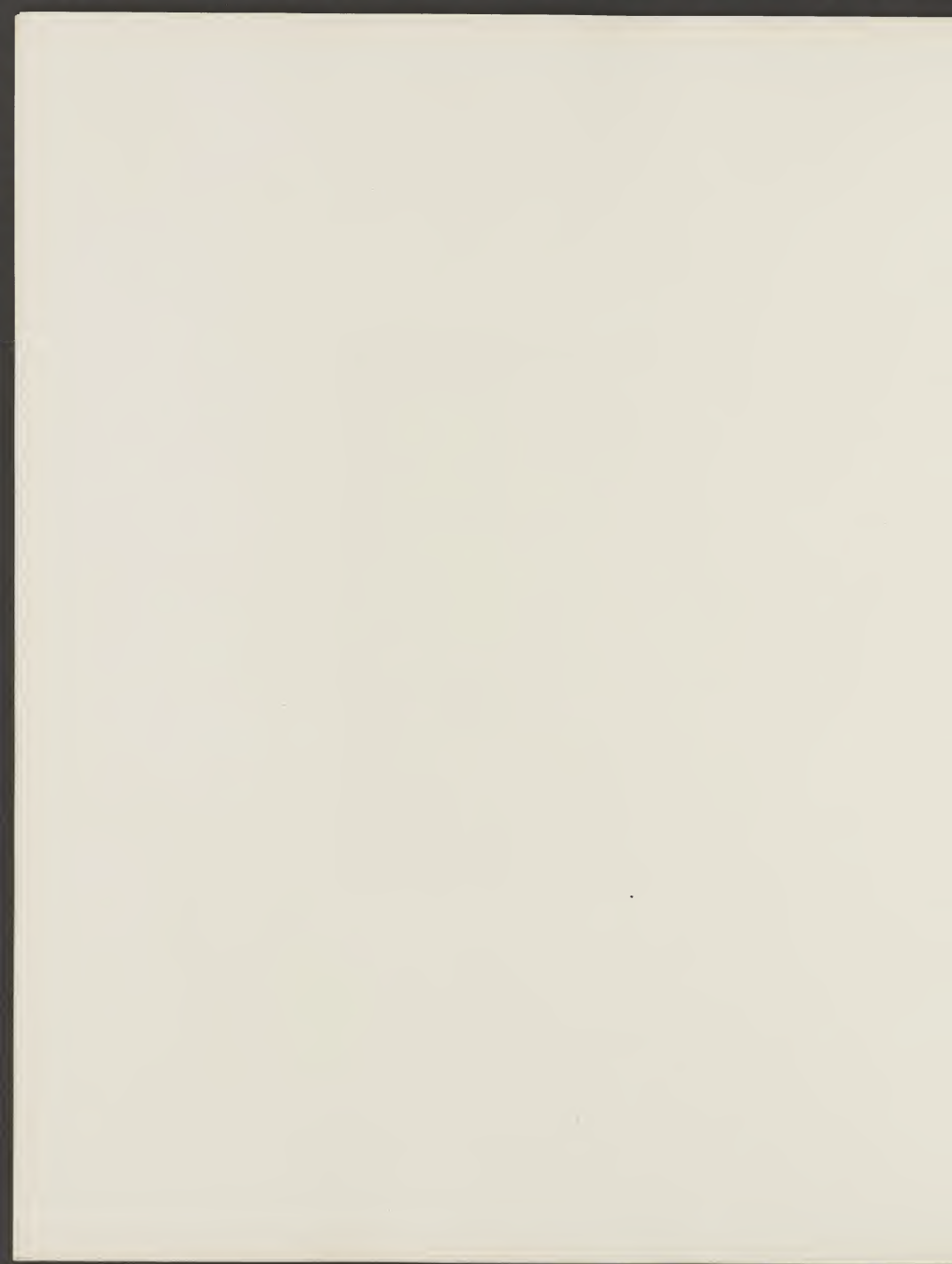
FROM A DRAWING BY L. RAVEN HILL.





Susan Elmer Engraving Co.

FROM A DRAWING BY COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.



"Grace Mary."

A PLAY IN ONE ACT, BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

Persons Represented:

NICK PENTARGAN
ISAAC ROSEVEARE
LUKE JAGO

BARZILLAI TEAGUE
PETER HOBLYN
JOSHUA WEBBER

GRACE MARY ROSEVEARE
ELIZABETH TEAGUE

Miners, Peasants, Fisher-people.

Time: A summer night at the beginning of this century.

THE CLIFF EDGE OF THE NORTH CORNISH COAST BETWEEN "ALL TRAVELLERS' INN" AND
ISAAC ROSEVEARE'S COTTAGE.

SCENE.—*The exterior of "All Travellers' Inn" on the North Cornish coast. Summer night. Misty moonlight. The inn is left with a covered shelter outside, in which are placed rough tables, with forms on each side. On the tables are tankards and mugs. The inn window gives on the shelter and is open. A bright light from the inn illumines the tables and the persons seated there. The door of the inn is down stage left, and also opens into the shelter. Over the shelter is a weather-beaten signboard with "All Travellers' Inn, by Barzillai Teague" painted on it. On the right of the stage is ISAAC ROSEVEARE'S cottage, set diagonally: its windows look upon the stage; the window of GRACE MARY'S room, on the top floor, is shut, and the curtains drawn apart. The window is lighted. The door of the cottage is approached by a short flight of steps at the corner of the house; the door being round the corner is not seen. At back of stage is the cliff line, and below it at a great distance, the sea, the horizon line being scarcely discernible. Growing up from the cliff is a solitary tree with its branches blown landwards, its trunk rooted in the cliff beneath the edge. Time: early in this century. Discover ELIZABETH TEAGUE clearing up tankards, mugs, etc., from tables. BARZILLAI TEAGUE, a little lame, bloated, jovial innkeeper, hobbles on right.*

Elizabeth Teague.



BARZILLAI, you've been drenkin' again.

Barz. Elizabeth, answer me this: ain't ut better to be drunk nor thirsty?

Eliz. Ef yu must git drunk why caan't 'ee git drunk upon your awn liquor an' your awn premises?

Barz. Elizabeth, my liquor is gashly, an yu'me on my premises. An' the man that gits drunk in the company of hez wif ez no better than a baistly fule.

Naw, my dear sawle, when I do get drunk I've got better taste nor to get drunk with you, Elizabeth. I du chuse my company.

Eliz. [Regarding him.] An' whose company ev 'ee bin drenkin' in to-day?

Barz. Braave company, sure enough, Elizabeth.

Eliz. Who's then?

Barz. I've been drenkin' with—shaan't tell 'ee, Elizabeth.

[GRACE MARY opens her window in the cottage, candle in hand, looks out. She is a very pale, delicate girl, about twenty, with a wasted, unearthly look in her face. BARZILLAI points her out to ELIZABETH.]

Grace Mary. [Peering out into the darkness for a few moments, calls gently.] Nick! Arry there, my awn dear swatcheart?

[Waits a moment, listens, and then withdraws from window, draws the curtains together, leaves the window open. A few seconds after the light disappears from the curtains.]



HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

From a Photograph by Miss Garrett Chalk.

Eliz. Aw, poor sawle, her du graw moar an' moar like a sperrit every day.

Barz. Hur did look for oal the world as ef hur had just comed up from the dead, didn't hur?

Eliz. Her ev niver held up her head since Nick Pentargan went away.

Barz. Well, hur can hault it up now, for Nick Pentargan ev cum hum again.

Eliz. What?

Barz. I've been with un oal the afternune.

Eliz. And that's the reason as yu'm in this baistly staate!

Barz. Hauld thy tongue, Elizabeth. Tez only fules that don't know the valee an' happiness of gitting drunk that fly out against us—philosophers.

GRACE MARY enters from cottage, as if restlessly; goes up right, looks off, comes up to them disquieted.

I hope yu'm better to-night, Grace Mary?

Grace Mary. Is there any tidings down along?

Barz. Naw. Naw tidings down along.

Grace Mary. Arry sure?

Barz. Tidings consarning of who, Grace Mary?

Grace Mary. Consarning of somewan that left hereabouts six months ago.

Barz. [*Pause.*] Naw. [*Pause.*] What makes 'ee ax?

Grace Mary. Because oal day long I've had a soart of a drawing pain here—[*with her hand upon her heart*!—as if he wur a-drawing me towards un.

Barz. How so?

Grace Mary. Like as if I wur aslape and heerd un a calling out to me for to come and help un—and I couldn't neither answer un, nor go to un, 'cause theree was like mountains atop of me.

Barz. Aw! 'Tis straange, sure enough! But don't 'ee think anything more about un, theree's a dear maiden, or yu'll never be braave and strong again.

Grace Mary. I shall never git strong again till I du know for sure that oal's well weth him. [*Goes to cottage, comes back very entreatingly.*] Would 'ee be so gude as to go down along to the village and ax if theree's any tidings of un. I knaw 'tis fulish of me, but ye doan't knaw the ache as I've got about heere.

[*Putting her hand on her heart.*

Eliz. Tell her, Barzillai. [*Exit ELIZABETH into inn. GRACE MARY looks at BARZILLAI; he looks down.*

Grace Mary. [*Suddenly.*] He's heere! I knawed it! You've seed un? Wheree?

Barz. Down to Camelford.

Grace Mary. [*Frantic with joy.*] How does he look? Did he ax after me? What did ye tell un about me? Is he coming here? He'd never laive thaise paarts without coming to see me?

Barz. Bide a bit quiet now, theree's a dear maiden, or I waun't tell 'ee nort.

Grace Mary. Tell me oal. Is he well? [*Very softly and searchingly.*] Ev he departed from hez evil coorses?

Barz. Well—

[*Looks uncomfortable.*

Grace Mary. Daun't 'ee desave me now!

Barz. He wor oaless a bit wild, and he oaless will be. Tez the natur of un.

Grace Mary. He wur drenking?

Barz. I hope theree's no gurt harm in a drap wheree the liquor's gude.

Grace Mary. Wheree did you laive un?

Barz. He wur coming toaards the village.

Grace Mary. To see me?

Barz. Not azackly.

Grace Mary. What vor then?

Barz. He wur gwine to seek Luke Jago.

Grace Mary. What vor? I've niver gived un cause for anger agen Luke.

Barz. Well, 'tis knawn down along that Luke did persuade your vaather to part Nick and you, cos Luke did want 'ee for hezzelf.

Grace Mary. Iss—an' ivver since Nick went away Luke ev been spaiking evil about un to vaather. I udn't wed Luke Jago, no, not if there weren't another chap in the world. An' Nick du knaw ut; he du knaw that my haart ud break avore it ud ev a thought as worn't for him.

Barz. Well, theree's bad blood tween un and Luke, iss sure, vor Nick du knaw 'tis Luke as parted 'ee—that's oal I can tell 'ee. [*Going into inn.*

Grace Mary. I can't abide heere and knaw he's so nigh me without spaking to un. I mus' come to 'ee, Nick. [*Going off, right, meets ISAC ROSEVEAKE.*

Enter ISAAC ROSEVEARE.

Isaac. [*A stern old Cornish Methodist.*] Where be gwine, Grace Mary? [*Turns to BARZILLAI.*] You've tould her that devil's cheeld is cummed home agen?

Barz. Naw, Izaac—'twur her awn haart as tould her. Thee's best laive hur to go to un.

[*Exit into inn.*]

Isaac. You wor gwine to seek Nick Pentargan?

Grace Mary. Iss, vaather.

Isaac. You did promise to give un up for iver.

Grace Mary. I didn't promise I udn't see un an' spake to un.

Isaac. Grace, thy haart is longing vor un still.

Grace Mary. I caan't help ut, vaather.

Isaac. Would 'ee wed a drunkard, a swearer, a loose-liver, a castaway?

Grace Mary. Daun't 'ee call un hard naames. Tent ez fault. Sims us ef a wor born to bad-luck. Do 'ee caal to mind what his hum wer when he wur a cheeld: hez awn mawther ded ev no pity on un, an' wished evil on un. An' ez vaather wur an evil man—

Isaac. Iss, an' hez grandvaather. The Pentargans wur oalss evil-doers. An' why does thy heart cling to un continually?

Grace Mary. I caen't tell 'ee why. The moar wicked an' miserable Nick ez, the moar he du seem to caal vor my pity an' luv. I du veel vor un like es ef I wur ez mawther, an' he wur helpless an' stretching out ez arms to me—I du veel I must go to un.

Isaac. What?

Grace Mary. You du knaw tez not contrariness with me. I ev allays obeyed 'ee, and I allays will till the end of ut.

Isaac. God bless 'ee, my dearie. I knaw tez thy heart an' not thy will that loves that devil's cheeld.

Grace Mary. Iss, tez my haart, and maybe my will too.

Isaac. Let un aloan. Let un answer for hez sins where he's accountable, and kape out of our path.

Grace Mary. Aw, vaather, the power of love is wonderful. There's luv' enow in my haart to burn up oal the wickedness in Nick Pentargan, ef a wur twenty times the devil's cheeld!

Isaac. What?

Grace Mary. Aw, daun't 'ee be angry with me.

Isaac. Naw, my dear, I won't be angry with 'ee.

Grace Mary. I du feel sartin sure, vaather, that if you would lev us wed, I could saave un, vaather—tez hez oanly chance. Daun't 'ee deny me. Tez my sawl as shall answer for ez.

Isaac. Then thy sawl will be lost. Tez lies that a woman can saave a man. A man must saave hezzelf if a's saved at oal. An' let Nick Pentargan save hezzelf.

Grace Mary. But he caen't; he'll be losted.

Isaac. So be it then, if so be as my Grace Mary en't losted with un.

Grace Mary. Aw, daun't 'ee part us, vaather!

Isaac. Harkee, my dear, you'm oal I've got in the woorld. I luv 'ee more than oal the woorld. I would raather see thee a laying dead in these bed upsteers there [*pointing to her window*] than wed to Nick Pentargan. Now please yourself, my dearie, an' wed un if you will!

Grace Mary. You du knaw, vaather, as I've oallus obeyed 'ee, an' I shall obey 'ee now.

Isaac. [*Kisses her.*] I thank God for giving me an obedient cheeld. Tez gitting late. Come indoors and play thy music to me an' we'll forget un. [*Leading her to the door.*]

Grace Mary. But, vaather, ef Nick should come to-night, you wan't forbid me to spake to un?

Isaac. 'Twould do nort but pain thee, my dear. Be my braave maiden, and promise me ef Nick comes thee waun't spake to 'un, or make a sign to un.

Grace Mary. Vaather, I caen't. If Nick du come the very haart will laip out of my body to meet un.

Isaac. "Ef thy eye offend thee, pluck it out. Ef thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." Tez but wan stroke. Tez thy sawl, thy aun dear sawl as I plaid for.

Grace Mary. But Nick's sawl—I do care moare for hez dear sawl nor vor my awn.

Isaac. Thee'st made an idol of un. He stands 'tween thy God and thee.

Grace Mary. Naw, naw, vaather.

Isaac. Iss, iss. Do as I tell 'ee. Do as I command thee. Naw, naw, I daun't command thee, I intreat thee. For love of thy dear mawther as ev gone avore, for hause of seeing her agen where

there's no partin's, bring thy stubborn heart to its knees—make it obey thee. Say the words after me:
 "I promise thee, vaather, of Nick Pentargan du come to-night"—

Grace Mary. "I promise, vaather, if Nick Pentargan du come to-night"—

Isaac. "I will not spaik to un wan word"—

Grace Mary. "I will not spaik to un wan word"—

Isaac. "Or make any sign whatsoever"—

Grace Mary. "Or make any sign whatsoever"—

Isaac. "Or look at un, or think on un."

Grace Mary. Not think on un? Aw, vaather, how can I help ut?

Isaac. Tear un out from thee heart! Do ut, my dear, and be at peace. Promise after me: "I will not look at un, or think one thought of un of my aun free will."

Grace Mary. [*With great effort.*] "I will not look at un, or think one thought of un—of my aun free will." I've said it, vaather.

Isaac. An' thou'll do ut?

Grace Mary. So vur as God gives me graace.

Isaac. An' He will. There'll be in great peace soon, my dear.

Grace Mary. Iss, but 'twill be like the peace of them as are dead. The peace of well-doing en't so calm and quieting as the peace of the churchyard, ez ut, vaather?

[*Noise of riotous laughing and shouting heard off right.*]

Isaac. [*Looks off.*] Go indoors, my dear—

Grace Mary. Sins I heerd hez voice—

[*Trying to look off right.*]

Isaac. [*Stopping her, sternly.*] Thy promise! Go indoors, an' set thyself to thy music. 'Twill drown ez voice an' 'twill drown the thought of un out of thy mind. [*Burst of uproarious laughter.*] Iss, play thy music—and—[*very solemnly.*]—remember thy promise. Thee waun't break ut? [*With great earnestness.*]

Grace Mary. [*Same tone of great earnestness.*] No. I shall kape ut, vaather.

[*Another riotous burst of laughter. She shows pain. She goes into cottage.*]

Enter LUKE JAGO, right.

Luke. He's coming with seven worser sperrits nor hezzelf, an' a du swear by oal that's holy as he'll make thee aupen thy doors to un an' laive un to spaik to ez awn dear maid.

Isaac. Ez maid? A du call her ez maid?

Luke. Iss, and a du swear as nort shall part them. Isaac, you waun't go back on your word to me. I du love her sore. Isaac, you waun't laive her wed Nick Pentargan.

Isaac. Naw, she shall nivver wed Nick Pentargan—that I du vow.

Luke. An' maybe when time has gone by—her haart ull turn from un and she'll wed me.

Isaac. That shall be as God plaises.

Enter NICK PENTARGAN, a young fellow about thirty, half drunk, wildly excited, at the head of a rabble, amongst whom are PETER HOBLYN, a sailor, and JOSHUA WEBBER. ISAAC and NICK stand confronting each other. Pause.

Nick. [*Civilly.*] Good evenin', Isaac. [*ISAAC looks at him sternly and then goes towards steps. NICK intercepts him, stands at the bottom of steps. Doffing his cap, half-respectfully, half-mockingly, with great politeness.*] Good evenin', Isaac Roseveare. [*ISAAC makes a movement to pass him. NICK mounts one or two steps. In a fierce tone.*] Naw, Isaac. You daun't go into your house till you've passed the time o' day with me. [*Pause.*] Come now, Isaac, find your gude manners and wish me "Good evenin'!" [*Pause.*]

Isaac. [*Calls to the door.*] Grace Mary! Theree stan's a man at my door, you du know who tez. Kape thy promise, my dear. Lock my door in ez face.

[*Pause. The lock turns. NICK shows pain and despair for some moments, then pulls himself together with a defiant air.*]

Nick. [*Arms akimbo, planted firmly on steps.*] Oal the saame, Isaac, thou shalt pass the time o' day with me avore I let thee in, aye, that thou shalt, of I kape thee waiting heere tell 'tis time for us boath to be judged, an' thou du go up along, while I—aw, my sonnies—I du wonder where the devil I shall go. [*GRACE MARY's voice heard singing the evening hymn, accompanied by a harmonium. NICK shows that he is touched. After a line of the hymn the voice falters and breaks down, harmonium stops.*]

Isaac. [*Speaking at the door.*] Ev 'ee brokken down, my dear? Try again, an' God give thee courage.

Nick. Isaac, vor hur saake—spaik a paisable word to me.

Isaac. I daun't know thee.

Nick. Sonnies, do 'ee go inside an laive me to ev a word or two weth Isaac aloane. Oal of 'ee.
[The men go into the inn, except LUKE, who stands there. To LUKE.] Dost 'ee hear, Luke or Judas, or
 whatsoever thy naame ez. Thee'st done me harm enow. Tak thyself away—about thy business.

[LUKE sneaks into the inn after the others. NICK and ISAAC are left alone.]

Nick. Isaac, thee wouldn't see me ruined body an' sawl.

Isaac. *[Sternly.]* Daun't I tell 'ee, I daun't know 'ee.

Nick. Nay, but thou shalt know me.

Isaac. Who art thee, then?

Nick. I'm the devil's cheeld that luv's thy daughter, an' if thee daun't laive me see her, and—

[Raises his arm as if to strike ISAAC.]

Isaac. Would 'ee strike me?

Nick. Naw. But I du main to come to her.

Isaac. Hur ev vowed to her God hur'll ev nort to do weth 'ee.

Nick. Tez 'er lips ev vowed. Hur haart would niver du ut.

Isaac. She'll kape her word.

Nick. Naw, the'll set her free from ut. Hearkee, Isaac. My life, my immortal sawl, are
 bound up weth hurs. Ax hur if ten't so; ax if there en't a bond between hur an' me that God ezzelf
 ev set ez sale on, an' can niver be broke asunder.

Isaac. Tez broke. An' thou thyself ev brok' ut.

Nick. How?

Isaac. By thy awn evil life. I ded promise the maid to thee ef thee would laive thy evil ways,
 and thee didst promise to du ut. How did thee kape thy word?

Nick. Ten't no fault of mine, Isaac. Thee dost know tha history of me an' oal of us.

Isaac. Iss, as all thy vore-vaathers ev been, so wilt thou be to the end.

Nick. Naw, Isaac. There's my salvation inside thy doors. There's evil in me—I know ut well.
 When I'm away from hur, sims to me, I'm moast oal evil. But when I du come anigh to hur she du
 quicken the goodness in me into a flame, an' I'm moast oal gude. Isaac, I've a-come back to hev a
 new life weth hur vor my awn dear wife. Daun't 'ee part us. I'll change from thez hour.

Isaac. I've a-read somewhere about the leopard changing ez spots an' the Ethiopian changing
 ez skin, but I daun't believe as 'tw'er iver proved. Hearken, Nick: if thee du waunt to wed Grace Mary,
 thee tek thyself away to Africa, an' go an' bring me back a leopard with ez skin changed to a lamb's,
 or an Ethiopian with ez flesh changed to be white like wan ov our English babes,—bring either wan
 or other ov thaise two animals, and I'll believe then that ye can do good ez are accustomed to do evil,
 I'll believe that a devil's cheeld like you can be changed into an angel of light ef you wor to wed my
 Grace Mary. An' I'll giv' her to you. But I'll niver give her to thee till then, so help me God.

*[Turns to go. NICK shows great despair. Harmonium plays again. NICK and ISAAC
 listen, much affected.]*

Nick. *[In low tone, great despair.]* Then tez oal over between hur an' me, Isaac?

Isaac. Iss sure. Make theeself sure of that.

[Going up steps.]

Nick. Isaac—

[Approaching him.]

Isaac. Say on.

Nick. *[Very quiet and appealingly.]* When I du laive this plaace to-night, I du laive like Cain,
 a wanderer an' a vagabond on the vaae of the earth. I shall niver see hur again, or spaik to hur, or
 hear hur voice—but I shall live an' wander on, an' on, an' on, for years an' years, with nort to live an'
 wander for. An' my heart is feerly dead within me. I du wish 'twould plaise Heaven to mak' an end
 of me heer an' now—

Isaac. Aw, how can thee spaik sa wickedly?

Nick. Cause tez how I du feel. There's no taste ef life left in me without hur. Sims to me as
 I can't vaae it now. But if she tells me herself that she ev cast me off, then I du promise 'ee, Isaac,
 I'll give thee no vurther trouble, an' I'll niver see thee nor hur agen, but I'll drag on till I drop into
 my grave. But let me hear from hur awn dear lips as she ev giv' me up.

Isaac. Naw. 'Twould only pain hur. Vor hur saake tek thyself off when I du bid thee.

Nick. Naw. Let her send me away, an' I'll go.

Isaac. Naw, thee shaan't see hur.

Nick. Nay, but I will.

Isaac. *[Goes up steps, knocks at door.]* Grace Mary! Thee du know who is outside. Ef thee will
 kape thy vow an' save thy sawl, unlock thez door, an' the very next moment go upstairs to thy awn
 room an' lock thyself in so that no wan can come anigh thee. But ef thou wult break thy word, an' be

losted for ivver, bide downstairs an' spaik to him agenst thy vow. Chuse between thez man an' thy God.

[Pause. The lock is heard to turn. ISAAC holds the door-handle a few seconds. NICK runs eagerly up the steps. A light appears in GRACE MARY'S room above. ISAAC opens the door, looks eagerly in, and then points triumphantly inside to NICK. NICK shows great despair. Exit ISAAC into cottage, shuts door; lock is heard to turn again. NICK comes down the steps in great despair, walks up and down for a moment or two.]

Nick. *[Shouts into inn.]* Hi, my sonnies! Hi, Barzillai—where be ye oal of ye?

Enter from inn the drinkers, JOSHUA, PETER and BARZILLAI.

Barz. What ez ut, Nick?

Nick. I du want to ev just wan pleasant evenin' with oal of ye avore I du laive ye. What'll ye take, Peter?

Peter. Same as avore, Barzillai.

Nick. Josh?

Joshua. I sez ditto.

Nick. An' you, David?

David. I caan't du better I spoase nor kape to Plymouth gin.

Nick. Not ef ye want to send your head burning maazed and mad like mine. Barzillai, tek the orders vrom oal.

[BARZILLAI takes orders and then goes into inn.]

LUKE JAGO enters from inn.

Nick. Aw, yu'me there, Luke Jago?

Luke. Iss.

Nick. 'Twur yu as set hur vaather agen me!

Luke. I did think I wur doing Graace Maary a brave gude turn to kape her from wedding thee, Nick.

Nick. Well, ye've done ut. Sit ye down. *[Points to chair.]* What'll ye take to drink?

Luke. I waun't drink weth ye.

Nick. Yu shall drink two helths weth me to-night avore we du part. Set down, or I'll force thee, an' pour the liquor down thy droaat an' stop the lies from coming up ut. *[Very sternly and threateningly.]* Set down, when I tell 'ee.

[LUKE sits.]

BARZILLAI and ELIZABETH enter from inn with liquor, which guests take. ELIZABETH goes through business of filling glasses with water.

Nick. *[To LUKE.]* What will 'ee take?

Luke. I daun't caare—what thee plaizes.

Nick. Barzillai, do 'ee bring Luke Jago and me a double portion o' Plymouth gin—a double portion vor Luke, 'cause tez ez helth we'me gwine to drenk. An' a double portion vor me, 'cause the more liquor I du drenk, the sooner I shall forget the sweet angel that is losted to me vor ivver.

[Glancing up at GRACE MARY'S window; shows remorse; a gesture of throwing it off. Exit BARZILLAI.] Wait a bit, sonnies, daun't 'ee drenk till I get my liquor an' gie 'ee the toast. Tez the helth of oal snakes an' sly underhand mischief-making varmin as I du want 'ee oal to drenk. *[LUKE rises angrily.]* Aw, thee dost knaw as I main thee. Sit down. Sit down, I tell 'ee.

[LUKE sits, slowly.]

Enter BARZILLAI with two glasses nearly filled with spirits, and a decanter of water.

[Takes his up.] A double portion! Tez good.

Barz. Thee'st better put some water long weth ut, Nick. Tez a powerful sperrut.

Nick. Daun't I tell 'ee I want to drown my thoughts so deep—*[glancing in agony at window]*—so deep that they'll niver rise up agen. Now, my sonnies, heere's to oal sichy sly snakes as Luke Jago. *[To LUKE, threateningly.]* Drenk when I tell 'ee. *[LUKE drinks. NICK tosses his off at one gulp.]* That's braave. Drenk it oal up. Oal of ye. I du start awaay frum heereabouts to-morrow morn—*[speaking the words at the open window]*—an' none of ye waun't nivver see me again *[calling up at window]*. An' I du want ye oal to wish me luck on my journey.

Barz. Whichy way be gwain, Nick?

Nick. I'm gwine strait hum to my vaather Nick. So, cumraades oal, put a braave vaace on ut an' giv' me a comfortable start on my travels. *[Pointing down.]* Luke Jago, I towld 'ee ye should drenk twice weth me avore we parted. I rackon yu'll be pleased to drenk to my destruction and ruin, waun't 'ee?

Luke. *[Venomously.]* Iss, with oal my haart.

[A long moan from GRACE MARY'S window.]

Nick. [Suddenly runs to window with a cry of compunction.] Naw, naw, my dear angel, I daun't main ut! Spaik wan word to me, my awn swatehaart! [Pause.]

Luke. Caal a little louder! [Pause.] Mayhap hur's deaf or aslaip.

Nick. Grace Mary, my haart's brokken! I'm feer dying for a sight ov 'ee. Ef you've promised you wau'n't spaik, do 'ee put yer hand in token yu forgev me. Dost 'ee heer?

Luke. Laive off thy clacketing, an' tek theeself away, thee dog in the manger.

Nick. Grace Mary, awnly wan word, I du beg of 'ee, my swate, to shut thez eer chap's mouth.

Luke. Tek a drop o' liquor to clear thy droat, an' then caal out agen!

Nick. Spaik, my dear—I du know yez awnly on the other side of the curtains—an' ye can heer ivvery word I'm spaiiking. Won't 'ee jest show yezzel vor but one momint?

Luke. [Laughs.] Hur ev thrawn 'ee over like the gude-fur-nort that thee art. Hur's done with 'ee, an' hur'll niver cum to thee ef thee dost stan' there for siven yeer!

Nick. Hur'll niver cum to me?

Luke. Naw! Not ef thee du split thy droat weth caaling an' beseeching hur—I say she wau'n't come to thee.

Nick. By God, she shall come to me! Barzillai, bring Luke Jago and me a treble portion o' the hottest fire and brimstone stuff as ye've got in thee house, for to drenk to my sawl's ruin an' damnation. Dost 'ee 'ear? [Very commandingly. Exit BARZILLAI into inn.] Grace Mary—hearken—I've a sworn that thou shalt cum out to me, an' I'll kape my word ef I lose my sawl vor it. [BARZILLAI re-enters with liquor. At window, calling.] I giv' thee wan more chance, Grace Mary. If thee wau'n't come I'll drenk. [To BARZILLAI.] Bring the liquor here. [The window curtains are seen to be clutched from within.] Aw! Thee dost hear me! Come an' saave me, my love! I command thee. Come, or I'll drenk! [Takes one glass from BARZILLAI. To LUKE.] Take thy glass. Drink to my sawl's ruin!

[The grasp on the window curtains is relaxed. A long terrible shriek from within, and the sound of a body falling. NICK puts down glass horror-stricken. The next moment the wraith of GRACE MARY appears outside the door on the top of the steps.]

Nick. Look! Look!

[Points at her.]

Luke. Look where? There's nort!

Nick. Look! Look! I tould 'ee she'd come!

[Stands pointing.]

Luke. There's nort there, ez there?

Nick. Iss! Iss! Daun't 'ee see her? Josh! Peter!

Josh. Naw, naw.

Peter. Naw, Nick, I can see nort.

Barz. Nick, do'ee come indoors, there's a good lad, an' doan't play weth thy sawl's ruin. Come in, oal of ye—it feer makes my blood run cold. Come in.

[Some of the men withdraw into inn, still looking at NICK, who stands pointing at GRACE MARY.]

Luke. Thee'rt mazed weth drenk! I tell thee there's nort there. Come inside, sonnies! Cum in an' lave the fule to ez awn fuling!

Nick. [Still points.] Look! Look! [Exeunt all into inn except NICK. Going a step towards her.] Ez ut thee, Grace Mary? [Rubbing his eyes, trying to collect himself.] Spaik to me!

Grace. I've a-come ut thy bidding, Nick! Thy words did draw the very haart out o' my body weth luv to thee.

Nick. Say ut again! I did know 'tworn't thy awn dear self that shut the door on me.

Grace. Thee knawest I udn't. But thy wickedness an' evil ways ev a brokken my haart, Nick.

Nick. I'll change vrom thez hour. I'll laive all my wickedness an' maik myself fit vor thee, my awn dear angel.

Grace. Tez vor that I've come to thee—to maik thee a good, true man from thez time foath. Think, my awn dear love, as I'm a-watching over thee ivvery momint o' thy life from this time. There's niver a deed, nor a wish, nor a thought o' thy haart but I shall know it. Will 'ee promise me to strive an' kape thyself vrom evil, Nick? Tez thy awnly chance of meeting me agen.

Nick. Iss! Iss! But I do see thee naw! Come nearer to me. Let me hauld thee in my arms—*Grace.* [Fading away over the sea.] Thee'lt niver hauld me in thy arms, niver see me or spaik to me agen on this earth.

Nick. Grace Mary! Grace Mary! Daun't 'ee laive me, dear. Daun't 'ee laive me!

Grace. [Fading.] I won't laive thee! [Fading. NICK goes after her to edge of cliff.] I'll watch auver 'ee to the end. I did shut the door upon thee to-night, Nick; but I'll pray vor the door to be kipt aupen where I be gwine.

Nick. [With outstretched arms, following her to the cliff's edge.] Cum back to me, my dear! My haart wau'n't give thee up! Thee'rt tied to me in life and death! Cum back to me! [GRACE MARY fades.]

"GRACE MARY."

Grace Mary's Voice. The door shall be kipt aupen vor 'ee. Good-bye.

[NICK turns round bewildered, goes up the cottage steps, hucks loudly, comes down steps, and looks up at window.]

Enter ISAAC from Cottage.

Nick. Grace Mary—dost 'ee know?

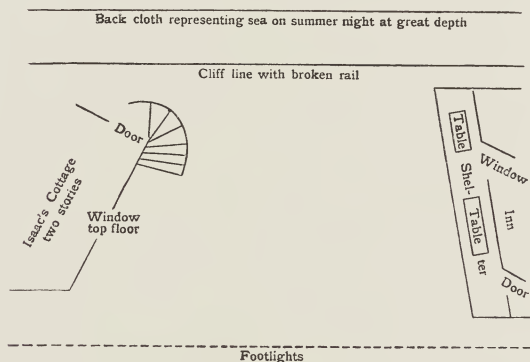
Isaac. Iss, I heerd a scream, an' I went upstairs, and theere she laid on the floor. Hur haart ev broken vor thee. She's dead! What can we do?

Nick. God giv' me graace, I du main to follow hur, Isaac. [Speaking towards the space where she has faded.] I'll follow thee, dear. Kape the door aupen vor me. Isaac, thee waun't shut the door on me now.

Isaac. Come in. We'll go to hur together.

[Holds out his hand. NICK takes it. They go into the cottage together.]

CURTAIN.



NOTE.—The dramatic form, the local setting and dialect, and the realistic prose treatment employed in this little play, will remove it from any chance or pretence of comparison with the great imaginative ballad, "Michael Scott's Wooing," which Dante Gabriel Rossetti left unwritten.

Henry Arthur Jones

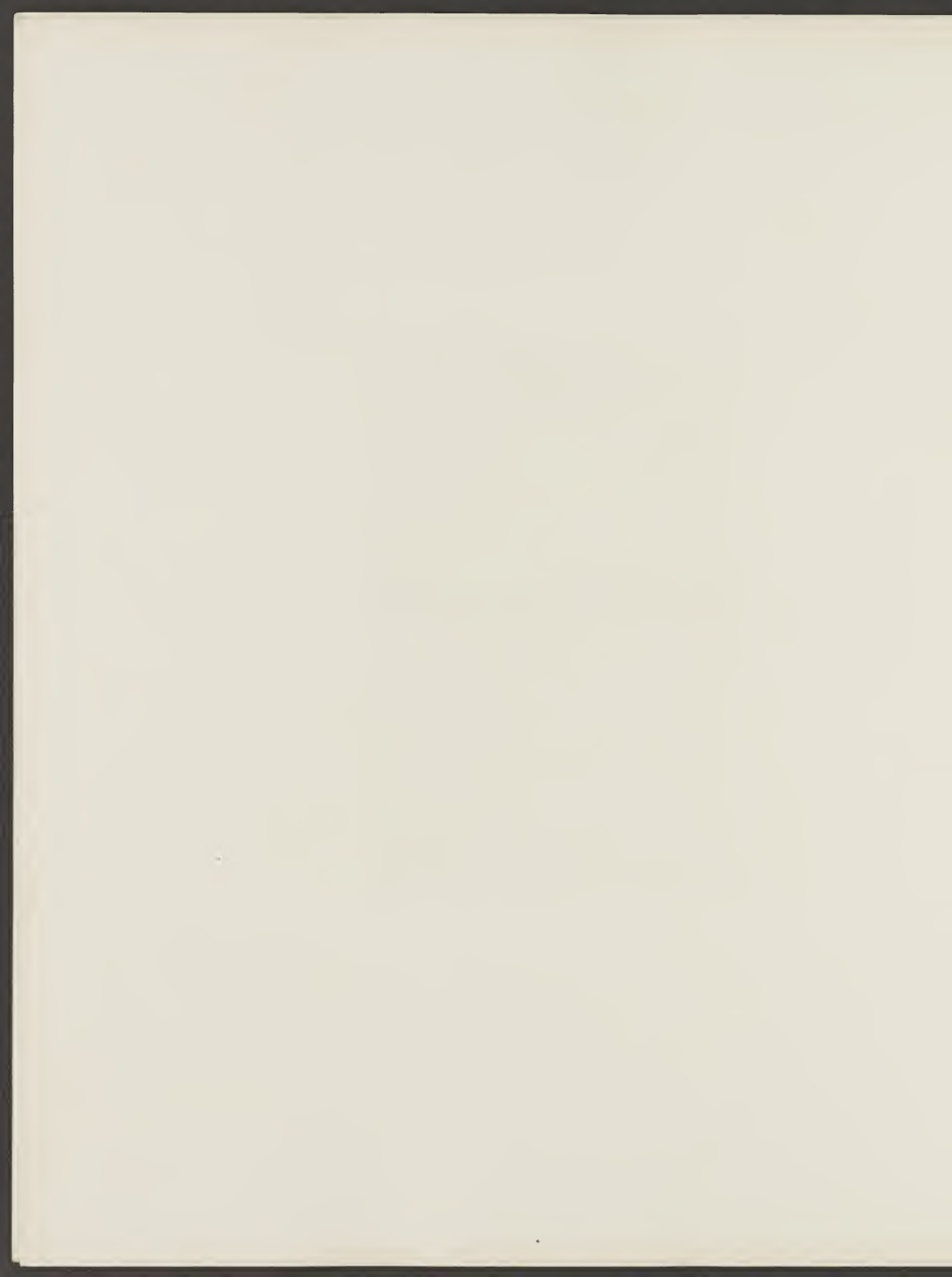
"The peace of well-doing en't so
calm and quieting as the peace of
the churchyard"



Swan Electric Engraving Co.

"BOCACCIO."

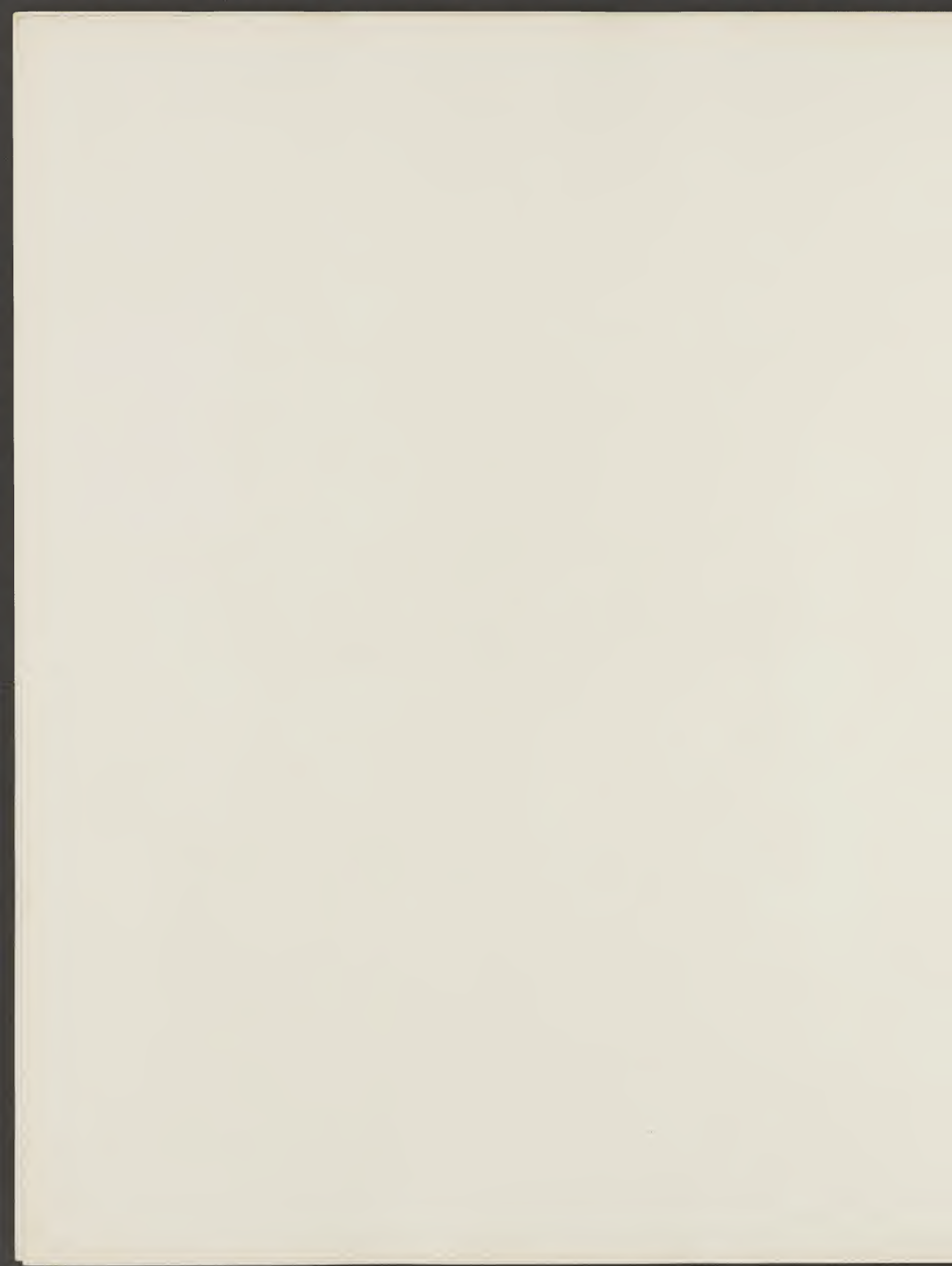
FROM A DRAWING BY SIR JAMES D. LINTON, R.A.





Swan Electric Engraving Co.

A STUDY.
FROM A DRAWING BY R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.



Confessions of a Pedant.

By ANDREW LANG.



LONG ago, in a newspaper, I wrote an article about the Pleasures of Pedantry. But now, being much more of a pedant than I was then, I can expatiate with greater zest than of old. What is a pedant? A pedant is a person who knows more than you do about some subject, and lets you know it. Last week I read a review of a book on that pleasing but by no means new romance, "The Holy Graal." The reviewer abounded in praise of the novel (written in the thirteenth century), but he denounced "pedants" who wanted to find out exactly when and where it was written, by whom, and where he found his materials. Now, if a successful anonymous novel comes out to-day, these are the very questions over which the writers of paragraphs keep buzzing. "Who is Fiona Macleod," they cry. But nobody calls *them* pedants! Wherefore, then, are people curious about an anonymous novel of the thirteenth century to be styled "pedantic"?

The meaning obviously is that the novel is the thing, while its date, author and sources are of very slight importance. There is a good deal of truth in this theory. The novel or the play's the thing; not a doubt of it. Indeed, I have remarked that the public at large seldom know the name of the author of a new play. They are entertained or bored by it, and they ask no questions. Songs, whether by Shakespeare, Shelley, Scott, or a music-hall minstrel, they know only by the name of the person who did the music. The public, in such matters, is far from being pedantic. But I maintain that interest in the age, authorship and sources of a novel of six hundred years ago is not in itself criminal. However, we who feel this interest are called pedants.

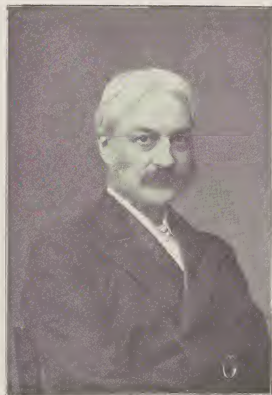
Everyone, I repeat, who knows what you don't know, and lets you know it, is a pedant. You expatiate freely, you tell an anecdote or a ghost story, and then the hated pedant says, "Yes, but the real facts are so and so." Then he feels all the pleasures of pedantry, and you, the narrator, wish he were in Thibet among the tormentors of Mr. Savage Landor. I confess to being a pedant, and many must have desired to hand me over to the tormentors. For instance, somebody, long ago, told an unkind story about a young lady at that time very well-known and the centre of many myths. I then casually remarked to a friend that this "polite nannygoat," as Thackeray says, "was borrowed from 'Grammont's Memoirs of the Court of Charles II.," where it was told of *la belle* Stuart, who sat for Britannia on our penny-pieces."

I know it was wrong: I struggle against the temptation; but then it recurs so often! especially in ghost stories. There is the story of the old chair, which was photographed by an amateur, and out came the ghost of the grandfather of the owner of the chair. I know that chair; I have seen that photograph; and it was *not* the ghost of the grandfather of the people in question. Moreover, the face was a blank, without a single feature, and the figure had no legs. As the "exposure" of the camera lasted an hour and a-half, clearly somebody came into the empty room and took a seat, unconscious of the camera. I think it was the butler. But when you mention all this, with place, names of parties concerned, photographer, and all, you may enjoy the pleasures of pedantry, but the narrator blanches.

The humblest of us may partake of these pleasures. In Catriona, Andie Dale tells, on the Bass Rock, the story of his father and Tod Lapraik: a very good yarn. A totally illiterate Highland man was present.

"She would ken that story before," he said; "she was the story of Uistean More McGillie Phadrig, and the Gavar Vore."

It nearly came to knives; for the Highland man had the



ANDREW LANG.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

scent of the folklorist for a popular tale, the manners of the pedant, and a little black *skian* in his stocking.

I believe it runs in families. I have a very near relation who is not literary. Dining in a hotel at a race meeting, he heard four bookmakers at the next table arguing as to whether Zulinda had ever run into a place. With every apology, he remarked that Zulinda had been third in a selling race at Ayr, in such or such a year; which was proved to be true. Next season, in the same hotel, he heard a similar conversation, and again intruded a remark. One of the strangers offered to bet. "Don't bet with that fellow," said one of the others, "I've seen him before. He's the longest-headed chap in England."

This was more than common courteous, as treatment of a pedant; but then the motive was sympathy with a friend's finances.

In one case only is pedantry welcomed: A man tells you a story, and forgets the point. You supply him with the point, and it is touching to witness the poor creature's gratitude.

Often, of course, he cannot see the point of his own story, even when you supply him with what he has forgotten, and with an elaborate explanation. There is an old drawing of Charles Keene's in *Punch*: A minister meets an urchin angling on the Sabbath day.

"Ye should na be catching fush on the Sawbath."

"Wha's catching fush?" asks the boy, who is having the usual luck.

Now, lately, a gentleman told me this old and rather attenuated jape. He told it thus:

"Ye should na be fushing on the Sawbath day."

"Wha's fushing?"

The English intelligence, trained to the dialect by Mr. Ian Maclaren and Mr. Barrie, will perceive, without the aid of diagrams, that in this version the point is missed. The boy *was* fishing; he was *not* catching fish.

I suggested the obvious emendation; but my friend was wholly incapable of seeing the point; he maintained that his own version was authentic, and I was deprived of the gratitude which I had anticipated.

Everybody in his own way may enjoy the pleasures of pedantry. Everyone knows something, if only about bend-leather, which his neighbour does not know. A Highland gillie (or a gillie in the Highlands, for I think he came from the Border) once told me about a scientific argument which he had held with—may I name him?—with Mr. Herbert Spencer. The point could only be decided by the use of a thermometer. "But he didna' try the thermometer," said the gillie; in whose opinion, as the matter was the habits of sea-trout, I provisionally coincided. Not that Mr. Spencer is not a much better hand at angling than I ever was; but this was an affair not to be settled by skill in the art.

Of course in literature the pedant enjoys a perfect holiday as a critic. In reading Macaulay, or Froude, the pedant chortles. They give chances all over the field, just as Croker simply lifted the ball into the hands of Macaulay. Mr. Freeman revelled in catching at those delights; and now has arisen Mr. Round, who goes on catching out Mr. Freeman. He must be a very happy man, I have often thought. I have seldom read any "general history" without great felicity. If you do know a period, you find the general historian blundering on every page. "The Dictionary of National Biography" is also a happy hunting-ground for the pedant. Nothing so good as—what I have read elsewhere—"Charles I. was poisoned by the Jesuits" occurs (so far as I have noticed) but the Regent, Sir Andrew Moray, is starved to death, though he was dead before that date, and though the starving story is correctly told, about quite a different gentleman, two pages earlier in the volume.

Here is true delight! Good, too, was the *Edinburgh Review* lately. In remarks on Thackeray's historical accuracy, much was made of a visit of Prince Charles to the English lines, in the reign of Queen Anne. Now the Prince was not born till seven or eight years after the visit of his father, James VIII., to the English lines, and (which is especially pleasurable) Thackeray had not, himself, made the egregious blunder. He gave the anecdote correctly. Then take the *Athenaeum's* critic of Mr. Crockett's "Black Douglas": "There is obvious exaggeration in the fiendish figure of Gilles de Retz, with his devil worship, his she-wolf, his hatred of blood, and his nameless debaucheries." Now, I give up the were-wolf; but, in everything else, Mr. Crockett has toned down Gilles de Retz, whose unmentionable performances are noted even in expurgated versions of the contemporary records of his trial. The same critic, taking pedantic pleasure himself,

observes that the Black Douglas (a bachelor in the novel) was a married boy, in fact. Well "what for no?" The Duke of Hamilton, of fact, was a married man, when Thackeray makes him a widower, and betrothed to Beatrix Esmond. Amy Robsart was dead many years' before the date of "Kenilworth," and so on. The novelist can arrange history as he pleases.

How fares it with the pedant when *he* is caught out, as when his new history book is reviewed by another pedant? Well, like the eels, I am used to it.

"If it is na weel bobbitt,
We'll bob it again."

Besides, I sympathetically dwell on the other pedant's enjoyment, just as (in earlier days) I could sympathise with the bowler who yoked me. We pedants have a use in the world, like those scavenger birds, whose precise name I fail to remember. We do our best to prevent the inaccuracy of the human race from wholly overrunning conversation and literature. If you talk with a learned lady who makes a false quantity in every Greek name she mentions, what ought you to do? The case is rare, and has only once occurred in my experience. I blushed like a peony, and gave the names, when I had to mention them, with the right quantity. The learned lady, knowing her errors, and assuming the complexion of the red, red rose, replied; and any observer might have thought that a discussion on the excavations at Delphi was really of a much more interesting and personal character. But it is unfair to be pedantic with ladies. The activity of the female intellect cannot be confined to one thing at a time. Over all things knowable it fleets, on glittering and airy wings; hence the inaccuracy which may be observed in feminine narratives of events and conversations. This treatise, I am too well aware, is out of place in a collection of the froth of the foam of the sea of wit and humour. It abounds in general information, than which few things are more distasteful, few things more generally and more successfully shunned. But, even if read, the instructive element will be speedily and painlessly forgotten by those to whom long habit and native genius have rendered easy the process of oblivion.


A 449

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Shakespeare's First Summons to Court.

BY SIDNEY LEE.

I.

N the middle of December, 1594, Queen Elizabeth moved the Court from Whitehall to spend Christmas at Greenwich. She had no greater enthusiasm for residence in the precincts of London than the present occupant of her throne, and most of her life was passed in one or other of the palaces which ringed the Metropolis at distances varying from six to twenty miles. There were many royal dwellings on the banks of the Thames within easy reach of London Bridge or Westminster, and those were the palaces in which Elizabeth loved best to sojourn. It was at the Palace of Greenwich that she was born, and it was at the Palace of Richmond that she died; and of all her river residences Greenwich and Richmond were her favourite homes.

Christmas 1594 was the sixty-first since her birth and the thirty-sixth since her accession to the throne. She had lived and reigned long enough to know the unlikelihood of experiencing any very novel sensation. From the political point of view the curtain had fallen on the greatest glories of her reign, and it was not probable that it would be again uplifted. It was six years since the great peril of Spanish conquest, which had long kept the country in a ferment, had been dissipated with the dispersal of the Spanish Armada. In 1594 the queen was quietly enjoying the fruit of her sailors' triumph. War had won its victories, and had left the path clear for the less thrilling victories of peace. There was a sympathetic relation between the course of public events and the course of the queen's life. Despite her dread of old age and of its external signals, her physical energies were in their first stage of decay. In her conferences with the Ministers of State she was more irritable than of old; her vacillations were more marked. But her mental vigour was not yet exhausted. With deeper interest than in earlier life she turned from heated discussion of armies and fleets, of traitors and conspiracies, to enquire of the efforts of her subjects in the placid fields of literature and art. Her enquiries in 1594 received an unexpectedly stirring answer. She learned of Shakespeare and how he had begun his mighty work. With the prescience worthy of a great ruler of men, the high-spirited queen resolved to render the celebration at Greenwich of the Christmas of 1594 more memorable than any other in the annals of her Court or in the literary history of her country. She summoned Shakespeare to Court.

II.

Although it was less than eight years since the poet had first set foot in the Capital, and his career was little more than opened, Shakespeare by 1594 had given his countrymen unmistakable indications of the stuff of which he was made. His progress had been rapid. A young man of two-and-twenty, burdened with a wife and three children, he had left his home in the little country town of Stratford-on-Avon in 1586 to seek his fortune in London. Without friends, without money, he had set his heart on becoming an actor in the Metropolis. Fortune favoured him. He sought and won the humble office of call-boy in a London playhouse; but no sooner had his foot touched the lowest rung of the theatrical ladder than his genius taught him that the topmost rung was within his reach. Some small parts on the stage were entrusted to him. He watched with interest the plays chosen for performance by the manager, and with a



SIDNEY LEE.

From a Photograph by Langford.

modesty, a wit, and a charm of manner that readily gained him a hearing, ventured to suggest improvements. The manager was not slow to recognize the unmatched gift for dramatic writing. He was encouraged to try his hand on a play that should be wholly of his own composition. The attempt was a success. It was not probably till 1591, when he was twenty-seven, that his earliest original play, "*Love's Labour's Lost*," was performed. It showed the hand of a beginner; it abounded in trivial witticisms. But above all, there shone out clearly and unmistakably the dramatic and poetic fire, the humorous outlook on life, the insight into human feeling which were to inspire Titanic achievements in the future.

Shakespeare did not fear hard work. During the three years that intervened between the production of "*Love's Labour's Lost*" and his first summons to Court in the Christmas of 1594, there came from his pen, apart from his labours as a reviser of the work of other dramatists, as many as six original plays. It was in that interval that he scaled the tragic heights of "*Romeo and Juliet*" and ambled along the farcical levels of the "*Comedy of Errors*." Sour-tempered veterans grumbled at the copious industry of the versatile newcomer who showed an equal command of the springs of tragedy and of the springs of farce. But the majority of his professional associates joined the majority of playgoers in hailing him as the prophet of a new world of art.

III.

Fashionable London society then, as now, befriended the theatre. Noblemen vied with each other in the favour they bestowed on promising writers for the stage; and Shakespeare soon gained the ear of one of the most accomplished and handsome of Elizabeth's noble courtiers. In 1593 the Earl of Southampton assumed the rôle of Shakespeare's *Mecenas*. He was just twenty years old, wealthy and cultivated, and his graces were celebrated by numberless pens. But he wisely extended to Shakespeare a more generous and a more public recognition than to his other literary clients. Shakespeare and Southampton were quickly on terms of close intimacy, for Shakespeare's modest temper and quiet genial humour had a rare faculty of drawing to him the affections of those who showed him sympathy or kindly appreciation of his work. The young Earl was conscious of Shakespeare's literary power, for which the professional critics, with unwonted insight, were already prophesying eternity, and he frankly acknowledged that he gained more than he gave by the friendly relations which he encouraged between himself and the energetic young dramatist and actor. To Southampton Shakespeare owed the first suggestion of a summons to Court. Elizabeth liked the Earl's handsome face, and often led him on to talk of the current of events in the realms of poetry and art. Southampton talked of his new associate with a zeal that fired the queen's interest. As soon as she settled down at Greenwich, in the week preceding the Christmas of 1594, orders were sent by the Lord Chamberlain to the theatre in Shoreditch, where Shakespeare was at work as playwright and actor, that he was to come to Court for the two days following Christmas, and was to give his sovereign on each of the two evenings a taste of his quality. He was to act before her in his own plays.

Shakespeare's histrionic fame had not progressed at the same rate as his literary repute. He was never to win the laurels of a great actor. His most conspicuous triumph on the stage was achieved in middle life as the Ghost in his own "*Hamlet*," and he ordinarily confined his efforts to old men of secondary rank. But he was to come to Court supported by actors of the highest eminence in their generation. Directions were given that the greatest of the tragic actors of the day, Richard Burbage, and the greatest of the comic actors, William Kemp, were to bear the young actor-dramatist company. With neither of these was Shakespeare's histrionic position then or at any future time comparable. For years they were leaders of the acting profession. Shakespeare's relations with each were close, both privately and professionally. Almost all Shakespeare's great tragic characters were created on the stage by Burbage, who had lately roused all London to enthusiasm by his stirring presentation of Shakespeare's "*Richard III.*" for the first time. As long as Kemp lived he conferred a like service on many of Shakespeare's comic characters; and he had recently proved his worth as a Shakespearean comedian by his original rendering of the part of Peter in "*Romeo and Juliet*." Thus stoutly backed, Shakespeare appeared for the first time in the royal presence-chamber in Greenwich Palace on the evening of St. Stephen's Day (the Boxing Day of subsequent generations) in 1594.

IV.

Extant documentary evidence attests that Shakespeare and his two associates performed one "comedy or interlude" on that night of Boxing Day in 1594, and gave another "comedy or interlude" on the following night; that the Lord Chamberlain paid the three men for their services the sum of thirteen pounds six shillings and eightpence, and that the queen added to this honorarium, as a personal proof of her satisfaction, the further sum of six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. These were substantial sums in those days when the purchasing power of money was eight times as much as it is to-day. But unhappily the record does not go beyond the payment of the money. What words of commendation or encouragement Shakespeare received from his royal auditor are not handed down to us, nor do we know for certain what plays were performed on the great occasion. All the scenes came from Shakespeare's repertory, and it is reasonable to infer that they were drawn from "Love's Labour's Lost," which was always popular in later years at Elizabeth's Court, and from the "Comedy of Errors," where the Plautian confusions and horse-play were after the queen's own heart. But nothing can be stated with absolute certainty except that on the 29th of December Shakespeare travelled up the river from Greenwich to London with a heavier purse and a lighter heart than on his setting out. That the visit had in all ways been crowned with success there is ample indirect evidence. He and his work had fascinated his sovereign, and many a time was she to seek delight again in the renderings of his plays by himself and his fellow-actors in her presence at her palaces on the banks of the Thames during her remaining nine years of life. When Shakespeare was penning his new play of "Midsummer Night's Dream" next year, he could not forbear to make a passing obeisance of gallantry (in that vein for which the old spinster queen was always thirsting) to "a fair vestal throned by the West," who passed her life "in maiden meditation, fancy free." But more pertinent is it to note that Shakespeare's sovereign, who in her day embodied most conspicuously the large spirit of the nation, acknowledged near the outset of his great career, by the special favour she bestowed on him, his claim to wear the crown in all the realms of poetry. At Christmas, 1594, Elizabeth, in the name of her people, first paid the king of poets that homage which all that is of highest worth in Englishmen's nature has since that day impelled them to pay him without ceasing.

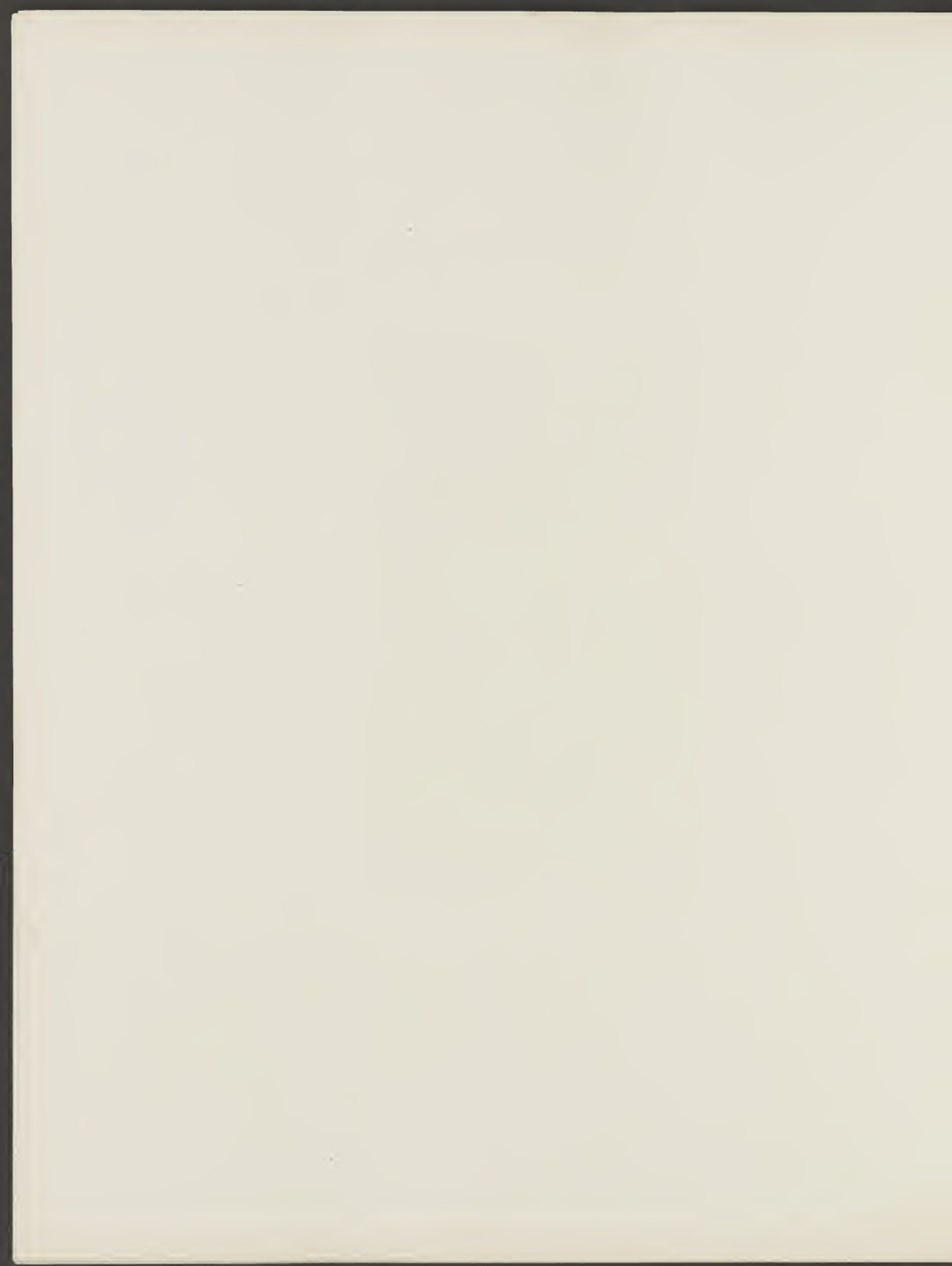
Lidzey Lee

In the middle of December 1594, Queen Elizabeth moved the Court from Whitehall to spend Christmas at Greenwich. She had no great inclination for residence in the proximity of London, from the presence of dangerous plots there, & most of her life was passed in one or other of the palaces which ringed the metropolis at distances varying from six to twenty miles.



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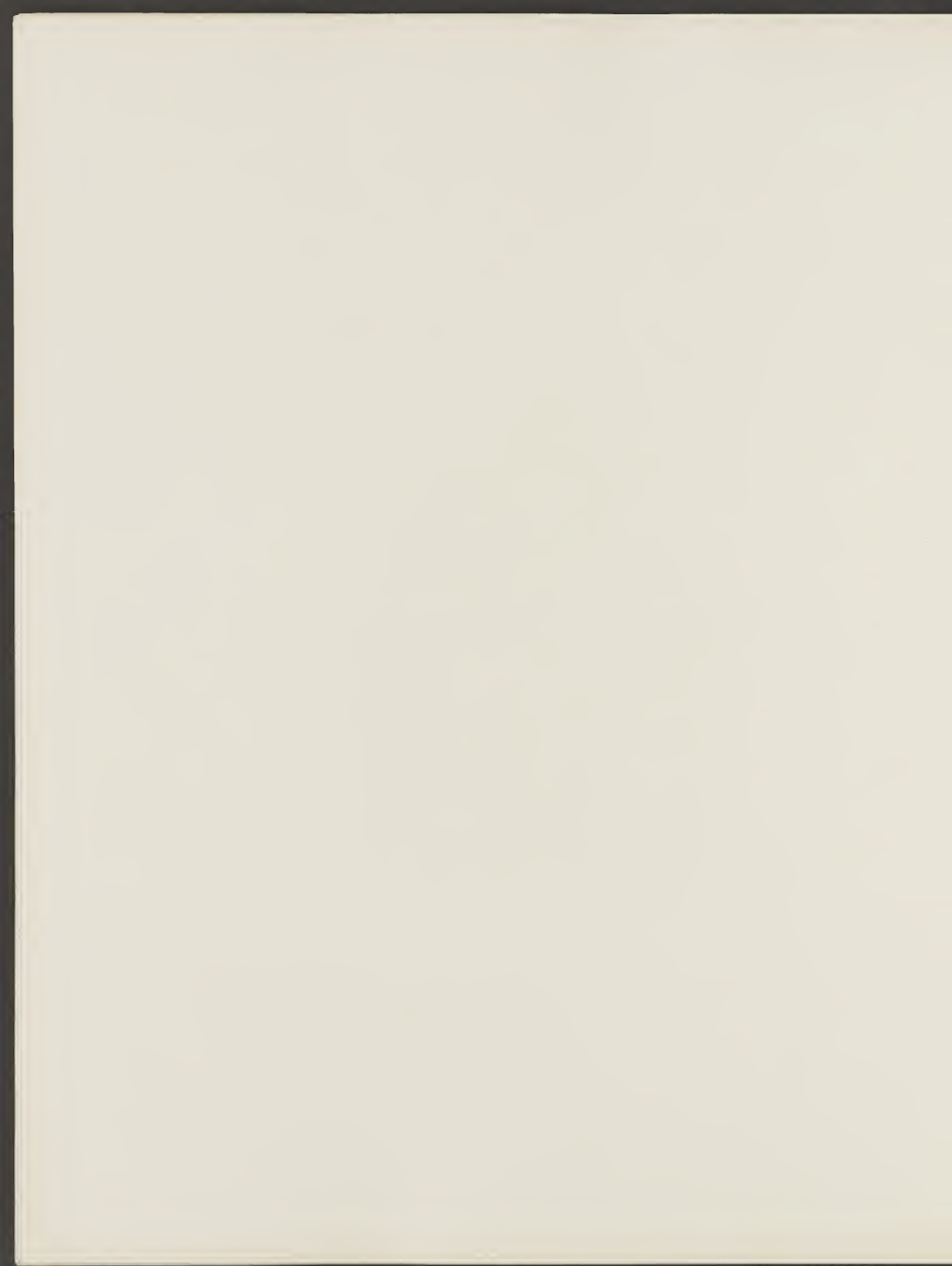
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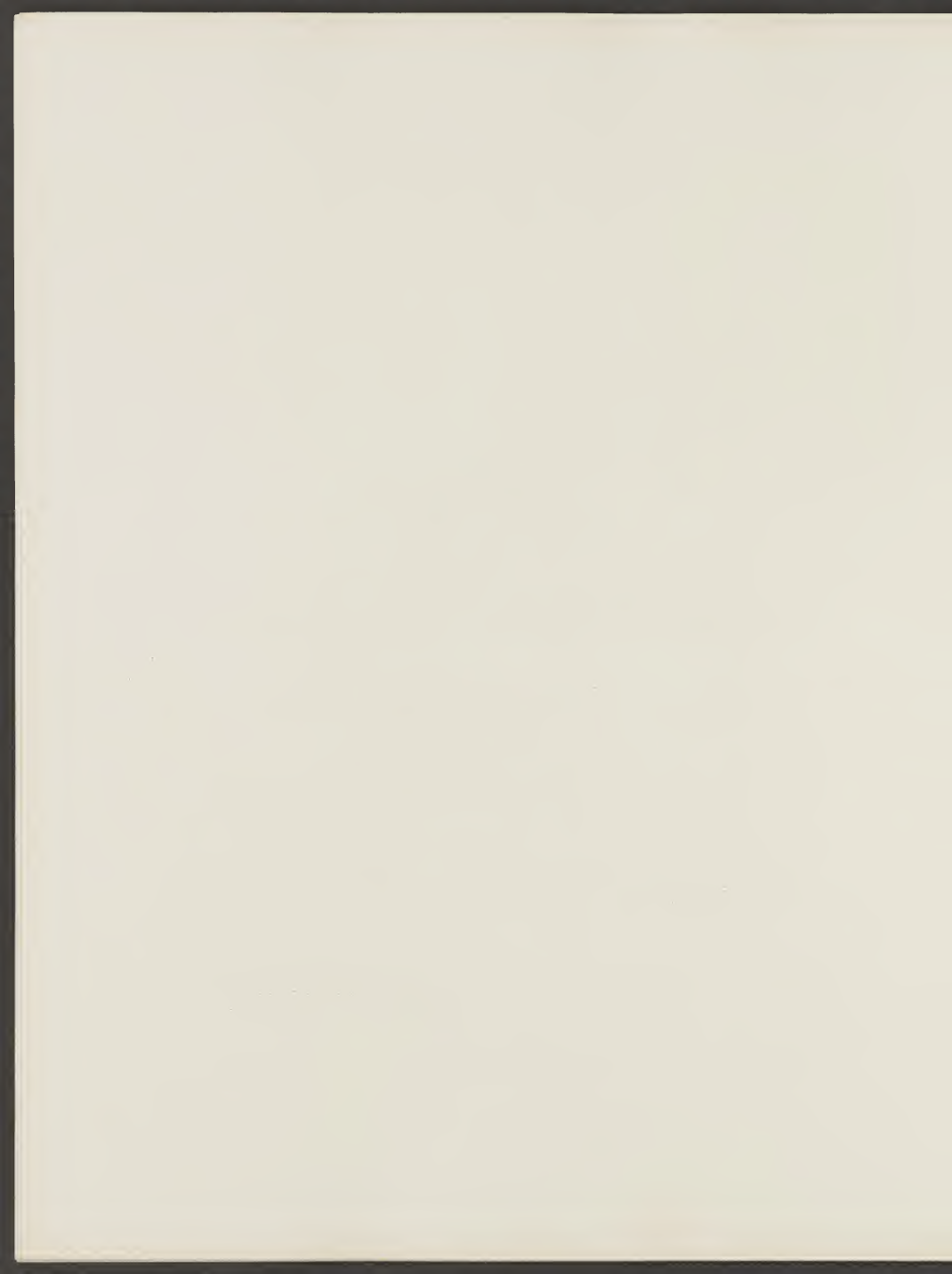
"A BLASTED PINE."
FROM A DRAWING BY J. McWHIRTER, R.A.





Swan Electric Engraving Co.

"MRS. BROWN POTTER AS 'MILADI'."
FROM A DRAWING BY MORTIMER MENPES, R.I.





SIR A. C. MACKENZIE.

From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

IN MIEI SALUTI.

SONG.

WORDS BY
ERIC MACKAY.

MUSIC BY
A. C. MACKENZIE.

A.C. Mackenzie

Lento espressivo.

Voice. 

Piano. 



Se . i la spe.me del mat . ti . no, Se . i la gio.ja del giar.
mf *molto cresc.*

di . no, Se.i la gio . ja del giar . di . no, Ti sa .
f

lu . to, Ti sa . lu . to.
p

Ti sa . lu . to, ro.signo . lo
mf *poco rit.* *a tempo.*

Nel tuo duo - lo, ti sa - lu - to, Sei l'a - man - te del - la

ro - sa, Che mo - ren - do si fa spo - sa, Che mo -

ren - do si fa spo - sa, Ti sa - lu - to, Ti sa -

lu - to. a tempo.

p Ti sa-lu-to, sol di mag-gio Col tuo rag-gio....

p dolce.

And. * *And.* * *And.* *

....., ti sa-lu-to! Sei l'à-pol-lo del pas-sa-to,

mf Sei l'à-more in-co-ro-na-to, Sei l'à-mo-re in-co-ro-

f *And.* *

na-to, Ti sa-lu-to, Ti sa-lu-to. *poco rit.*

And. *

pp a tempo.

Ti sa-lu-to, Don-na mi-a, Cas-tae pi-a,

pp a tempo.

..... ti sa-lu-to! Sei la di-va dei de-si-ri,

mf Sei la San-ta dei sos-pi-ri, Sei la San-ta dei sos-

rit. f pi-ri, Ti sa-lu-to, Ti sa-lu-to!



HAMISH MACCUNN.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

CRADLE SONG.

WORDS BY
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

MUSIC BY
HAMISH MACCUNN.

Hamish MacCunn

Allegretto semplice.

Piano.

Voice.

What does lit - tle bir - die say, In her nest at peep of

day? Let me fly, says lit - tle bir - die, Mo. ther,

let me fly a . way..... Bir . die, rest..... a . lit . tle

long . er, Till the lit . tle wings be strong . er.....

..... *poco cresc.* So she rests a lit . tle long . er, *dim.* *pp*

a tempo. Then she flies a . way. *a tempo.* *pp* *p*

What does lit - tle ba - by say..... In her

The first system of the musical score for 'Cradle Song'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are 'What does lit - tle ba - by say..... In her'.

bed at peep of day! Ba - by says, like

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'bed at peep of day! Ba - by says, like'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

lit - tle bir - die, Let me rise and fly a - way.....

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody includes a trill on the word 'die' and the lyrics 'lit - tle bir - die, Let me rise and fly a - way.....'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

..... Ba - by sleep a lit - tle

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics '..... Ba - by sleep a lit - tle'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a bass line.

CRADLE SONG.

141

long . er, Till the lit . tle limbs are strong . er.....

poco cresc.
..... If she sleeps a lit . tle

poco cresc.

poco rall.
long . er, Ba . by too shall fly a .

- way.

p

A Rose from Rosamund.

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE.



It was agreed without a voice of dissent that Miss Elizabeth Lindley had never sung more exquisitely. Little Dr. Goldsmith was amusing his lovely friends, Mrs. Bunbury and Miss Horneck, hugely, by the way he insisted on Dr. Johnson's giving his attention to the lady's singing. He stood beside the gigantic, lumbering, swaying figure, and beat time—very much out of time—with one finger, whispering, "List to that, sir; is't not divine?" between the stanzas of one of Arne's songs. "Is't not divine, sir?" he repeated at the close. "Ah, Doctor, even you must appreciate such singing as Miss Lindley's; confess, sir, that you are enchanted."

The huge doctor gave a roll or two and pursed out his lips.

"Sir," he said at last, "sir, I allow that Miss Lindley is a very beautiful young woman."

"True, sir," said the little Scotchman who followed Dr. Johnson like a cur, and who, as I once heard Goldsmith say, stuck to him like a burr. "True, sir; but honest Dr. Goldsmith was talking about the singing. We should like to have your opinion regarding the singing."

Dr. Johnson turned upon him.

"What has Dr. Goldsmith done that you should brand him as honest, sir?" he cried. "I have answered Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Boswell: I affirm that Miss Lindley is a handsome young woman."

"Nay, sir," persisted the little Scotchman—his name, I heard, was Boswell—"but in respect of the singing——"

"Come, sir; let us have no more of this," said Dr. Johnson. "You are a Scotchman, Mr. Boswell, but if you behave as a gentleman, you will go far in concealing that misfortune."

This sally was fully appreciated by the two lovely ladies who were by the side of Goldsmith;—it was appreciated even by Mr. Boswell; yes, after a decent interval; for I saw him laboriously writing in his note-book in a corner afterwards. I may mention, however, that when his biography of Dr. Johnson appeared and set everybody roaring with laughter, I searched its pages in vain for a record of this particular rudeness on the part of the great doctor.

I ventured to offer my congratulations to the charming Miss Lindley upon the effect of her singing, and her father asked me if I would have the kindness to conduct her to a seat.

Of course I felt honoured by his request, and I flatter myself that my bow expressed all that I felt—all?—well, perhaps not all.

As I turned to offer the lady my arm I saw the handsome face of young Mr. Sheridan distorted with a scowl. Though an Irishman and the son of an actor, as well as a master of elocution—the two do not always go together—he could not pretend to give all his attention to Miss Windram at that moment. I noticed that there was a little scornful curl of Miss Windram's lip as I smiled at Elizabeth Lindley, the fact being that I was giving more attention to Rosamund Windram than to the lady whose sweet hand touched my arm. I also noticed, a moment after, that Mrs. Windram, after glancing at me, turned to young Sheridan with an expression on her face closely resembling that which, as I have already said, he wore. Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was too poor and too handsome to be a favourite with those ladies who were visiting Bath with their daughters.

I had conducted Miss Lindley half way across the Rotunda in the Gardens when Sir Joshua Reynolds hurried up to us.

"Dear Miss Lindley," he said, "I failed to hear a note of your singing; but if I cannot hear, I can see pretty well. Madam, I watched your face, and I saw that your singing was divine."



F. FRANKFORT MOORE.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

"Oh, Sir Joshua," said the girl, flushing very sweetly, "I fear that I had no thought of singing for the eyes."

"True, madam; that was what made the effect so charming," said Sir Joshua, removing his ear trumpet and bowing. "And that is why I hope you will allow me to confer immortality upon myself by painting you as Saint Cecilia."

The lady sank in a curtsy, flushing more deeply.

"I protest, sir, that it is I who receive a promise of immortality," said she. "But, alas! Sir Joshua, 'tis only my face that shall live on your canvas, my song——"

"Dear child, 'tis your face that is a song," said the great painter. "You will give me sittings before I leave Bath? I will speak to your father on the subject."

Again he bowed, and I was permitted to lead her to where I saw a vacant alcove.

"Sir Joshua is fortunate!" I ventured to say, after a pause.

"Is he?" she said. Then she gave a little sigh. "'Tis well that some one is fortunate," she added, and then sighed again, glancing in the direction of young Sheridan. I followed the direction of her eyes, and perceived that Mrs. Windram was becoming quite impatient, as Mr. Sheridan and her daughter became engrossed in conversation. I had had my experience of Mrs. Windram.

"Why do you look toward Mr. Sheridan and sigh?" I ventured to enquire. "Is Mr. Sheridan also fortunate?"

She gave a little start, and there was a considerable pause before she said:

"God knows. God knows."

In another moment she had turned to me, saying:

"Mr. Glyn, why are you so proud?"

It was now my turn to start. Her question seemed *à propos* of nothing.

"Proud! I, proud?"

"Proud. I cannot see why you should be so proud."

"That is because you do not know how highly I regard the privilege of being the companion of Miss Elizabeth Lindley."

I had fully recovered from my surprise.

"Ah, that is not what I mean. I mean—well, Rosamund Windram and I have been friends for—well, for more than a year."

"And I trust that you will remain so, even though Mr. Sheridan should continue conversing with her."

"Mr. Sheridan is beside the question."

"He is beside Miss Windram."

"And that is where you should be—where you would be if you were not so proud."

"You know that when I ventured to ask Rosamund to bestow her hand upon me she laughed at me."

"Oh, no; she did not laugh. On the contrary, she cried—I know it. You must remember that a year ago you had not——"

"No, I had not become a wealthy man."

"Ah, do you know her mother? Do you know how such a girl feels regarding her duty to her mother?"

I fancied I did. But I did not admit so much; I only said:

"'Tis not I who have too much pride: Miss Windram has avoided me both here and in London ever since."

"Ever since you became wealthy. How should she do otherwise? Ah, don't you know in your heart, sir, that you respect her more highly than you ever did, because of her avoidance of you."

"Do I? I don't know."

"But I do. Dear sir, why will you allow your pride—*her* pride, to interfere with your happiness—*her* happiness?"

"If I thought——"

"Let us cross the room to her—I wish to talk to Mr. Sheridan."

"Your father——"

"My father is gone to Mrs. Thrale's lodgings to arrange to give the Miss Thrales lessons in music. You have experience of an obedient daughter: now I will give you an experience of a disobedient one."

She had actually risen before I had made a move. I could not but follow her across the room.

Miss Lindley bowed very coldly to Mr. Sheridan. Miss Windram bowed very coldly to me. Her mother, however, was cordiality itself. How was it, she demanded, that I, who used to be so constant a friend, had deserted her during the past—ahem—year or more? How was it that I had not given her an opportunity of offering her felicitations upon—but perhaps rumour was wrong and I had not inherited my uncle's fortune.

"Alas! madam, 'tis but too true," said I. "Yes, my poor uncle——"

"Oh, sir, I vow that 'tis all too sad. But I must really tell Miss Lindley how excellent an impression her singing made."

I watched this accomplished matron's manœuvres with great interest. When she had complimented Miss Lindley, she begged Mr. Sheridan to conduct her to Mrs. Montagu, and when her daughter rose as if to go too, she begged her not to move.

"You will take charge of Rosamund for the few minutes that I shall be away—I think I can trust her with you, Mr. Glyn," she said, laying her hand on Mr. Sheridan's left arm. Miss Lindley was on his right.

I bowed low in acknowledgment of the confidence which she reposed in me.

And thus Rosamund and I were left alone.

I looked down at her for some time. She looked at the pictures on her fan.

At last I managed to say:

"Why have you so persistently avoided me ever since—since—well, for a year or more?"

"Have I avoided you, Mr. Glyn?" she asked, opening her eyes very wide and—but this was doubtful—very innocently.

"The question is not if you have done it, but why you have done it," I said, with some measure of severity.

"Supposing I deny that that is the question?" she suggested quite pleasantly, though without quite such a show of innocence as had been associated with her previous inquiry. It is quite possible to speak pleasantly without any particular exuberance of innocence.

"Supposing you deny it? Well, in that case you will have—have denied it," said I. "But it so happens that you won't deny it, Miss Windram."

"I'm not so sure of that. If any one would make it worth my while, I might."

"No one will make it worth your while. There is nothing left for you but to speak the truth."

"Great heavens! it is come to that?"

"Why have you avoided me? We were good friends up to that day—I have put a blue mark opposite that day in my diary."

"Yes, we were good friends: good friends are those who have a sound quarrel every time they meet, I suppose?"

"Precisely; friends whose friendship is strong enough to survive a quarrel."

"Did we quarrel?"

"We certainly did not. Where would society be if a man and a young woman quarrelled because, when he asked her——"

"Is there any need for you to tell everyone in this stifling room what one problematically foolish young man asked a certainly idiotic young woman?"

I felt there was something in her question. I had not, however, been speaking louder than usual; it only seemed so because of a sudden momentary diminution in the volume of sound proceeding from the two hundred visitors to the rotunda, who had all been speaking at the same moment. I tried to explain this to her; and then she asked me what I thought of Mrs. Abington as an interpreter of emotion as compared with Mrs. Pritchard, and if I held that an actress who was an admirable exponent of the strongest emotions might be depended on to interpret the most powerful passions.

"It is a nice question," I felt bound to say. "Let us go into the garden, and I think I'll be able to tell you all that I know regarding the higher emotions. These people are not to be depended on: one minute they are talking *fortissimo*, then next they are *pianissimo*."

"Would you have them rehearsed, Mr. Glyn?"

"Well, a good deal might be done by judicious management."

"And a conductor such as poor Mr. Nash was? Your idea is that they should become *forte* when you are speaking, so as to afford a sort of background for your wisdom."

"Wisdom? What man with the least pretence to wisdom would come into a crowd like this for the sake of talking to a girl who has persistently avoided him for the past year and a month?"

"What man, indeed?"

"And this brings us back to the original question. Why have you so persistently avoided me?"

I could see that she was a trifle put out by my persistence in returning to the topic which had originated with me. She had, apparently, found some imperfection in the feather-tips of her fan, and thought that it would be unwise to neglect the opportunity of pulling off all the uneven fluffs. Some of them settled upon my waistcoat, where I allowed them to repose undisturbed; a few made a bee-line for the cavernous nostrils of our neighbour, General Firebrace. He sneezed with considerable force of character. I felt that it was time we went to the garden. So did the General. After a moment's hesitation, and a glance round for her mother, she went into the garden with me. It was a lovely June night. A nightingale was singing not so far away. We seated ourselves on a chair among the coloured lanterns. Then I repeated my question.

"Why have you so persistently avoided me?"

"Well, you see, so many things have happened since May the third last year, Mr. Glyn," said Miss Windram, when she had satisfied herself by the repeated opening and closing of her fan that she had remedied the defect of its construction.

"What things—in addition to your avoidance of me?" I asked.

"Well, you have printed a book, to begin with. Isn't that something?" she said.

"If we avoided all the people who have printed a book, our circle of acquaintance would become appreciably narrowed, Miss Windram. Anything else?"

"Hasn't it gone into six editions?" she cried, in a tone of accusation.

"I don't deserve the blame for that," said I, in a way that was meant to show her I felt the injustice of her accusation. "Blame the public, if you wish. The public are invariably idiots, the editor of the *Advertiser* announced in connection with that book of mine. He was right; though the fact that the public steadily refuse to buy the *Advertiser* points in the other direction."

"Oh, it's all very well to try to throw the blame on the public," said Miss Windram, with a shrug. "But is that quite generous of you, Mr. Glyn?"

"Perhaps it isn't. Was it on account of the book you avoided me so carefully?"

"Oh, there were other things. The University gave you a gold medal, didn't they?"

"They were right there. They couldn't get out of it."

"I dare say. That may be all very well; but people who get gold medals conferred on them can't expect to be treated as ordinary people."

"I suppose you are right. But do they want to be treated as ordinary people?"

"That's quite a side issue. I decline to discuss it."

"And that's all?"

"All? All? Heavens! what did you expect?"

"Sense—that is, a moderate amount of sense; reason—that is, a modicum of reason; frankness—that is, a *souçon* of frankness. I want you to be frank with me, Rosamund,—nay, I insist on it. Tell me all."

I saw that she was very pale; and I knew that her hand was trembling. I perceived that she fancied I had led her hither to tell her something, and I was anxious to reassure her. It was I who wanted to be told something."

"All?" she said, in a low tone.

"All," said I.

"It was mamma," said she quite meekly.

"I guessed as much. And that is all?"

"Isn't it enough? You're a man. You know her."

"She is one of my dearest friends—now."

"Ah! now?"

"Now! I said now! But a year ago—"

"And a month—"

"And a month. If you hadn't remembered the exact date I should probably be at supper just now. A year and a month ago she was my one enemy. She knew that I loved you. Yes, a year and a month ago I loved you in a sort of way—not the way I do now; and she knew that you loved me—in a sort of way. She commanded you to keep me at a distance. Your

mother is not a woman of genius; but upon occasions she can be quite as disagreeable as though she were. She prefers, however, being disagreeable by deputy. You were her deputy a year ago—and a month."

Miss Windram got up from beside me and took a few steps to the side of a rose-bush laden with splendid blooms. She had her eyes fixed on a spray which she managed to break off the parent stem.

The light shone upon the white flesh of her round arms. Surely no living woman had such lovely arms.

She returned to her seat.

"Well?" she said.

"Then my poor uncle——"

"Poor?" She gave a laugh.

"My poor rich uncle died, leaving his money to me; and your mother told you that you were to draw me on: I could swear that those were her exact words. Did you pluck those roses only to tear off their petals?"

One rose lay wrecked at her feet. The other dropped from her hand and lay complete among the crimson flakes. She put her hands before her face.

"But instead of drawing me on, you persistently avoided me, and, in fact, did everything that was in your power to make me believe that you were sincere when you told me, at the command of your mother, that you had never heard anything more ridiculous than my suggestion that we should love each other; and that you hoped I would not think it necessary to repeat anything so absurd. You have failed in your aim, Rosamund: you did not make me believe in your sincerity. Was I right?"

I am certain she gave a sob; but she did not take her hands down from her face.

"Look at your feet," I said, suddenly. She was startled and glanced down quickly. (Her gloves, I perceived, were ruined.) "Look at your feet. Which is to be my future—*our* future—*our* future, Rosamund? Which—the wrecked rose, or the other?"

She picked up the complete rose and handed it to me.

I kissed it and then fastened it, as well as I could, in the front of her dress. The crimson petals lay upon her shell-pink flesh—it was shell-pink now where it had been white before.

And then

Then Miss Lindley came up by the side of Mr. Sheridan. She stood in front of us and laughed.

"You have got a rose," said Miss Lindley, and laughed again.

"Plucking the roses is strictly forbidden by the Committee," said Mr. Sheridan.

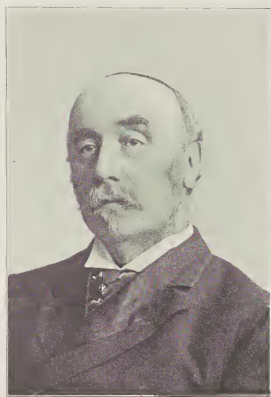
"That was for the protection of Miss Lindley's cheeks," said I.

"Then 'twas a silly rule," said she, "for—but no one must know it—I have promised to marry Mr. Sheridan."

"Mr. Sheridan," said I, "is the most fortunate of men—next to me."

F. Frankfort Moore.

It was agreed without a voice of dissent that Miss Elizabeth Lindley had never seen more of quainter. Little Dr. Goldsmith was amusing his lovely friends, Mrs. Brewster and Miss Hornick, hugely, by the way he insisted on Dr. Johnson's giving his attention to the lady's singing.



SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

By Towy-Side

BY LEWIS MORRIS.

ON these fair meads, through half a summer day,
Beside the blue-eyed river deeps I lie :
There comes no sound to chase my dreams away,

Nor veil to hide the clear, reflected sky.
The low hills smile around on either hand,
And up the vale the solemn mountains stand.

No change for half a changeful century,
Fair river, hast thou known, since I a boy
Would haste of summer noons to plunge in thee,
Snatching alone a dear forbidden joy.
Nor shall a thousand centuries passing trace
One wrinkle on thy smooth unageing face.

Sweet winding Towy, sinuous, silvery,
Glide on by town and tower, unchanging glide !
Pursue thy path of beauty to the sea,
Till thy flow weds the salt intruding tide.
Thus rolled of old thy undiscovered flood,
When the new world was born in pain and blood.

Within thy depths, ere man had come to birth,
Strange mailed forms with gory jaws would lurk—
The ravening monstrous growths which swayed the earth,
Ere Nature framed her last consummate work ;
Thou sawest within thy ooze huge saurians lie
And wingèd spoilers hurtling thro' the sky.

And then for age on age, when Man arose,
 The gibbering savage mirrored in thy deep ;
 Long wars, oppressions, strifes, unnumbered woes,
 Rude hearts that broke, while Mercy seemed asleep :
 While thou, through those dim generations gone,
 Unchanged, unruffled, flow'dst serenely on.

And then, thro' all our fateful history—
 Long centuries of war and cruel strife ;
 Our Wales o'erborne, our Britain free and great ;
 Our old race rising with renescent life ;—
 Still from thy mountain sources didst thou come
 To seek, as we, the Deep which is our home.

Men come, men pass, but thou flowest seaward still !
 Brute Nature, thou immortal art alone !
 The sea, the stream, the plain, the heavenward hill,
 Built high with ramparts of eternal stone :
 We who have life and breath, we faint, we die ;
 Ye only view unmoved the unchanging sky.

Yon towns and towers shall fall ; the land lie bare,
 Or choked with forests dense ; and on thy shore
 The flocks, the herds, the bathers come no more ;—
 None shall there be to mark that thou art fair :
 Only the lone hills shall encompass thee—
 Thy comrades blind and dumb while Time shall be.

Thou shalt glide still, fair stream, uncaring on,
 Till sea shall be no more, or earth, or sky ;
 Till all the hapless race of men is gone,
 And some dread fire shall burn thy fountains dry.
 Thou in thy changing flow unchanging art
 As is the unchanging changeful human heart.

Glide on, O silent stream : I would a tongue
 Were thine to tell the mysteries of Time !
 By one weak voice thou shalt not pass unsung.
 Glide to Life's sea unchangeable, sublime !
 Thou shalt not pass away unrhymed, so long
 As men have ears to hear a humble song.

Leura Morris,

*On these fair meads thro' half a summer day
 Beside the blue-eyed river deeps I lie ;
 There comes no sound to chase my dreams away,
 Nor veil to hide the clear reflected sky ;
 The low hills smile around on either hand,
 And up the vale the solemn mountains stand.*



GILBERT PARKER.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

That Play called Life.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

INTO a New World wandered I—
A strong vast realm afar ;
And down the white peaks of its sky,
Beckoned my courier star.

It hailed me to mine ancient North,
The meadows of the Pole ;
It whistled my gay hunters forth,
It bugled in my soul.
On plateaus of the constant snow
I heard the meteors whir ;
I saw the red wolves nor'ward go
From my low huts of fir.

The dun moose ran the deep ravine,
The musk-ox ranged the plain ;
The hunter's song dripped in between
In notes of scarlet rain ;—
The land was mine : its lonely pride,
Its distant deep desires ;
And I abode, as hunters bide,
With joy beside its fires.

THAT PLAY CALLED LIFE.

Into a New World wandered I—
 A world austere, sublime ;
 And unseen feet came sauntering by,
 A voice with ardent chime
 Rang down the idle lanes of sleep ;
 I waked ; the night was still ;
 I saw my star its sentry keep
 Along a southern hill.

O flaming star ! my courier star !
 My herald, fine and tall !
 You gestured from your opal car,
 I answered to that call :
 I rose ; the flumes of snow I trod,
 I trailed to southward then ;
 I left behind the camps of God,
 And sought the tents of men.

And where a princely face looked through
 The curtains of the play
 Of life, O star, you paused : I knew
 The comrade of my day.
 And good the trails that I have trod,
 My courier star before ;
 And good the nor'land camps of God :
 And though I lodge no more

Where stalwart deeds and dreams rejoice,
 And gallant hunters roam,
 Where I can hear your voice—your voice,
 I drive the tent peg home.

Gillbert Parker

*Into a New World wandered I—
 A string rusted upon
 And down the white peaks of its song
 Discovered my courier star.*

On the Disadvantage of being Rather Clever.

BY LOUIS N. PARKER.



Of course I am not speaking from personal experience. If I were, my remarks would take an entirely different direction, and even my title would have to be considerably modified. I am only speaking from hearsay and from a careful study of human and other documents which I have made it the business of my life to collect. The study of documents, especially the human ones, is fraught with some personal inconvenience. Everybody is a document, of course, but few people realise their importance in this respect, and fewer people still like to have it pointed out. I was told, and the information has been repeated until I am tired of hearing it, that the life of the simplest and apparently dumbest member of the community would, if properly studied, make an entrancing story, by the side of which the novels of your Thackerays and your Dickens would seem but skim-milk. Now it is impossible to invent the life of a dull person. It must be studied from the actual. I know a great number of dull people; quite an extraordinary number indeed. Some of them are thought rather clever by their friends. I have heard their friends tell them so to their faces when their faces alone were convincing evidence—as who should say parchment certificates—of their constitutional and ineradicable dullness. But when I came to try to utilize them as human documents, when I went up to them and said in my cheeriest manner: "My dear friends, you do not believe what these people say: in that mysterious organ of yours which dramatists call your heart of hearts, you know you are dull; oblige me by telling me how you do it," they lost their dullness at once, and became really quite interesting with sheer rage. I thought at one time that a really great play in the most modern manner might be written around the life of the most ordinary person living in a nice little house—say in one of the quiet back streets of Hammersmith. So I called at such a house to study my matter on the spot. It was one of those houses which have a front door and a bay widow, with two smaller windows above. It looked as clean as a new pin from outside, and the infant Samuel was continuing his prayers in the bay window. You positively ached when you realised how respectable the people must be who lived in it; and it was called Hurstmonceaux. Hurstmonceaux, Martin Tupper Road, Hammersmith. That was the full address. I called. I asked for the lady of the house. I was sure she nursed a tragedy. I knew, by an instinct I could not explain (as we say in plays), that there was, or had been, or would be, a raging tempest in her heart. The interview began badly, because she thought I was the Taxes. The Taxes are the only people who call in Martin Tupper Road, and I am afraid they do not always receive that cheery welcome which we associate with British Hospitality. I disabused her of this idea, and unfolded my errand. I said, "Dear Madam,"—I had to begin as if I were writing a letter, because I did not know her name—"Dear madam, I am in search of human documents. You are one. Tell me your past; describe your present; and unfold your future." She got up and left the room, and I thought she had gone to fetch that old packet of letters tied round with the faded ribbon, which I felt sure lay in the bottom corner of the rosewood cabinet upstairs. But presently she returned with an extremely unpleasant person she called Dick—

What I have just said about an old packet of letters reminds me of a very curious experience I had the other day in a little nook on the coast of Dorset called Lulworth. I had to spend a fortnight there to nurse a bruised ankle I had incurred in my search after knowledge in Hammersmith.



LOUIS N. PARKER.
From a Photograph by Langley.

And there I made the acquaintance of a dear little old lady, who, if you will believe me, had never been outside her native village in all her life of eighty-five years. There is no station at Lulworth. If you want to go there, you have to get out at Wool. It sounds improbable, but it is true. Wool is two or three miles away. So my dear little old lady had never seen a railway train, or one of Smith's bookstalls; and the curious thing was that she didn't seem to want to. A little steamer comes from Weymouth every day during the summer, and lands two or, maybe, three hundred trippers, who, during the few hours they have on shore before the steamer goes back again, eat a great many lobsters, for which Lulworth is famous, and drink a great deal of shandy-gaff. Then they break the windows. My dear little old lady had never been on that or any other steamboat. She called it a nasty, horrid thing. She called the trippers nasty, horrid things, too; and I am not sure she wasn't right. But I was going to say—it is a very curious thing that the moment I sat down to write this paper for this beautiful book, my ideas got all in a tangle, so that I have the greatest difficulty in keeping to my subject—I was going to say, that of course I treated my dear little old lady as a human document; and I am going to make a play about her when I can find an actress old enough for the part. At present they are all seventeen. I asked her about her past. She really did, with infinite trouble, go upstairs and get me that yellow old bundle of letters. Also she showed me the portrait of a gentleman with a stony eye. "There, my dear," said she, handing me the letters, "I've never shown these to nobody. These are what Jack wrote to me sixty-four years ago come next Martinmas. They're all I live for. All I live for." I hurried to my lodgings. I had my material at last. I undid the packet. There were four letters, written and folded in the quaint old way that prevailed before the invention of envelopes and gum and penny stamps. Jack had apparently been a young farmer. His letters told of how he had got the crops in, and, thank God, 'twas a good harvest. How he had been to Weymouth; and here was a china cup he had bought for his Jenny. How he had bought they heifers, and a rare lot, too. How he was going to try a new hoss to-morrow in the hunt; and, please the pigs, it'd be a good run. It had been a run to eternity for the poor fellow, I was told.

Well, I don't know. It was not like this that Abelard wrote to Héloïse, or Cyrano to Roxane: but I daresay my dear little old lady saw as much passion and truth in these poor scrawls, and was quite as heart-broken as either of those heroines.

I find I have said nothing with any reference to my subject. I started out with the best intentions, but I told you my ideas were in a tangle. Anyhow, it's a very good title.

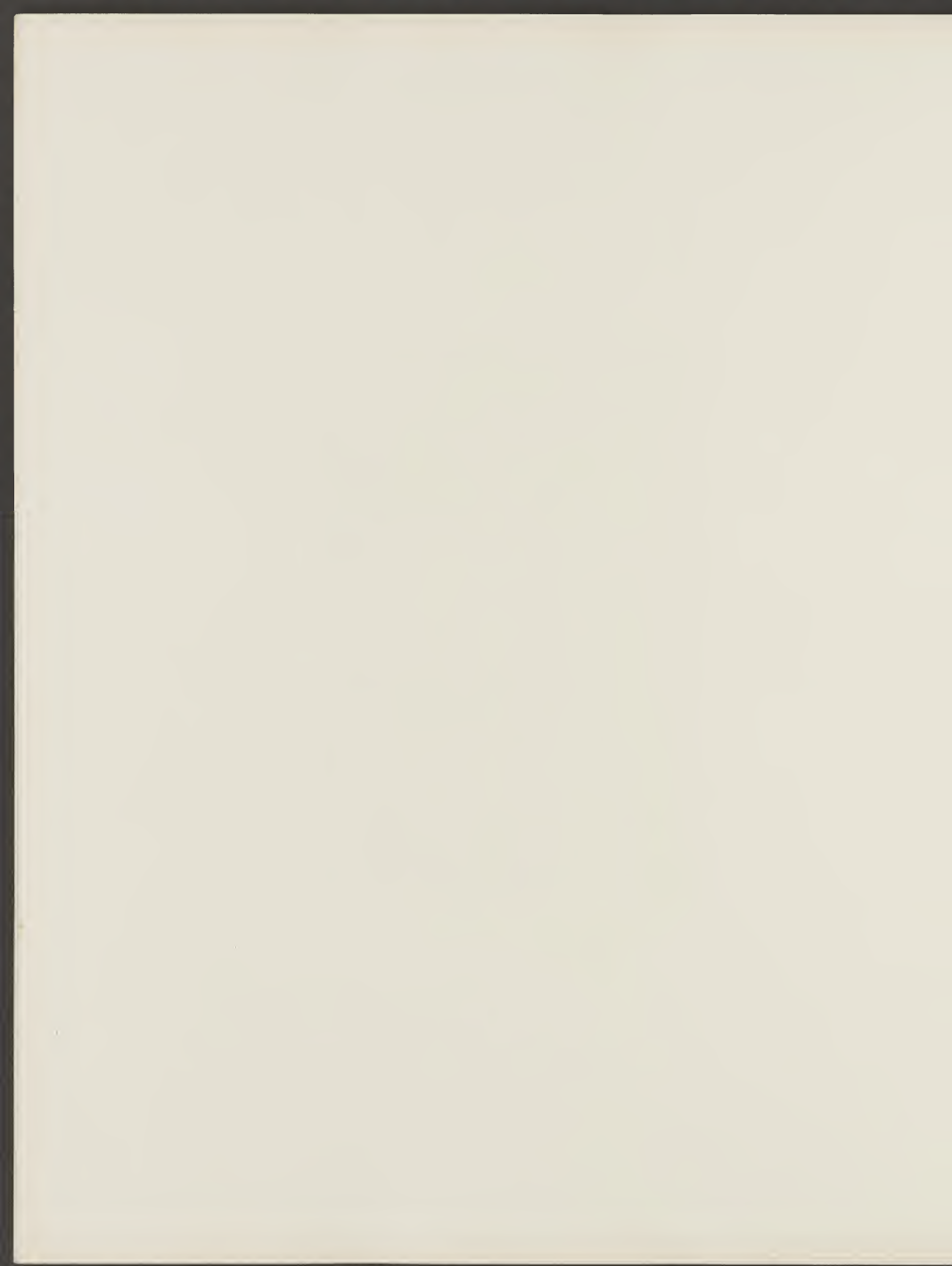
Louis N. Parker.

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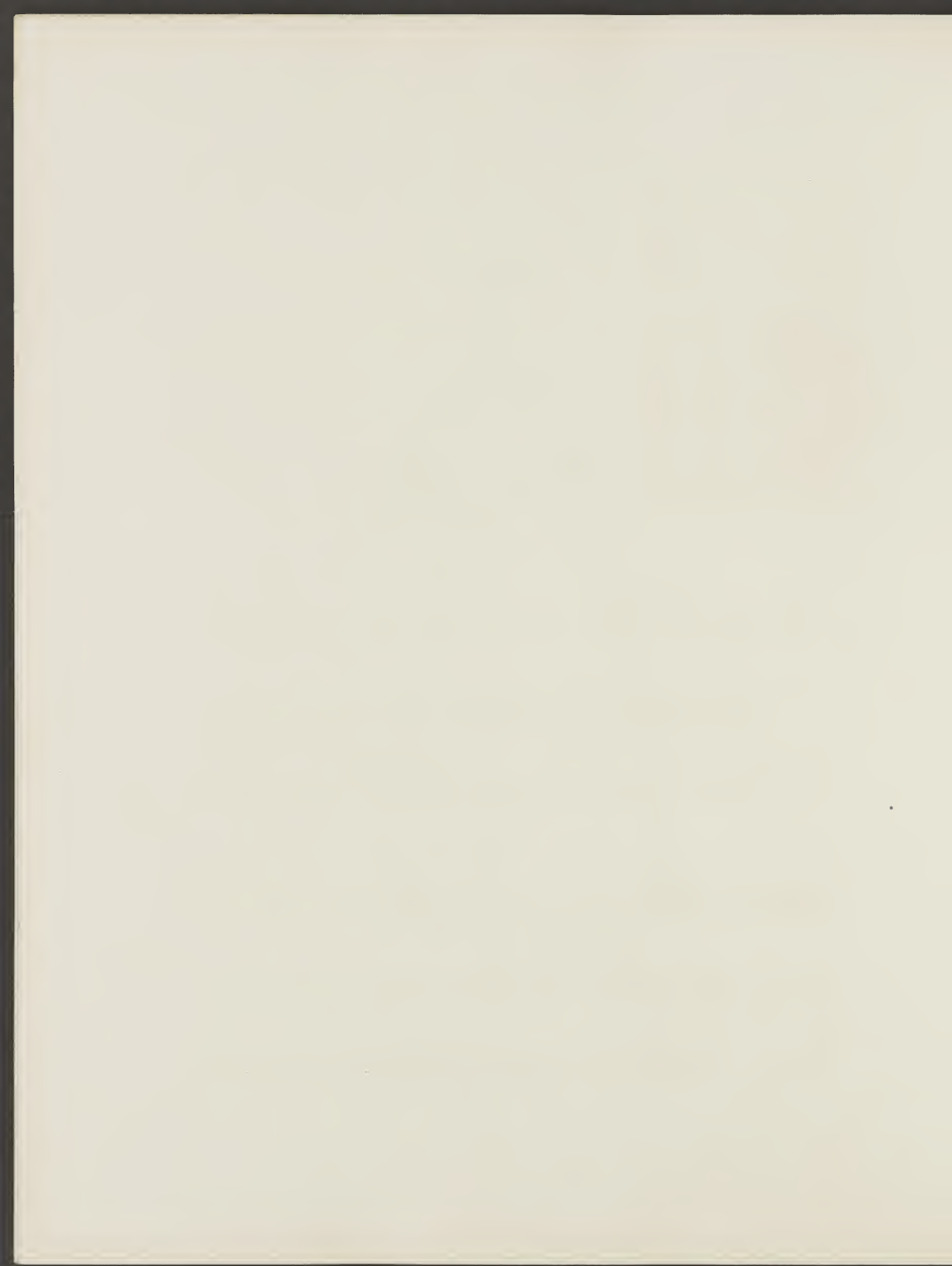
Swan Electric Engraving Co.

"HOLLYHOCKS."
FROM A DRAWING BY ALFRED PARSONS, A.R.A.





FROM A DRAWING BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE, R.I.





SIR HUBERT PARRY.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

PROUD MAISIE.

SONG.

WORDS BY
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MUSIC BY
SIR C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

Charles Parry

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

dim.

cresc.

mf

Proud Mai . sie is in the

wood, Walk - ing..... so..... ear - ly;

The first system of the musical score for 'Proud Maisie'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are 'wood, Walk - ing..... so..... ear - ly;'. The piano accompaniment is in two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Sweet Ro. bin sits on the bush Sing - ing so

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Sweet Ro. bin sits on the bush Sing - ing so'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, featuring a treble and bass staff.

rare - ly.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'rare - ly.'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, featuring a treble and bass staff.

"Tell me, thou

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics '"Tell me, thou'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, featuring a treble and bass staff.

bon.ny bird, When shall I mar.ry me?"

f *mf*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. It begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef, starting with a quarter note G2, a quarter note F2, and a quarter note E2, followed by a half note D2 and a half note C2. The piano part includes dynamic markings *f* and *mf*.

"When six braw

dim.

This system contains the second two staves of music. The vocal line continues with a quarter note D5, a quarter note C5, and a quarter note Bb4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note Bb1 and a half note A1, followed by a half note G1 and a half note F1. A *dim.* (diminuendo) marking is present in the piano part.

gen. . tle . men Kirk . . ward shall car.ry ye."

This system contains the third two staves of music. The vocal line has a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment consists of a series of chords in the right hand and a moving bass line in the left hand.

"Who makes the bri. dal bed, Eir. . die, say

f

This system contains the final two staves of music on the page. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment starts with a quarter note G2, a quarter note F2, and a quarter note E2, followed by a half note D2 and a half note C2. A *f* (forte) marking is present in the piano part.

tru - ly?"

dim.

"The grey head - ed sex - ton That delves the grave

p

du - ly.

mf *dim.*

p meno mosso.

The glow - worm o'er grave and stone

p

Shall light thee stead . y; The owl from the

stee . ple sing Wel . come, proud la .

allargando. *f* *tempo.* *dim.*

cresc.

dy."

dim.

Sunday Visitors.

By W. PETT RIDGE.



THE streets near the Hospital have been dozing on this Sunday afternoon: the scent of cooking that pervaded the neighbourhood an hour or so since has vanished: the harmonium grunting hymns has tired itself out. Now from 'buses step down men and women (few men) who carry paper parcels and bunches of flowers: the women arriving at the broad stone steps, peer through at the clock and say complainingly to their husbands that here is a whole half-hour to waste which might well have been spent over dinner; that they knew all along this would be so, and they take leave to doubt whether more aggravating men ever existed in this world.

"But," urge the husbands, patiently, "you said we should be late."

"Oh," retort the wives, "don't talk to us." Thinking of a repartee a minute later, they add: "So you would 'a' been if we hadn't kept on naggin' at you."

"Well," say the husbands, soothingly, "we're here now, at any rate."

"No thanks to *you*," reply the wives with tartness.

There is, indeed, something of acerbity in the increasing crowd at the broad steps; this, I take it, is due partly to swift dining, partly to general haste. Everybody looks slightly flushed. Stout ladies have encouraged this, the day being mid-spring and sunny, by apprelling themselves, seemingly, with all the garments at their disposal, so that they occupy a space which could well accommodate three ordinary people. Breath regained and something like serenity returning, men re-light the Sunday cigar which they had to extinguish on entering the 'bus, and assume the air of those not altogether unused to Society. The women on the steps and at the glass doors, doubtful about each other at first, and anxious, moreover, to inspect bonnets and costumes, break silence after ten minutes.

"Fancy your goin' to visit in Victoria Ward, ma'am! Well, well, *well*: this is a small world. George, dear, this lady's going to see someone in Victoria Ward."

"Afternoon, mem. Nice weather for the time——"

"A relative, I dessay? Oh, only a sister. Ah well," with a sigh, "it's bad enough even to 'ave a sister laid up in the 'orspital. No one knows but them that have gone through it. I've been in Guy's, and I very near went once to Sin Thomas's; but somehow," with a sigh, "I took a turn for the better, so I got done out of that. Come far, may I ask? From the third turning to the left as you start down Kennington Road, going from the church? I used to 'ave a sister in service at Kensington. Had a slight cast in one eye: 'raps you might know her?"

"Lady said," points out the husband, "that she came from Kennington, not Kensington. One's spelt with a hen, the other with a hess."

"Oh, of course, *you* must interfere when I'm trying to talk," says the wife bitterly. "It wouldn't be you if you didn't try to make me look confused. Whether it's Kennington or Kensington doesn't matter to you: I dessay they ain't so very far apart after all. You'll be tellin' me next, I s'pose, that I don't know me own name. 'Old those oranges safe."

Lady from third turning in Kennington Road inquires with respect, desirous of restoring peace, what the number of the sister in Victoria may be.

"It was twenty-three, mem, but she rather thought they'd be putting her nearer to the window. She's very popular in the ward, and if they saw a chance of givin' her a 'igher number near to the Sister, I've no doubt they would. Such a cheerful



W. PETT RIDGE.

woman in conversation, you can't think! I'm seeposed to be pretty middlin' bright when I'm in a good temper, but she beats me 'ollow. Don't she, George?"

"I shouldn't go so far as that."

"Well, perhaps we're about on a par, after all. Before we was married we used to be known as the Gadabouts; but now, what with her chest and me with my two boys and three gels" (a sigh of regret), "there's precious little of the Gadabout with either of us. George, if I 'ave to tell you again about 'olding them oranges upright, you'll know it."

A uniformed man comes to the inside of the glass doors inspecting the crowd inside and out with a critical air, much as an acting manager surveys his patrons. A church clock strikes; the waiting folk declare that it must be slow, that it is a shame they should have to stay here for hours upon hours when they are expected anxiously within. A small boy being warned by his mother to look as old as he can (for fear he should on account of his youth be denied admittance, in which case the amount paid for his tram fare will most certainly be extracted from his money-box), thereupon stands on his toes, assuming a scowl that makes a dog bark. A news-lad comes to the edge of the crowd and sells three *Referees*, two *Lloyds*, and a copy of *Snappy Bits*, all intended to cheer and interest the hosts and hostesses in the wards; the lad endeavours also to sell a job lot of halfpenny illustrated papers for threepence, but the general feeling is that so much joy introduced without due warning might have a deplorable effect. One or two men glancing at the clock disappear on the plea of desiring a match, and return disappointed from the closed public-house.

The crowd has increased rapidly, and hansoms desiring to drive up the street change their intentions and go by a more circuitous route. The sellers of oranges—"nice or'nges, three a punny, a punny for three"—become more insistent, seeming inclined to quarrel with those who do not buy, or at any rate to demand apology for this attitude of reserve. The friendliness of the waiting people has increased; ladies pass by easy stages from proud description of their ailments to a brief sketch of their own lives with some details of the more striking incidents in their career.

"Mind you, I never liked the woman. She's in here now with a bad knee, and of course bygoness 'ave to be bygoness, and I come to visit her regular; but I don't take the pleasure in seein' her ill like I should with any of my other rel'tives. She's got a kind of manner with her that I can only describe as—well, I scarcely know how to describe it, and that's the truth."

"'Aughty?"

"Not exactly 'aughty."

"Patronisin'?"

"No, not exactly that, neither."

"Deceitful?"

"Oh, dear, no! What she has to say she says plump out. I've got a few berranas for her, and if she expected grapes she'll say, 'Oh, I thought per'aps you'd 'a' brought grapes.' No, Aunt Emma isn't deceitful."

"Lackadaisical?"

"No, not exactly that, neither. She's a woman with a sort of a kind of a manner about her that—well, you know the kind I mean. At the same time, I will give her her due. She's brought up her family of seven, and she's married all her gels off well. And that takes a bit of doin', mind you, nowadays."

A young woman with a watch on her wrist, who has been telling neighbours of a most contentious argument with her mistress in which the mistress, handicapped apparently by cringing manners and a whining voice, had much the worst of it, announces that it wants but eight minutes to the time. Now the crowd closes up. Now autobiographies are cut short—"I must tell ye the rest next Sunday"—now the official inside the glass doors is watched eagerly. The servant girl with the watch on her wrist declares sportively that it reminds her of going in at the Adelphi; a long, serious, scarlet-coated soldier from Knightsbridge begs her not to be more of a silly fool than she can help. Large parties give final touches to their scheme for seeing one patient, and young women are warned by their elders to pretend, when nurses or Sister approach, to affect not to belong to the party.

"Gettin' excited now inside, I lay."

"He's sure to expect me, poor boy; but he little thinks his young lady is comin' to see him as well."

Chiming from the church, but no sign on the part of the official. Revolt, insurrection, riot flicker around; in half a minute a vague resolve has been made that it is a great scandal and that something ought to be done. Two more seconds of scarlet fury, and then—

"Stick tight to me, Johnny!"

"Mind you kiss your father first thing, 'r else I'll punish you when I get you 'ome,

"Oh, please don't scrouge! There's plenty of room for all if you'll only keep calm and——"

The crowd surges in and up. Their footsteps are on the stairs; and as the sound reaches the wards, eyes that have cause for tears become glad and gay with the joy of expectation.

W. Pett Ridge

The Streets near the Hospital have
 been doing on this Sunday afternoon;
 the scent of cooking meat pervaded the
 neighbourhood, ^{an hour since} has floated away,
 a ~~hammer~~ ^{having crashed few} ~~hymns~~
 tentatively ^{short of wind and}
~~had been~~ ^{had been} ~~had been~~



STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

The Parting of Launcelot and Guinevere.

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

INTO a high-walled nunnery had fled
Queen Guinevere, amid the shade to weep,
And to repent mid solemn boughs, and love
The cold glorie of the moon ; but now as she
Meekly the scarcely-breathing garden walked,
She saw, and stood, and swooned at Launcelot ;
Who burned in sudden steel like a blue flame
Amid the cloister. Then, when she revived,
He came and looked on her : in the dark place
So pale her beauty was, the sweetness such,
That he half-closed his eyes, and deeply breathed ;
And as he gazed there came into his mind,
That night of May, with pulsing stars, the strange,
Perfumed darkness and delicious guilt,
In silent hour : but at the last he said :
" Suffer me, lady, but to kiss thy lips
Once, and to go away for evermore."
But she replied, " Nay, I beseech thee, go :
Sweet were those kisses in the deep of night ;
But from those kisses is this ruin come.
Sweet was thy touch, but now I wail at it ;
And I have hope to see the face of Christ ;
Many are saints in heaven that sinned as I."
Then said he, " Since it is thy will, I go."

But those who stood around could scarce endure
 To see the dolour of these two: for he
 Swooned in his burning armour to her face,
 And both cried out as at the touch of spears,
 And as two trees at midnight, when the breeze
 Comes over them, now to each other bend,
 And now withdraw: so mournfully they two
 Still drooped together, and still drew apart.
 Then, like one dead, her ladies bore away
 The heavy queen; and Launcelot went out,
 And through a forest weeping rode all night.

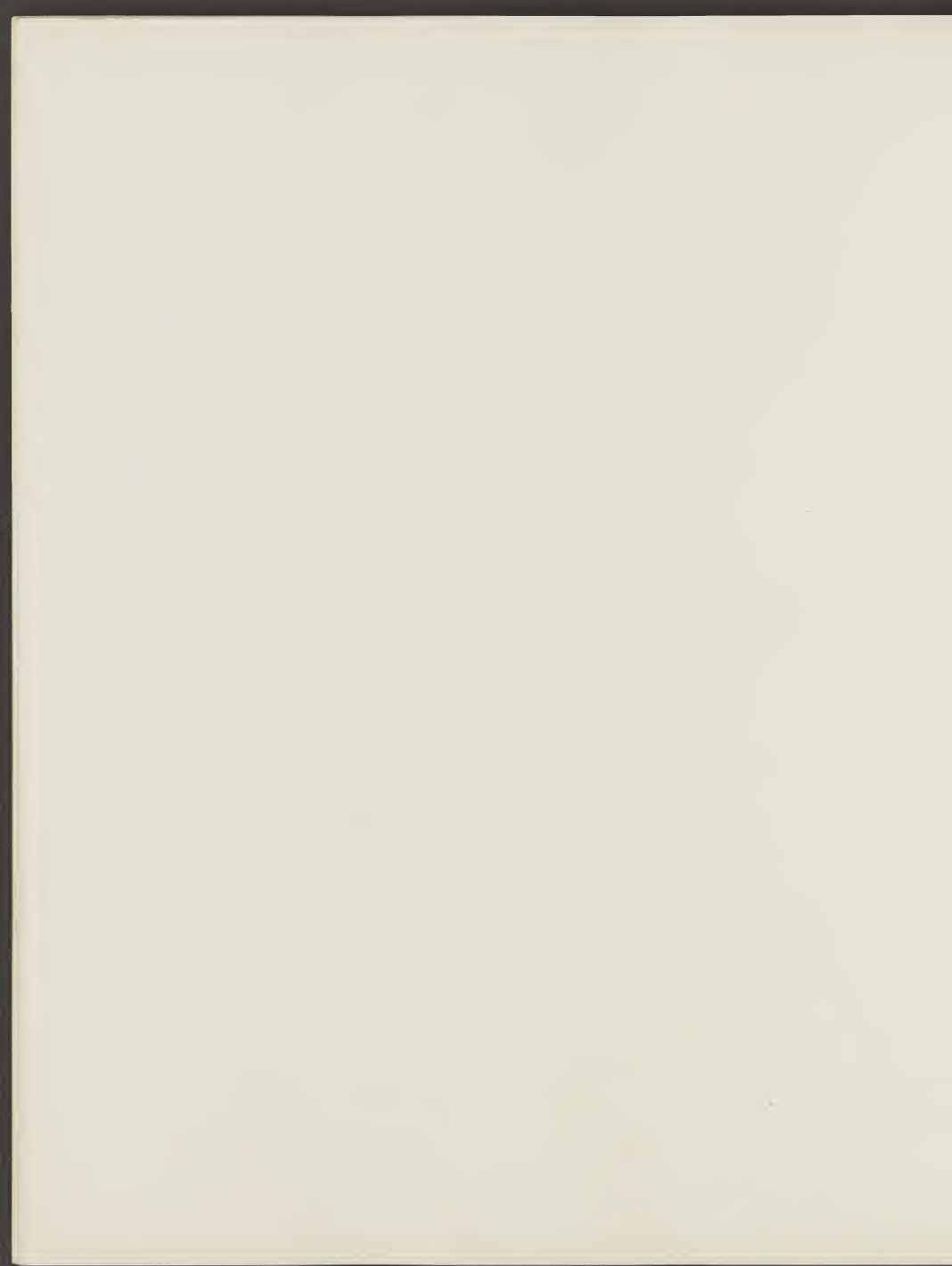
Yours sincerely
 Herbert Phillips

Into a high-walled nursery had fled
 Queen Guenevere, armed the shade to keep
 And to repent and solemn boughs and love
 The cold gleam of the moon: but how as she



Seen Electric Engineering Co.

FROM A DRAWING BY VAL PRINSEP R.A.

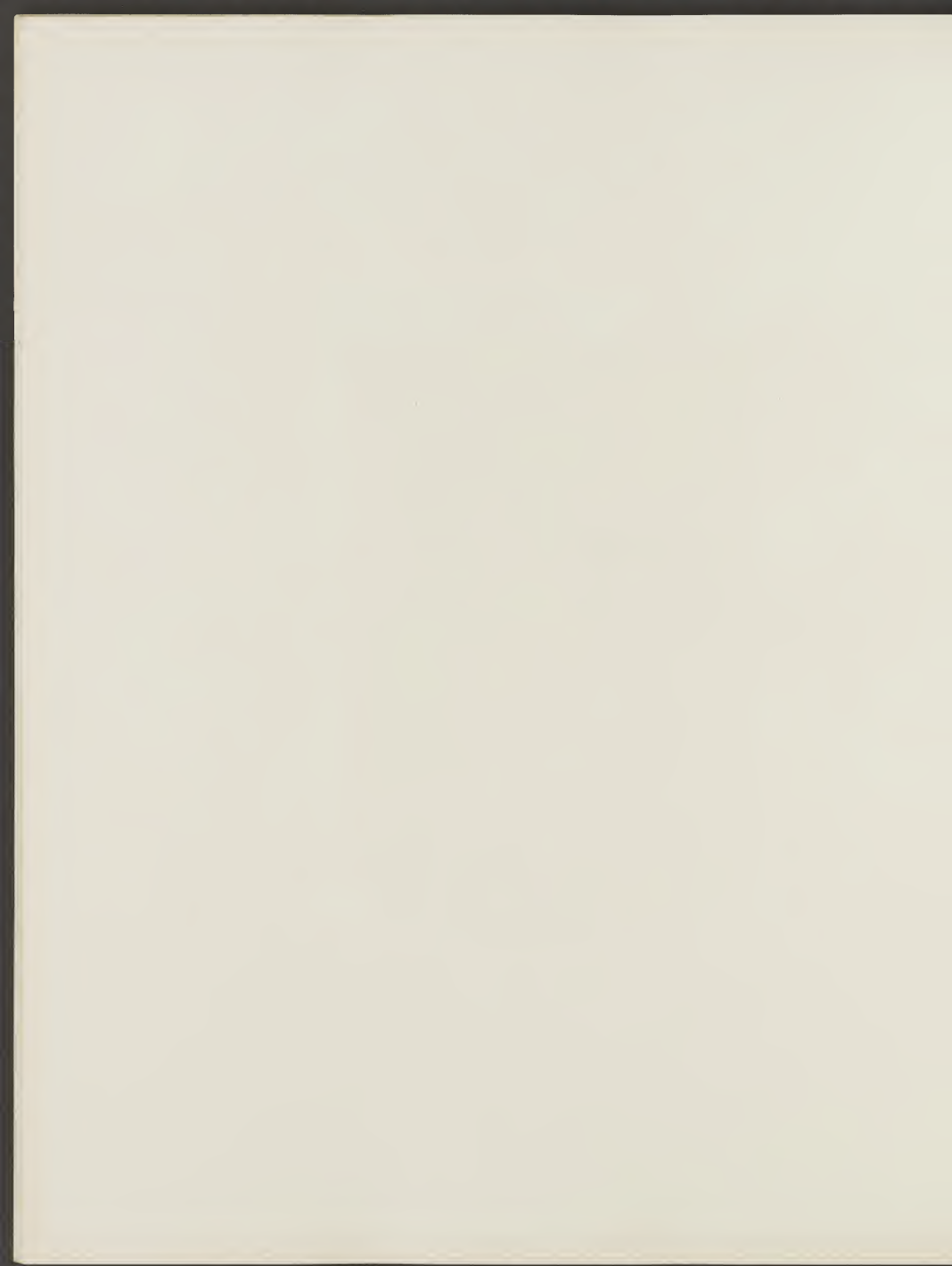




Volleston Beach
1894

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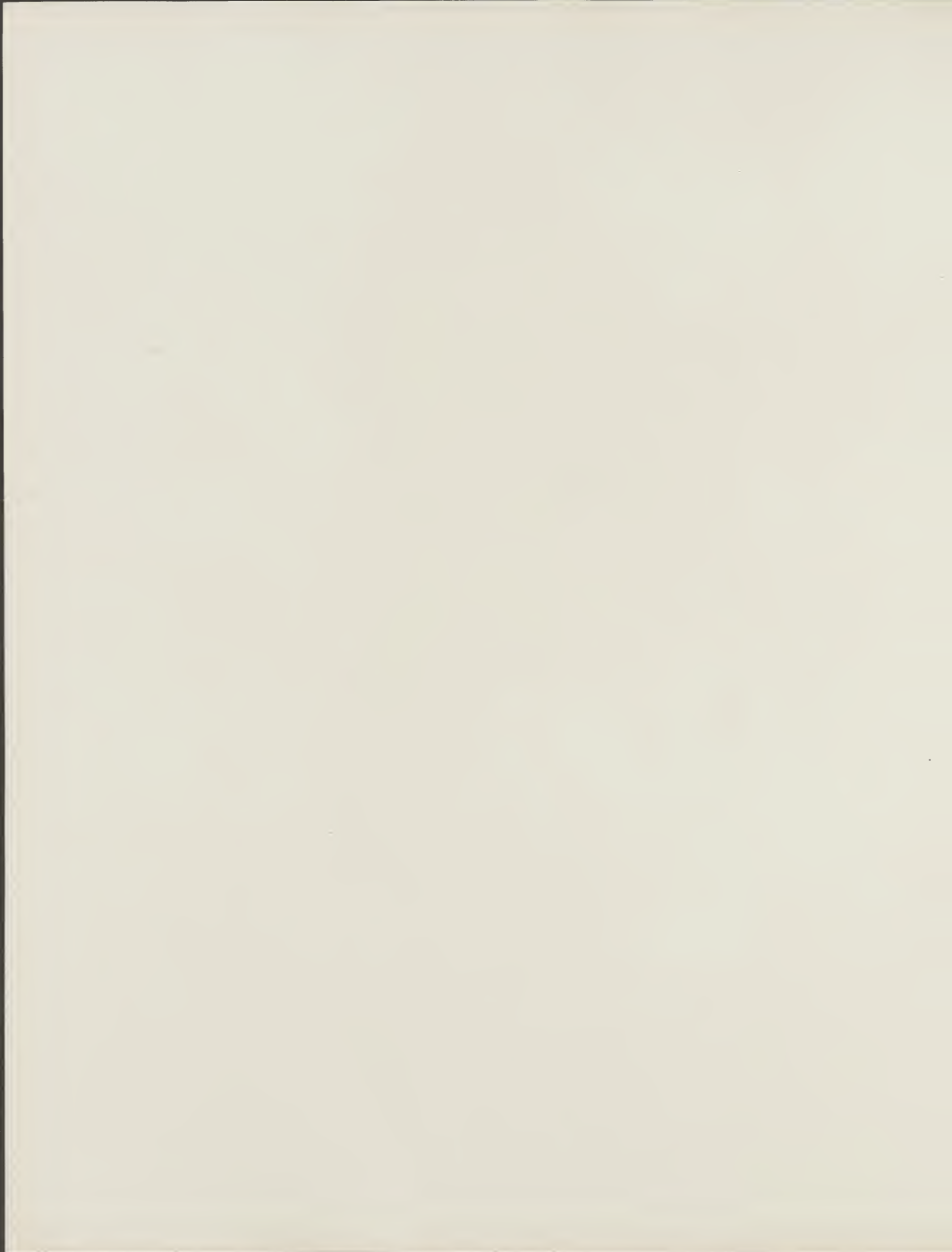
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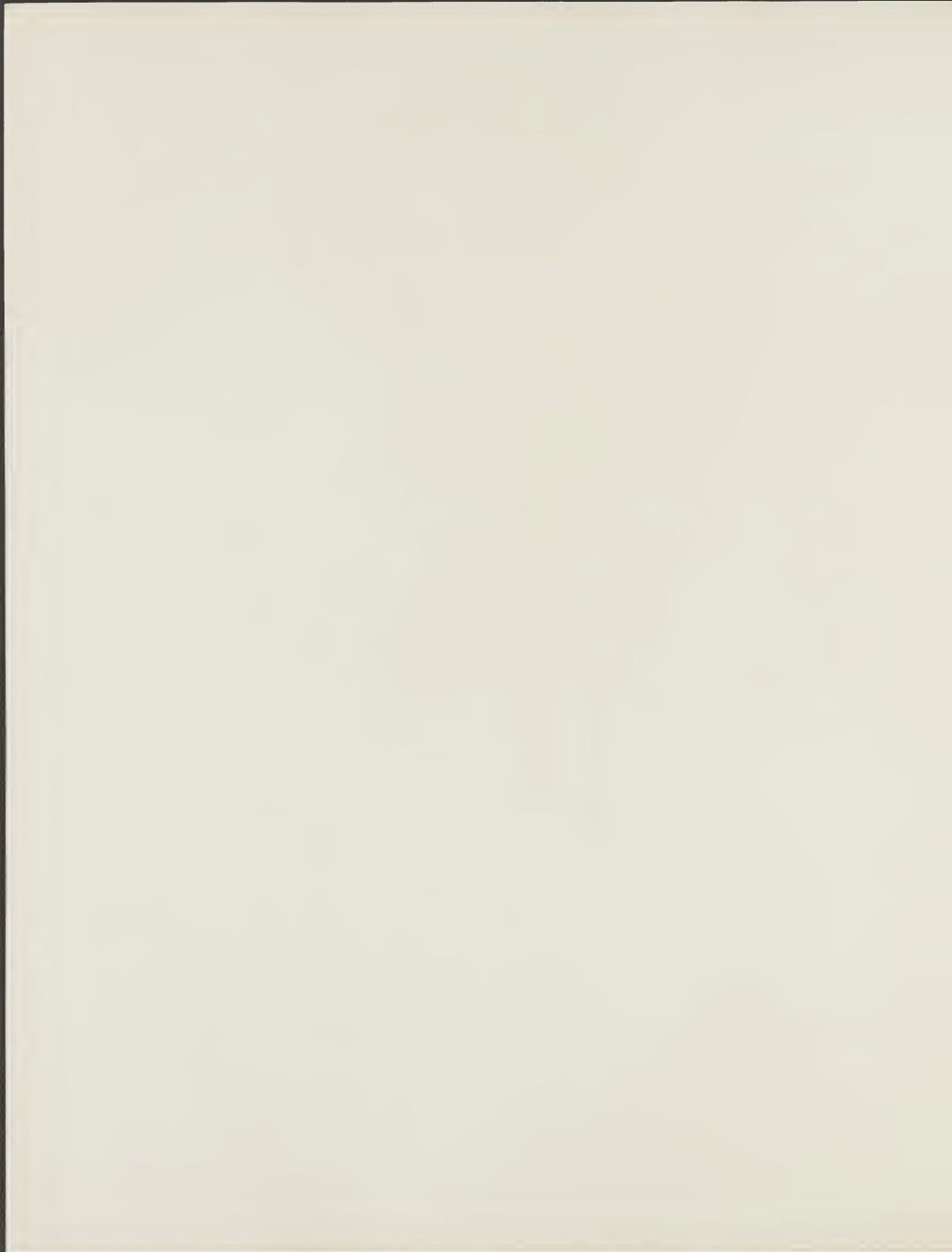
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"THE WOUNDED HORSE."
FROM A DRAWING BY SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.



C. VILLIERS STANFORD.
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

ALBUM-LEAF.

FOR VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE.

BY

C. Villiers Stanford

Allegretto con espressione.

Violin.

PIANO.

p

mf

p

cresc.

cresc.

p *f*

f *dim.* *p*

f *poco rit.* *poco rit.*

mp a tempo. *pa tempo.*

f

poco cresc.

cresc.

dim.

cresc.

dim.

Musical score for "L'Espresso" by Franz Liszt, Op. 28, No. 12. The score is in 3/4 time, key of D major, and consists of 12 measures. It features a piano (p) dynamic, a pizzicato (pizz.) section, and a ritardando (rit.) section. The notation includes a treble and bass staff with various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and articulation marks.



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

AN IDYLL.

FOR VIOLONCELLO AND PIANOFORTE.

BY

Arthur Sullivan.

Composed for an Album.

Andante cantabile.

VIOLONCELLO.

PIANO.

f con forza.

f f

p

This musical score is for a piece titled "AN IDYLL". It is written for a single melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into four systems, each containing a single melodic staff and a grand staff (treble and bass clef).
- **System 1:** The melodic line begins with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note with a fermata. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a half-note bass line in the left hand. A *p* (piano) dynamic marking is present at the start of the piano part.
- **System 2:** The melodic line continues with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note pattern. A *f* (forte) dynamic marking appears in the right hand of the piano part.
- **System 3:** The melodic line consists of a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern. A *cresc.* (crescendo) marking is in the left hand, and a *sempre legato.* (always legato) marking is in the right hand.
- **System 4:** The melodic line ends with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The piano accompaniment concludes with the eighth-note pattern. A *dim.* (diminuendo) marking is in the left hand.

First system of musical notation. The bass staff features a melodic line with a crescendo marking (*cresc.*). The piano accompaniment in the grand staff begins with a piano marking (*p*) and includes a crescendo marking (*cresc.*) in the right hand.

Second system of musical notation. The bass staff has a forte marking (*f*). The piano accompaniment in the grand staff also features a forte marking (*f*) and a trill marking (*tr*) in the right hand.

Third system of musical notation. The bass staff begins with a piano marking (*p*). The piano accompaniment in the grand staff also features a piano marking (*p*).

Fourth system of musical notation. The bass staff has a piano marking (*p*). The piano accompaniment in the grand staff features a piano marking (*p*) and a *Red.* marking in the right hand.

This musical score is for a piece titled "AN IDYLL." It is written for a single melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into four systems, each containing a single melodic staff and a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The first system begins with a "rall." (rallentando) marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The second system continues the melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The third system introduces a "cresc." (crescendo) marking and a forte (*f*) dynamic, with the piano accompaniment becoming more active. The fourth system concludes with a "dim." (diminuendo) marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic, featuring a melodic flourish in the piano part.

rall. *p*

rall. *p*

cresc. *f*

cresc. *f*

dim. *p*

dim. *p*

Musical score for "AN IDYLL." in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

- System 1:** The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a half note B3. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *pp* (pianissimo).
- System 2:** The vocal line features a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment includes a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a half note B3. Dynamics include *cresc.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), and *p* (piano).
- System 3:** The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a half note B3. Dynamics include *dim.* (diminuendo), *p* (piano), and *rall.* (rallentando).
- System 4:** The vocal line features a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment includes a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a half note B3. Dynamics include *dim.* (diminuendo), *colla voce* (in voice), and *p* (piano).
- System 5:** The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a half note B3. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *pp* (pianissimo).

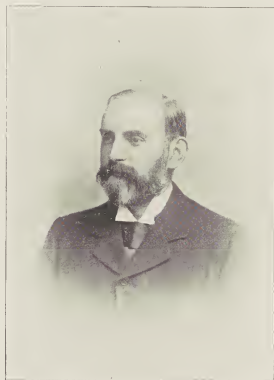
Beginnings in Journalism.

By LLOYD SANDERS.



THE young adventurers who invade newspaper and magazine offices by the score, year in and year out—possibly with a letter or two of introduction in their pockets, probably with none—might do worse than observe two pieces of advice: the first, that editors are necessary evils and as such to be tolerated; the second, that the literary advertisement is not always what it seems. An experience or two under the second head may be worth relating for the benefit of those with all their literary troubles before them. "Wanted an assistant editor to a well-established periodical. No previous experience necessary" may mean anything, everything. I remember rising at one of those obvious baits with the irresponsibility of some twenty and odd summers, to find myself involved in a conspiracy for upsetting an ancient Eastern dynasty. One Saturday evening the Revolutionary Committee—a voluble Irishman, a sleek native who emitted strange sounds in an unknown tongue, and myself—met in a dingy "office" (not altogether free from the suspicion of serving also for sitting-room and bedroom) near Tottenham Court Road. We adjourned to a leprous café. The Cause was unmistakably advancing like an express kangaroo. The rightful heir, or thereabouts, was ready. (As a genealogist the Irishman was more eloquent than informative.) The down-trodden inhabitants were groaning under the heel of the usurper; they would have risen long since, but that they entertained a salutary fear of English political opinion. As for funds—by a wink of indescribable solemnity the Irishman conveyed that *they* were all right. But how to set the Cause in the right light with a country, like our own, that recoils instinctively from insurrection? That was to be my mission. The Irishman explained that we must begin by writing letters to the papers, signed "Pro Bono Publico." Would I be responsible for them? I expressed a diplomatic enthusiasm, nor did I absolutely decline to identify myself anonymously with the public good: From letters we were to proceed to specially communicated articles; from specially communicated articles to a weekly journal—even to a London daily paper. "Ye are the livin' intellectual image of me old friend Delane, me bhoy," said the Irishman. What an agreeable man he was! How he joked over our doubtful fare; and how racy his contrasts of our rasping chianti with the vintages we should enjoy by-and-by, when our Sultan had come to his own again! And then the dog's solid financial ability, as displayed when, in the strictest confidence, he told me of his relations with the great houses—the names of the wealthiest in the land were whispered unctuously. But

alas! ways and means were to prove fatal to our Restoration after all. Anon the waiter, without being asked for it, slapped down the bill, with intention, by my plate. I studied it with affected indifference: a stealthy investigation of my pockets brought home the inexorable revelation that I should have eightpence to carry me through Sunday, unless old Radcliffe would lend me five bob. No encouragement was to be discovered in the impassive countenance of the Grand Vizier *in partibus*; besides, I could not speak the language. But was the intentness with which the Irishman was studying a flaming portrait of King Humbert due to outraged artistic sensibilities, or was it poor comedy? I seemed to remember that, when the Revolutionary Committee had entered the café, the waiter had retired to the dais, and held anxious confabulation with Madame, before he served us. Anyhow, there lay the bill, totalling some twelve shillings. I frankly explained that, though to play host to such company was a supreme honour, yet—"Let's toss," I added expansively. The Grand Vizier sprang to his feet: "You no money?" he exclaimed, in excellent English, "Zen



LLOYD SANDERS.

From a Photograph by Langier.

you sacrifice our time to no good end." "But not my own," I replied, sweetly, as, with a low Oriental obeisance, I withdrew.

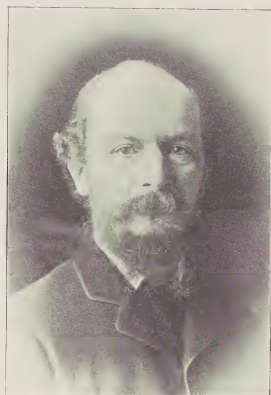
The literary advertisement fascinated me, I confess; and I soon found myself in quest of another assistant editorship. Once more an Irishman was stage-managing an enterprise anything but literary; once more he received non-moral support from a mysterious foreigner. It called itself a Croat this time, and looked like the ring-man of a fourteenth-rate circus. But there were Irishmen and Irishmen. The mellifluous periods of my earlier acquaintance did not fall from the lips of this second specialist in short cuts to affluence; he affected, on the contrary, a business-like bluntness of address. In less than two minutes he had developed his scheme: we were to be a gigantic advertisement agency. Our precise title I forget, but "International and Interoceanic" formed part of the inducement. "It ain't strictly correct," he explained—he was three-parts Cockney, evidently, and only a third Irishman—"but the public likes big words to roll round their mouth." Already he had received support from important publications. "Look 'ere," and stretching across the table, he waved, with the dexterity of a flag-signaller, certain periodicals with guaranteed circulations of many thousands before me. So far as the human eye could follow their flight, they certainly seemed to bear the device, "International and Interoceanic." He came to the point before the end of the third minute: "This business ain't 'arf what it might be; we wants two thousand pounds. 'Ave you got 'em, or 'ave you not?" and down came his fist with a resonant thump. ("G-r-r-r varra goot, varra, varra goot," gurgled the Croat, like a stertorous cat. "'E's a marquis in his own country," explained his partner, "but 'e ain't above being plain mister over 'ere.") I reflected: the necessity of getting my hat shined up to a capitalist gloss—the "International and Interoceanic" had established itself in the City—had already made inconvenient inroads on my purse. No; I could not muster those two thousand pounds. Half rising in my chair, I promised to write to them definitely when I got home. They exchanged glances full of significance. And then I resolved to imitate the Irishman's unceremonious abruptness. Without a word, I made an arm and seized the publications that purported to be in alliance with the "International and Interoceanic." There could be no doubt about it: the announcement had been clumsily, even crookedly, printed on them. In the corner stood the trumpery press with which the imposture had been committed. "It's no good," I said, with an air of finality. The Irishman was not in the least angry. "I knew you wouldn't bite, the moment you came in, so I cut it short." He turned on the Croat: "Jerry, you'll have to be some other kind of a Continental nobleman next time. Them noises you makes fairly gives me the 'cadache." To me: "A glass, mister?" We parted on capital terms.

The pursuit, not of literature, but of "life," caused me to become acquainted with the only pickpockets that I have ever known at all intimately. The information from a confiding policeman, that the force needed to keep its eye on a certain public-house, took me there the very next night. It stood in that region to the north of Oxford Street, into which no slum-novelist has ever penetrated, but which contains a much more instructive variety of well-to-do, shabby-genteel, casual labourer and criminal than Lambeth itself, or even Hoxton. But it was all very disappointing; just the ordinary bar loafers, and nothing more. A well-dressed couple, evidently man and wife, seemed curiously out of place; but then they had a glass of beer apiece and went away. I returned a few days afterwards to find them there again. We held identical opinions as to the seasonableness of the weather. There was a suppressed look about the pair—suggestive of worry of some sort; but they might have been small tradesmen who were for the moment over-stocked. It was not until some weeks later that a casual allusion on my part to a judicial sentence which had been a good deal criticised forced a declaration to ooze from them, sentence by sentence. They were professional pickpockets in a large way of business, chiefly in churches and concert-rooms. He was a poor creature, who had been dismissed from a City clerkship "to shield another" (the phrase came with a most suspicious patness). His conversation had been formed on the lower fiction. "It is a relief to members of our calling to open their minds to persons of refinement like yourself," he would say. Again, "My Amy has the most sylph-like hands of any member of our calling." His Amy, by the way, was an ex-lady's-maid. Her's was the master-mind; she did the "inwork," as her admiring husband explained; and had not Flash Alf declared that "the 'tec as can kop her ladyship ain't come out of the Yard yit, and ain't likely to"? ("Alf," she commented meditatively, "is not select, but he is clever"). I never knew what became of them; for the police, from keeping the place under observation, proceeded to raid it, and my friends

instinctively took their ease elsewhere. A customer, a burglar by trade, had suspected the landlord of turning "nark" or informer; and just before closing-time one night the trouble began. But I often wonder whether Flash Alf's prediction still remains unfalsified, or if that demure little woman has been defeated in that war against society which she used to defend with some mental ingenuity of the perverted sort. "If it was not for us," she would remark with an acid smile, "where would Sir Edmund Henderson be?" She would then shut up her mouth as though she had bitten the Chief Commissioner of Police.

Lloyd Sanders

The young adventurers who invade newspaper and magazine offices ^{by the score} ~~in~~ ~~times~~
year in and year out - possibly with a letter or two of introduction in
their pockets, probably with none - might do worse than have two pieces
of advice;



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

At a Dog's Grave.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

I.

GOOD NIGHT, we say, when comes the time to win
The daily death divine that shuts up sight,
Sleep, that assures for all who dwell therein
Good night.

The shadow shed round those we love shines bright
As love's own face, when death, sleep's gentler twin,
From them divides us even as night from light.

Shall friends born lower in life, though pure of sin,
Though clothed with love and faith to usward plight,
Perish and pass unbidden of us, their kin,
Good night?

II.

To die a dog's death once was held for shame.
Not all men so beloved and mourned shall lie
As many of these, whose time untimely came
To die.

His years were full; his years were joyous; why
Must love be sorrow, when his gracious name
Recalls his lovely life of limb and eye?

AT A DOG'S GRAVE.

If aught of blameless life on earth may claim
 Life higher than death, though death's dark wave rise high,
 Such life as this among us never came
 To die.

III.

White violets, there by hands more sweet than they
 Planted, shall sweeten April's flowerful air
 About a grave that shows to night and day
 White violets there.

A child's light hands, whose touch makes flowers more fair,
 Keep fair as these for many a March and May
 The light of days that are because they were.

It shall not like a blossom pass away :
 It broods and brightens with the days that bear
 Fresh fruits of love, but leave, as love might pray,
 White violets there.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

*Good night, true say, when comes the time to win
 The daily death divine that shuts up night,
 Sleep, that assures for all who dwell therein
 Good night.*

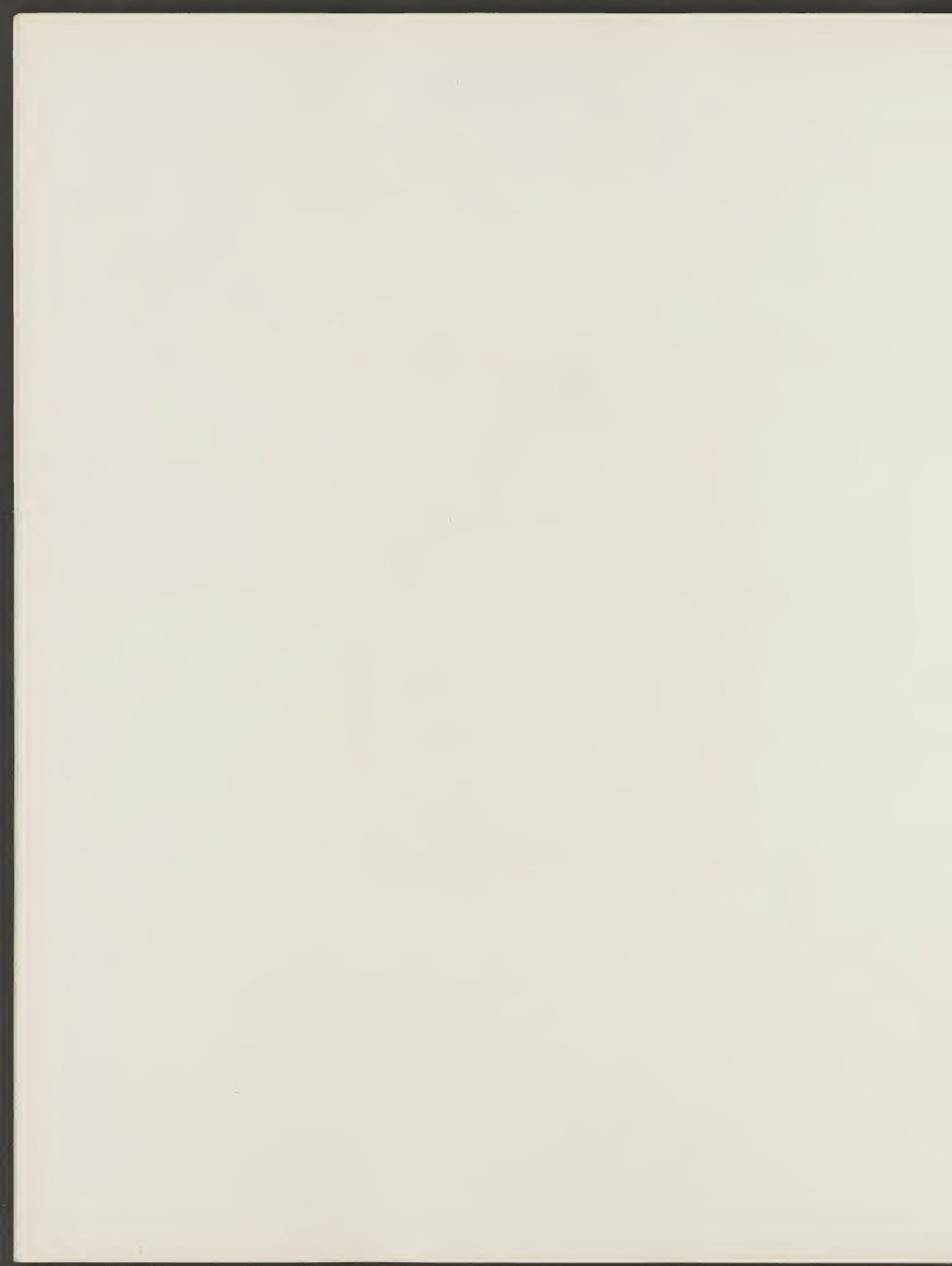


"A LEAF FROM A SKETCHBOOK"
FROM A DRAWING BY MARCUS STONE, R.A.





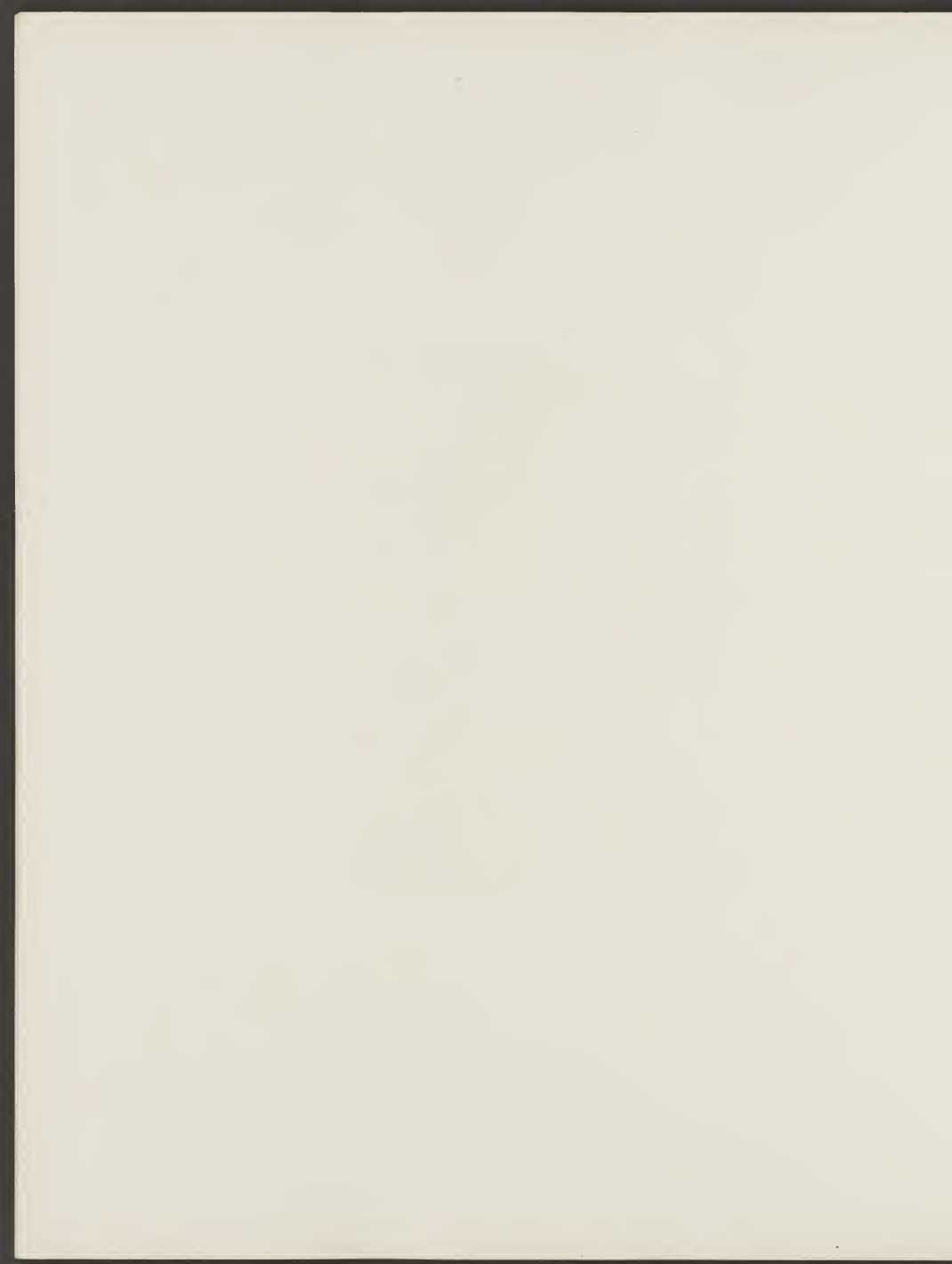
"THE FAN."
FROM A DRAWING BY E. J. SULLIVAN.





Swan Electric Engraving Co.

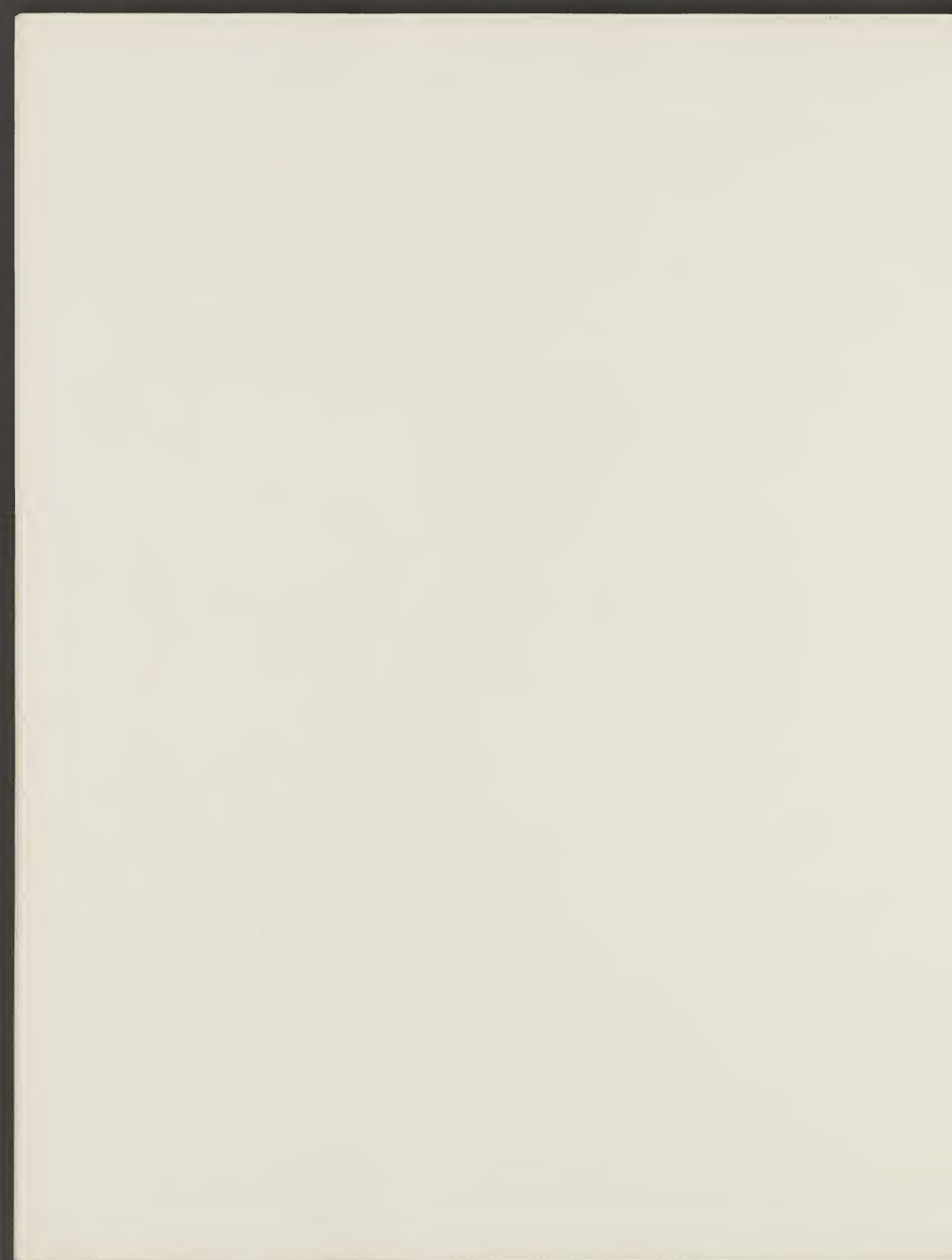
FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN M. SWAN, A.E.A.





SAMUEL HARRIS, Engraving Co.

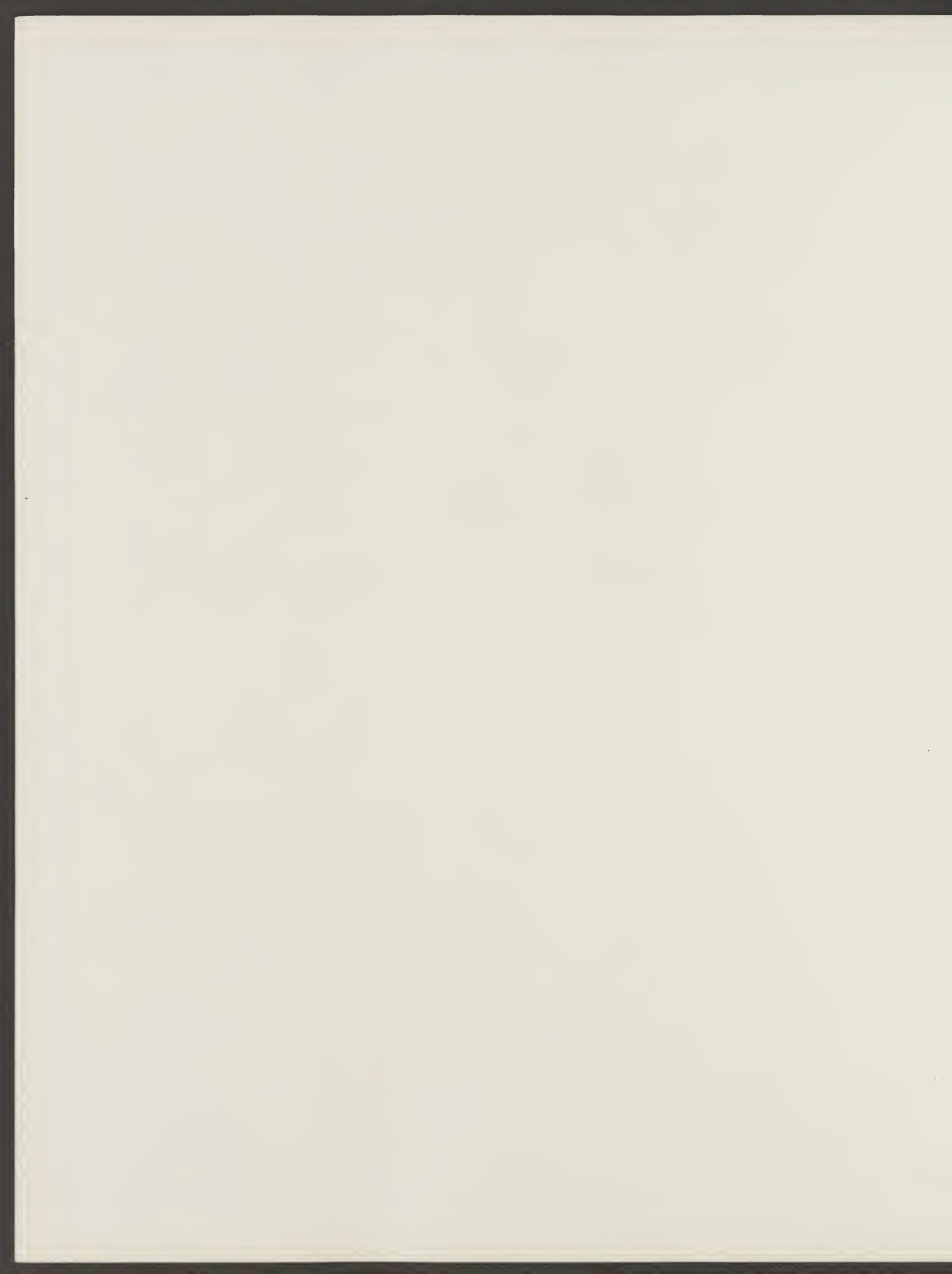
STUDY.
FROM A DRAWING BY SIR L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.





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"SHYLOCK": A STUDY.
FROM A DRAWING BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL, R.I.



An Italian Villa in Spring.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

IT was an old villa—cold, dismantled, bare. The wind howled up the steep stone stairways, it rushed through the ill-fitting modern doors and windows that had been thrust, unwelcome, into the thick walls which the seventeenth century had reared. It scourged and buffeted the gaunt and towering house, as though in a passionate effort to hurl it down upon the Campagna, and so be rid of an ancient enemy for good and all. But the villa held its own. It had stood fifteen hundred feet above the Campagna for two long centuries, and was not going to be vanquished now by a few petulant March gusts as young and brutal and self-confident as the rest of the modern world, that beats everywhere in vain upon the old.

The trio of English people that had come to take possession of the villa had no sooner arrived than they ran to count their fires and their stoves. Two fire-places, three or four stoves,—good. But, alas! a few hours were enough to dash this rising cheerfulness. What mock the wind made of those stoves; how it frolicked up and down their flues, where the smoke should have been, as though to say: "But you have all those big rooms to smoke in, what are you complaining of? Surely these have been put here for *me*?"

Never mind: food is warmth; let us dine. But the wind is in the dining-room before us. Fifty steps—fifty stone steps—descend from that dining-room to the cavernous kitchen where reigns the white-capped, white-jacketed Giacomo. And up those stone steps the *tramontana* comes rushing, wild and hungry, plays tricks with the butler and his dishes, attacks the table and the guests. Quick! drag the table near the fire. All lend themselves to the task as though an enemy pursued, and the wind grows in the stairs and through the doors, as though indignant with so much English obstinacy.

Round the table goes the little butler with a melancholy air. He has been torn from Rome and civilization to wait upon these mad folk. Not even the sense of all the compensation he has demanded in the way of monthly francs can cheer him. The lack of cans, and coffee-pots, and dinner-napkins weighs him to the earth. As for the cook—who is a Neapolitan—he is a bandit!—of that the Signora may be very sure. Again and again, for the beautification of his unimportant dishes has he tried to lay his ugly hands upon the few miserable elegancies—fringed cloths, flowers and the like—of which Alfredo disposes. But Alfredo will die rather than surrender one of them.

Yet he is not naturally of a Byronic temper, this little dapper man. Surely he was made for smiles and complaisance. Never will he walk if he can run. Give him a message, and he flies, his coat-tails streaming. As he runs he reminds you of Mr. Grossmith on his heels, hugging the tea-pot, in *The Sorcerer*; or of one of the toy-men in the Strand, when one has wound him up, and—pouf!—let him go. But so much good-will touches the heart—we begin to be in love with Alfredo. Yet his grievances are serious; it is really hard both for him and us to live them down. Why did we give the provision of the tea and the coffee, the butter and the eggs, to Giacomo? Does not the Signora know that never since the world began—at any rate, since Pharaoh had a butler in Egypt—were these things required of the cook, but always of the *cameriere*? The Signora is very good, but there are those who have taken advantage of her. And will the Signora look at Alfredo's clothes? One whole suit has he worn out already in a week, what with the fifty steps to the kitchen, and the brick floors of this abominable villa—this "villa rovinata—abbandonata."



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

Now if the tea and coffee had been given to him and not to Giacomo—why then, there would have been a few *soldi* to be made, and the thought of his poor clothes would not have pierced his heart so deeply. And the Signora knows that out in these wilds there are so few visitors and so few *mancie*! Alas! the Signora does indeed think of it—makes the rashest and weakest concessions. And instantly what smiles, what eagerness! Dear little man—"imperishable child!"

At night too, how the wind plays the ghost in the great bare apartment! It opens the doors—it walks the brick floors—it rolls heavy weights up and down the empty rooms overhead—it has sudden sounds and mimicries in the darkness that make the heart stand still.

And day by day the great clouds come rolling up, now from the sea, now from the mountains. Where is the light of Italy?—where all her pomps and glories?—where the *alma tellus*, and the Saturnian land?

Ah, "too quick, despairers!"—so she seems to chide us; while still the good rain comes down, soaking the olives and the vines, the beanfields and the crops. And one morning, instead of storm, there is an exquisite silence; and instead of cloudy darkness, a slow penetration through all the closed shutters and windows of that adorable, that intensest light that only Italy knows. Quick! Fling the windows wide! Italy is herself again!

Down pours the reconciled sun upon the land he loves—upon the great stretch of the Campagna, and the girdling sea—upon the brown-pink fallows and the silver olives—upon the laughing yellow-green crops. From the eastern balcony we may salute him as he soars above the Alban Mount; as he greets the ridge whence Rome descended; as he strikes the peak where the leagued Latins worshipped and the white-filleted priests slew the steers that had been fattened "in the Alban grass"; as he looks down upon the Nemi lake—Diana's mirror, round and blue,—and upon the rich hollow where once the white temple stood, and the priest paced—

who slew the slayer
And shall himself be slain.

No cowering over damp logs to-day! Out into the woods and the olive-yards, where the violets purple the grass and the cyclamen are showing their sharp, pink heads; where the irises are unfolding beside the fading narcissus; where a grass more beautiful than northern flowers perfumes the air. There below the garden passes the Appian Way. Unseen, are you still there, poor ghosts—Horace, and Virgil, and Mæcenas? What! are you yet hurrying to Aricia and to Capua, scorning Pio Nono's bridge?—clinging to the old immortal road? Take our greetings and our news, dear poets! Soracte has shaken off her snow and basks in the sun: the little towns, hand-heaped upon the rocks, are so many gleaming jewels on the purple of the mountains. And this late, this alien race, these changed and far-off times are yours still—yours are our hearts. There, "like a cypress amid the pliant osiers," rises still from the Campagna your immortal, your imperial Rome. Strange is that great dome that overhangs her, strange the forms that throng her streets. But still through the ruins and resurrections, the ebb and flow of centuries, you live eternally, with the life that you foresaw. Still beyond the flight of time and the passage of the innumerable years, yours is the poet's place, and yours the Delphic crown!

Mary A. Ward.



Swan Electric Engraving Co.

MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE.
FROM A DRAWING BY LESLIE WARD.

the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are employed in the public sector has increased by 1.5 million, from 2.5 million in 1980 to 4 million in 1995. The public sector has become a major employer in the UK, and its growth has been a major factor in the overall growth of the economy.

The public sector has also become a major employer of women. In 1980, women made up 40% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 50%. This increase has been driven by a number of factors, including the growth of the public sector, the increasing participation of women in the workforce, and the increasing demand for public services.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people with disabilities. In 1980, people with disabilities made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase has been driven by a number of factors, including the growth of the public sector, the increasing participation of people with disabilities in the workforce, and the increasing demand for public services.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people from ethnic minorities. In 1980, people from ethnic minorities made up 2% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 5%. This increase has been driven by a number of factors, including the growth of the public sector, the increasing participation of people from ethnic minorities in the workforce, and the increasing demand for public services.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people who are over 50 years of age. In 1980, people over 50 years of age made up 10% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 15%. This increase has been driven by a number of factors, including the growth of the public sector, the increasing participation of people over 50 years of age in the workforce, and the increasing demand for public services.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people who are under 25 years of age. In 1980, people under 25 years of age made up 5% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 10%. This increase has been driven by a number of factors, including the growth of the public sector, the increasing participation of people under 25 years of age in the workforce, and the increasing demand for public services.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people who are over 65 years of age. In 1980, people over 65 years of age made up 5% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 10%. This increase has been driven by a number of factors, including the growth of the public sector, the increasing participation of people over 65 years of age in the workforce, and the increasing demand for public services.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people who are under 16 years of age. In 1980, people under 16 years of age made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 2%. This increase has been driven by a number of factors, including the growth of the public sector, the increasing participation of people under 16 years of age in the workforce, and the increasing demand for public services.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people who are over 75 years of age. In 1980, people over 75 years of age made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 2%. This increase has been driven by a number of factors, including the growth of the public sector, the increasing participation of people over 75 years of age in the workforce, and the increasing demand for public services.



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FROM A DRAWING BY E. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.

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WILLIAM WATSON.
From a Photograph by Fredk. Hollyer.

The Saint and the Satyr.

A MEDIÆVAL LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

SAINT ANTHONY the eremite,
He wandered in the wold,
And there he saw a hoofed wight
That blew his hands for cold.

"What dost thou here in misery,
That better far wert dead?"
The eremite Saint Anthony
Unto the Satyr said.

"Lorn in the wold," the thing replied,
"I sit and make my moan,
For all the gods I loved have died,
And I am left alone.

"Silent in Paphos Venus sleeps,
And Jove on Ida mute;
And every living creature weeps
Pan and his perished flute.

"The Faun, his laughing heart is broke,
The nymph, her fountain fails;
And driven from out the hollow oak,
The hamadryad wails.

"A God more beautiful than mine
Hath conquered mine, they say;
Ah, to that fair young God of thine,
For me, I pray thee, pray."

Saint Anthony the hermit
 He wandered in the world,
 And there he saw a hoofed wight
 That blew his hands for cold.

"What dost thou here in misery,
 That better far wert dead?"
 The hermit Saint Anthony
 Unto the Satyr said.

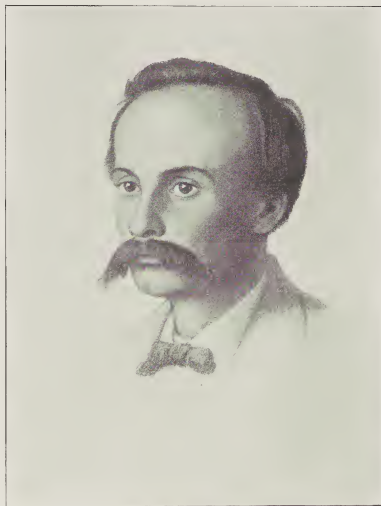
"Lone in the world", the thing replied,
 "I sit and make my moan,
 For all the gods I loved have died,
 And I am left alone."

"Silent in Paphos Venus sleeps,
 And Pome on Ida mute;
 And every living creature weeps
 Pan and his perished flute."

"The Faun, his laughing heart is broke,
 The nymph, her fountain fails;
 And driven from out the hollow oak
 The hamadryad wails."

A God more beautiful than mine
 Hath conquered mine, they say —
 Ah, to that fair young God of thine
 For me I pray thee pray."

William Watson



THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.
From a Painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

The Imp-tree. (The East Anglian Legend)

From "*Violet Vesper: A Romance.*"

BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

[An ancestor of Violet Vesper, Sir Hugh Vesper, the friend of King Richard the First, was smitten with love at first sight on seeing a bare-footed "singing-maiden," whose

"Soul was vowed to sing o' the cross."

He drew her from her vow and married her. Not long after the marriage, Sir Hugh was called out to the Crusades, but his wife's image was with him wheresoever he went. When he reached the East, he was drawn home by a prescientiment that some calamity had overtaken her. On reaching "Vesper Towers" he learnt that his wife had just died in child-bed, and was taken up to Heaven to "lie in the bosom of the Virgin Mary," according to the old superstition. On getting this news he fell down in a death-like swoon, and the vassals carried him into the castle and laid him on his bridal bed, from which he arose in the night and went and sat by the Mere she had loved. After having prayed in vain to the Virgin to restore his wife to him "for a day and a night," he appealed to every supernatural power, but none could aid him. Finally, he sent such an agonized cry of love to heaven that his wife was drawn from the Virgin's bosom, and came to earth and lived with him, giving birth to a child, and then left him at the end of a year and a day.]

PART I.

SO they laid his head on his bridal bed,
For Sir Hugh to take death alone.

"He is not dead," the vassals said—
"He is not dead, for, hark! his tread:"

At Matins Sir Hugh was gone.

They sought him east, and they sought him west :

He sat by the mere on a stone.

"Go," said Sir Hugh, "ere I slay you all :

Death I will take alone."

They said, as they fled, "He will sink with the sun,

E'en as the old saying goes :

'No Vesper can die till over the sky

The Vesper-hymn blooms like a rose.'"

He gazed in the mere at a head white and sere :

Quoth he : "Hath my hair grown hoar ?"

He clasped the rough hilt, but he dared not strike,

For the scars of his sins burnt sore.

Quoth he : "Shall I die by my very hand

And lose her evermore ?"

He saw the sun sink on heaven's gold brink,

And the Rose spreading over the West ;—

By the turrets and walls of the Virgin's halls,

In a gleaming kirtle dress'd,

He saw his bride with a babe by her side

Asleep on Our Lady's breast ;

So he knelt on the sod to the Mother of God :

"The heavens, O Mother, are thine !

But mine is she a-sleeping there ;

I know her brow and her shining hair,

And the lips so sweet and the neck so fair—

She is mine, O Mother, mine !

"Oh, give her back for a day and a night,

And I'll build thee a bonny kirk !

Oh, give her back for a day and a night,

And I'll kill thee many a Turk !

Oh, give her back for a day and a night—

She'll be safe with the garland o' birk."

He kissed the rough hilt : no sign, no sound

But the boom of the homing bee !

His heart waxed hard, and he sprang from the sward—

"The Virgin is deaf to me!—

"They sink, they sink behind the gold brink!—

Heaven's towers are a reeking pyre,

And eve draweth by, but I cannot die—

The Vesper-hymn blooms, but I cannot die!—

I cannot die, though night draweth nigh

With a star of mocking fire!"

Dark was the earth ; the stars came forth :
 The nightingale slept in the tree :
 "Gertrude, Gertrude," cried Sir Hugh,
 "Gertrude, come to me!"

At the mighty cry the deer leapt high,
 And the rooks cawed out o' the wood ;
 Then all was still but the echoing hill,
 Where the moon rose red as blood.

He slode a grain* of the Imp-tree green,
 Where the fairy mushrooms spring :
 "Oh, bring her back for a day and a night,
 Sweet folk o' the fairy ring !
 My soul shall fight in moonshine white
 To guard the fairy ring :
 A thousand years for a day and a night,
 The slave of the queen and king !"

He crossed a grain o' the Imp-tree green
 With a grain o' the "Virgin's Tree,"
 And he spake the spell for heav'n or hell
 Of the wood-fiend's graminarye.†

"The scared moon's fled ; corpse-lights are shed
 From leaves like fingers dire ;
 The wood-things moan ; the cattle groan
 A-dreaming in the byre.
 What sight of bale is this I see ?
 A man it seems—this dark Imp-tree,
 Or fiend with eyes of fire.

PART II.

Sir Hugh :

"Oh, bring her back for a day and a night !"

The Imp-tree :

"Nay, One doth guard her well."

Sir Hugh :

"Oh, bring her back for a day and a night !"

The Imp-tree :

"What hath thy soul to sell ?
 What wilt thou give for a day and a night ?"

Sir Hugh :

"A thousand years in hell."

* Grain = forked branchlet.

† Grammar = ewizardry.

THE IMP-TREE.

The Imp-tree :

"But she thy bride in a place doth bide,
Where Psalms make such a din
No human word may there be heard."

Sir Hugh :

"May no cry enter in?"

The Imp-tree :

"Yea, one sole cry can pierce the sky
When two fond souls are kin."

Sir Hugh :

"Oh, say, what cry may pierce the sky
When two fond souls are kin"

The Imp-tree :

"The cry of the soul that sins, for love,
The unpardonable sin."

Sir Hugh :

"Oh, say, what word can there be heard?"

The Imp-tree :

"Thy soul doth know it well :
Say after me, the Wood-fiend's tree,
The word that speaks the spell."

Chesore Watts Dunton

*He saw the sun sink on heaven's gold brink,
And the Rose spreading over the West, -
By the turrets and walls of the Virgin's Halls,
In a shining kirtle dress'd,
He saw his bride with a babe by her side
Asleep on Our Lady's breast*

The Silent Sisters.

By I. ZANGWILL.



HEY had quarrelled in girlhood, and mutually declared their intention never to speak to each other again, wetting and drying their forefingers to the accompaniment of an ancient childish incantation, and while they lived on the paternal farm they kept their foolish oath with the stubbornness of a slow country stock, despite the alternate coaxing and chastisement of their parents, notwithstanding the perpetual every-day contact of their lives, through every vicissitude of season and weather, of sowing and reaping, of sun and shade, of joy and sorrow.

Death and misfortune did not reconcile them, and when their father died, and the old farm was sold up, they travelled to London in the same silence, by the same train, in search of similar situations. Service separated them for years, though there was only a stone's throw between them. They often stared at each other in the streets.

Honor, the elder, married a local artisan, and two and a-half years later Mercy, the younger, married a fellow-workman of Honor's husband. The two husbands were friends and often visited each other's houses, which were on opposite sides of the same sordid street, and the wives made them welcome. Neither Honor nor Mercy suffered an allusion to their breach; it was understood that their silence must be received in silence. Each of the sisters had a goodly quiverful of children, who played and quarrelled together in the streets and in one another's houses, but not even the street affrays and mutual grievances of the children could provoke the mothers to words. They stood at their doors in impotent fury, almost bursting with the torture of keeping their mouths shut against the effervescence of angry speech. When either lost a child the other watched the funeral from her window, dumb as the mutes.

The years rolled on, and still the river of silence flowed between their lives. Their good looks faded; the burden of life and child-bearing was heavy upon them. Grey hairs streaked their brown tresses, then brown hairs streaked their grey tresses. The puckers of age replaced the dimples of youth. The years rolled on and death grew busy among the families. Honor's husband died, and Mercy lost a son, who died a week after his wife. Cholera took several of the younger children. But the sisters themselves lived on, bent and shrivelled by toil and sorrow, even more than by the slow frost of the years.

Then one day Mercy took to her death-bed. An internal disease, too long neglected, would carry her off within a week. So the doctor told Jim, Mercy's husband.

Through him the news travelled to Honor's eldest son, who still lived with her. By the evening it reached Honor.

She went upstairs abruptly when her son told her, leaving him wondering at her stony aspect. When she came down she was bonneted and shawled. He was filled with joyous amaze to see her hobble across the street and, for the first time in her life, pass over her sister Mercy's threshold.

As Honor entered the sick room, with pursed lips, a light leaped into the wasted, wrinkled countenance of the dying creature. She raised herself slightly in bed, her lips parted, then shut tightly and her face darkened.

Honor turned angrily to Mercy's husband, who hung about impotently. "Why did you let her run down so low?" she said.

"I didn't know," the old man stammered, taken aback by her presence even more than by her question. "She was always a woman to say nothin'."



I. ZANGWILL.

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Honor put him impatiently aside and examined the medicine-bottle on the bedside table.

"Isn't it time she took her dose?"

"I dessay."

Honor snorted wrathfully. "What's the use of a man?" she inquired, as she carefully measured out the fluid and put it tightly to her sister's lips, which opened to receive it and then closed again.

"How is your wife feeling now?" Honor asked after a pause.

"How are you now, Mercy?" asked the old man awkwardly.

The old woman shook her head. "I'm a-goin' fast, Jim," she grumbled weakly, while a tear of self-pity trickled down her parchment check.

"What rubbish she do talk!" cried Honor sharply. "Why d'y'e stand there like a tailor's dummy? Why don't you tell her to cheer up?"

"Cheer up, Mercy," quavered the old man hoarsely.

But Mercy groaned instead and turned fretfully on her other side, with her face to the wall. "I'm too old; I'm too old," she moaned; "this is the end o' me."

"Did you ever hear the like?" Honor asked Jim angrily, as she smoothed his wife's pillow.

"She was always conceited about her age, settin' herself up as the equals of her elders, and here am I, her elder sister, as carried her in my arms when I was five and she was two, still hale and strong, and with no mind for underground for many a day. Nigh three times her age I was once, mind you, and now she has the impudence to talk of dyin' before me."

She took off her bonnet and shawl. "Send one o' the kids to tell my boy I'm staying here," she said, "and then you just get 'em all to bed—there's too much noise about the house."

The children, who were orphaned grandchildren of the dying woman, were sent to bed, and then Jim himself was packed off to refresh himself for the next day's labours, for the poor old fellow still doddered about the workshop.

The silence of the sick room spread over the whole house. About ten o'clock the doctor came again and instructed Honor how to alleviate the patient's last hours. All night long she sat watching her dying sister, hand and eye alert to anticipate every wish. No word broke the awful stillness.

The first thing in the morning Mercy's married daughter, the only child of hers living in London, arrived to nurse her mother. But Honor indignantly refused to be dispossessed.

"A nice daughter you are," she said, "to let your mother lay a day and a night without sight o' your face."

"I had to look after the good man and the little uns," the daughter pleaded.

"Then what do you mean by desertin' them now?" the irate old woman retorted. "First you deserts your mother, and then your husband and children. You must go back to them as needs your care. I carried your mother in my arms before you was born, and if she wants anybody else to look after her now, let her just tell me so and I'll be off."

She looked defiantly at the yellow, dried-up creature in the bed. Mercy's withered lips twitched, but no sound came from them. Jim, strung up by the situation, took the word.

"You can't do no good up here, the doctor says. You might look after the kids downstairs a bit, when you can spare an hour, and I've got to go to the shop. I'll send you a telegram if there's a change," he whispered to the daughter; and she, not wholly discontented to return to her living interests, kissed her mother, lingered a little, and then stole quietly away.

All that day the old women remained together in solemn silence, broken only by the doctor's visit. He reported that Mercy might last a couple of days more. In the evening Jim replaced his sister-in-law, who slept perforce. At midnight she reappeared and sent him to bed. The sufferer tossed about restlessly. At half-past two she awoke, and Honor fed her with some broth, as she would have fed a baby. Mercy, indeed, looked scarcely bigger than an infant, and Honor only had the advantage of her by being puffed out with clothes. A church clock in the distance struck three. Then the silence fell deeper. The watcher drowsed. The lamp flickered, tossing her shadow about the walls as if she, too, were turning feverishly from side to side. A strange ticking made itself heard in the wainscoting. Mercy sat up with a scream of terror. "Jim!" she shrieked, "Jim!"

Honor started up, opened her mouth to cry "Hush!" then checked herself, suddenly frozen.

"Jim!" cried the dying creature, "listen. Is that the death-spider?"

Honor listened, her blood curdling. Then she went towards the door and opened it. "Jim," she said, in low tones, speaking in make-believe towards the landing, "tell her it's nuthin'; it's only a mouse. She was always a nervous little thing." And she closed the door softly, and pressing her trembling sister tenderly back on the pillow, tucked her up snugly in the blanket.

Next morning when Jim was really present, the patient begged pathetically to have a grandchild with her in the room, day and night. "Don't leave me alone again," she quavered, "don't leave me alone with not a soul to talk to." Honor winced, but said nothing.

The youngest child, who did not have to go to school, was brought—a pretty little boy with brown curls, which the sun, streaming through the panes, turned to gold. The morning passed slowly. About noon Mercy took the child's hand and smoothed his curls.

"My sister Honor had golden curls like that," she whispered.

"They were in the family, Bobby," Honor answered. "Your granny had them, too, when she was a girl."

There was a long pause. Mercy's eyes were half-glazed. But her vision was inward now.

"The mignonette will be growin' in the gardens, Bobby," she murmured.

"Yes, and the heart's-ease," said Honor softly. "We lived in the country, you know, Bobby."

"There is flowers in the country," Bobby declared gravely.

"Yes, and trees," said Honor. "I wonder if your granny remembers when we were larrupped for stealin' apples?"

"Ay, that I do, Bobby, he, he!" croaked the dying creature, with a burst of enthusiasm. "We was a pair o' tomboys. The varmer he ran after us crying 'Ye! ye!' but we wouldn't take no gar. He, he, he!"

Honor wept at the laughter. The native idiom, unheard for half a century, made her face shine under the tears. "Don't let your granny excite herself, Bobby. Let me give her drink." She moved the boy aside, and Mercy's lips automatically opened to the draught.

"Tom was wi' us, Bobby," she gurgled, still vibrating with amusement, "and he tumbled over on the heather. He, he!"

"Tom is dead this forty year, Bobby," whispered Honor.

Mercy's head fell back, and an expression of supreme exhaustion came over the face. The doctor was sent for. Half an hour passed without him. Bobby was called down to the mid-day meal. The sisters were alone. Suddenly Mercy sat up with a jerk.

"It be growin' dark, Tom," she said hoarsely; "baint it time to call the cattle home from the ma'shes?"

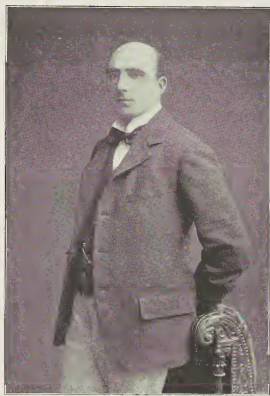
"She's talkin' rubbidge again," said Honor chokingly. "Tell her she's in London, Bobby."

A wave of intelligence traversed the fallow face. Still sitting up, Mercy bent towards the side of the bed. "Ah, is Honor still there, Bobby? Kiss me—Bobby." Her hands groped blindly. Honor bent down and the old women's withered lips met.

And in that kiss Mercy passed away into the greater Silence.

T. Zanquill

They had quarreled in girlhood, & mutually declared their intention never to speak to each other again, wetting & drying their forefingers to the accompaniment of an ancient childish incantation



ARTHUR W. PINERO.
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

63, HAMILTON TERRACE,
N.W.

16th May 1899.

My dear Bee.

I feel awfully guilty
and ashamed. A long time
ago I promised to write you
"a little something" for your
album, and here I am -
a defaulter. Oh, those
promises - how freely granted,
when the hour of performance
appears remote! how many
do we break of those that
are made to others, and -
sadder still, how many
do we break that are

Y.

made, in intervals of good
resolution, to ourselves!

However, I really believe
I could, and would, have
perpetrated that "little
something" if you had not,
in answer to my recent
enquiry as to the least
that would satisfy you, so
explicitly demanded a
thousand words. A
thousand words! The mere
prospect of counting them,
to be sure that they were
not, say, only nine
hundred and ninety nine,
was sufficiently appalling

2.

to a tired man.

Yes, I am very tired, and
am packing-up to go to
Germany - the place where
the trees come from; and
so instead of ~~sending~~ a
thousand words I can but
offer you a thousand regrets,
sending you at the same
moment a thousand good
wishes for the success of
your charitable undertaking
and a thousand other messages
of friendliness and goodwill.

Believe me

Yours always, truly

Arthur W. Pinero.

3.



W. L. COURTNEY.
From a Photograph by Maull & Fox.

The Tyranny of Circumstance.

IN A HOSPITAL.

By W. L. COURTNEY.

Vain is the strife. Thou never canst be free -
 Poor captive whom the heavy bands of Fate
 Closing in narrower rounds, incarcerate
 Within the prison-house of Destiny' -
 Fate of thy parents' blood, too strong for thee,
 Fate of thy acts repulses of too late
 Fate born of joy and grief and love & hate,
 Doomed long ago to this catastrophe'
 Oh Fate, we weave thee round our pitious lives
 With our own hands, our foolish hands & light,
 Not dreaming that the links are iron gyres
 Forged to decimate us in our hearts' despite.
 In every triumph, in each new mischance
 Is heard the tinkers march of Circumstance'

Meadowsweet.

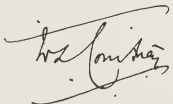
A MEMORY OF THE RIVER CHERWELL, OXFORD.

By W. L. COURTNEY.

IN summer fields the meadowsweet
Winds its white bloom around the feet
Of those who pass in love or play
The golden hours of holiday :
Where heart to answering heart can beat,
There grows the simple meadowsweet.

Deep-bosomed in some cool retreat
The long reed-grasses nod and greet
The stream that murmurs as it goes
Songs of forget-me-not and rose :
The filmy haze of noontide heat
Is faint with scents of meadowsweet.

Ah, love, do *you* know meadowsweet ?
Does some pale ghost of passion fleet
Adown the dreary lapse of years,
So void of love, so full of tears ?—
Some ancient, far-off echo greet
The name, the thought, of meadowsweet ?

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'W. L. Courtney', with a stylized flourish extending from the end.

British Sport, 1799-1899.

BY THE HONBLE. FRANCIS LAWLEY.



HAVE been asked within the narrow compass of a few thousand words to trace in outline an "exhaustive" sketch of "British sport" as it flourished during the last hundred years. At the very outset let me premise that what Shakespeare calls

"The happy prologues to the swelling act
Of this imperial theme" *

have already summoned into being millions upon millions of books and articles in magazines and newspapers, written by thousands of different hands during the sixty-two years which cover and embrace Her Majesty's long and prosperous reign. It is not easy, therefore, seriously to embark upon a task so gigantic that it is but too likely under my or any other hand to resemble

"Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle,
Began and broke off in the middle." †

Perhaps I had better start by following the example of Mr. Joseph Strutt, who, in 1801, published the first edition of his famous book, "The Sports and Pastimes of the People of England." In his opening chapter he tells us that, "in order to form a just estimation of the character of any particular nation it is absolutely necessary to investigate the sports and pastimes most generally prevalent among them, seeing that war, policy, and other contingent circumstances may effectually place men at different times in different points of view; but when we follow them into their retirements, where no disguise is necessary, we see them in their true proportions and can best judge of their natural disposition." Mr. Strutt then proceeds to divide sports from pastimes, among the first being included hunting, "which means the pursuit of wolves and lesser game, both furred and feathered, on foot or on horseback, with crossbow or longbow, with catapult or arrow."

Next to hunting comes horse-racing, which is now, beyond all doubt, our favourite national sport. Thirdly, we come to stag-hunting, fox-hunting, and hare-hunting, in which all three quarries are hunted with dogs, ambitious and eager to excel each other; as, for example, in the Waterloo Cup, competed for annually upon the exposed and wind-swept plains of Altcar, near Liverpool. Last in succession comes the Rod, of which Isaac Walton is the chief apostle and sweetest interpreter. To the above-named four species of sport I shall therefore confine myself in the article which I am now commencing. Cricket, football, tennis, polo, fives, rackets, baseball, billiards, curling and golf I shall pass by without further notice, as they are games rather than sports. In this way alone can I hope to find space and verge enough to descant, however superficially, upon the Chase, the Turf, the Gun, and the Rod.

I.—SHOOTING.

This, in its primitive form, is the oldest of our sports. At this late stage of man's existence—the end of the nineteenth century—it is easy to imagine what shooting must have been when the catapult, the crossbow, the arquebuse and the longbow were the sole, or at any rate the chief, weapons of slaughter. Throughout the whole of George III.'s protracted reign shooting and deer-stalking were pursued with gun and rifle, in both of which the powder was ignited by flint and steel locks. It should never be forgotten that the Peninsular and post-Peninsular victories of the Duke of Wellington, such as Albuera and Salamanca, Vittoria and Orthes, Toulouse and Waterloo, and also all Nelson's sea triumphs, were gained by soldiers and sailors armed with flint-lock muskets.

It was in April, 1807, that the Rev. John Forsythe first patented the percussion principle of igniting gunpowder in muskets by detonating

* *Macheth*, i. 3.

† Argument to First Canto of Butler's "Hudibras."



THE HONBLE. FRANCIS LAWLEY.

caps. So deeply rooted, however, was conservatism in the breasts of Englishmen of all classes, that in 1822—fifteen years after the introduction of the copper cap—Colonel Peter Hawker (perhaps the greatest authority upon gunning that ever put pen to paper) emphatically declared that he preferred a flint-lock duck-gun to one fired by percussion caps.

Even in this hasty *aperçu* I must not omit to mention that about a hundred years ago duelling with flint-lock pistols was all the rage among leaders of fashion of both sexes. At this moment I have before me the first and only volume of "The Carlton House Magazine," published on January 1st, 1792. It was dedicated to George Prince of Wales (then thirty years old), who is ironically described as "A Lover and Encourager of Science; A Prince of the most Engaging Manners and the most Benevolent Disposition." The "Carlton House Magazine" had but a short life, as it died in the year of its birth. From its page let me cull this excerpt—attributed by some to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, but more probably from the pen of Charles Pigott, a well-known satirical writer who hated George Prince of Wales; as he showed in his scurrilous work, "The Jockey Club; or, A Sketch of the Manners of the Age," published in 1792.

"TWO PETTICOATED DEULLISTS."

"Duelling has lately become so fashionable among gentlemen that ladies fond of adopting masculine exercises and manners are now beginning to have their *rencontres*. Thus Lady Almeria Braddock and Mrs. Elphinstone had, not long since, an affair of honour in Hyde Park, first with pistols and then with swords. The fair combatants and their seconds agreed upon the distance (ten paces) at which they were to meet, and both let fly at the same instant. Lady Almeria's hat was pierced, but the bullet from her pistol did no execution. The seconds then proposed a reconciliation, but Lady A. would not agree to this proposal unless her opponent apologised for impugning her veracity. This Mrs. E. peremptorily refused to do, and promptly drew her sword. The noble lady instantly did the same, and hostilities recommenced. After a sharp encounter Lady A. slightly wounded her antagonist in the forearm. The seconds again interposed, and at last the quarrel was satisfactorily adjusted."

Then follows the most amusing bit of the narrative—the "imaginary conversation"—"—more curious and racy than any of those masterpieces penned by Walter Savage Landor—out of which the duel sprang:

Lady A. You are quite a stranger, Mrs. E.! Ages have passed since you *honoured* me by a visit.

Mrs. E. Your ladyship would be troubled by me much oftener were it not that I fear you might regard my visits as intrusions, though I am well aware that no one can be with your ladyship for an hour without acquiring wisdom.

Lady A. Such a compliment from you, my dear Mrs. E., is indeed enough to turn my head.

Mrs. E. Eulogy cannot speak too highly of your ladyship's merits. You are known to be perfectly well acquainted with French and Italian, and your taste for music is invariably allowed. Better still, you *have been* a very beautiful woman.

Lady A. *Have been!* Mrs. Elphinstone, I don't comprehend you.

Mrs. E. Even now, you have a very fine autumnal face, although the lilies and roses are somewhat faded. Forty years ago, however, a young spark would hardly have looked at you with impunity.

Lady A. Forty years ago! Is the woman mad? Thirty-two years ago I did not exist!

Mrs. E. Then Collins' "British Peerage" must indeed be mendacious, for he says you were born April 1st, 1732.

Lady A. Collins is a most infamous liar! Not one syllable in his six volumes can be relied on.

Mrs. E. Pardon me for supposing him right as to your ladyship's age, but he is wicked enough to insinuate that you are actually in your sixty-first year, and will have it that your appearance corresponds with your age. As for myself, I *know* you to be entering your fourth score.

Lady A. What! I, who am scarcely turned of thirty?

Mrs. E. Oh, heavens! What a whopper!

Lady A. [*Rising.*] This is not to be borne! You have given me the lie direct! You shall hear from me without fail to-morrow morning!

Mrs. E. [*With flashing eyes.*] Name your weapons, madam, at once! Swords or pistols?

Lady A. Both! Both!

[*Exeunt—one right, the other left.*]

Whether this duel ever came off or not I leave it to my readers to determine. Be that as it may, the narrative proves that women in 1792 were what their sweet successors are in 1899, and, bless their hearts! will for ever remain. One further fact is undeniable—that if the duel was ever fought it must have been fought with flint and steel pistols: the weapon that Aaron Burr used when he killed Alexander Hamilton at Hoboken, New Jersey, in 1804; that William Pitt used when he met Tierney at Wimbledon in 1796; that Lord Castlereagh wounded Mr. Canning with at Putney in 1809; that Daniel O'Connell killed D'Esterre with at Dublin in 1815. The list of victims might be stretched out

to the crack of doom; but fortunately when the breech-loader and the pin cartridge had replaced the flint and steel, duelling had gone out of fashion.

The last memorable duel in England was fought with the new weapons in 1842, when Lieutenant Munroe killed his brother-in-law, Colonel Fawcett. Then at the instance of the Prince Consort, "Amended Articles of War" were published in 1844, forbidding duelling in the British Army. Strangely enough the Emperor of Germany (grandson of Prince Albert) is strenuously striving at this moment to introduce this same reform into the German Army. Before he succeeds, however, it will not surprise me if he finds that (in American parlance) "he has cut off more than he can chew."

I have not space to enlarge upon the additional powers that Messrs. Purdey, Grant, Westley-Richards, Lancaster, Rigby, and many other successors of "Joe Manton" have conferred upon modern gunners by putting into their hands the superb breechloaders, with all that is wanted to feed them, which enabled Lord de Grey, Lord Walsingham, Sir Frederick Milbank, Mr. Archibald Stuart Wortley and others to make bags of such magnitude that Squire Osbaldeston and Captain Horatio Ross would have been staggered and confounded by them. Obviously it would be utterly impossible for me to describe exhaustively what breechloaders have also done for soldiers, sailors and artillerymen all over the world had I ten thousand pages at my command instead of less than ten. One final wail I must indulge in before closing my remarks on shooting—a wail of profound regret that the big game formerly found in vast abundance near the "Rockies" should have disappeared. If some of my readers will turn to that delightful and instructive book, Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohmann's "Camps in the Rockies" (published in 1882), "Being an Account of Life on the Frontier, and Sport in the Rocky Mountains, with an Account of the Cattle Ranches of the West," they will see what "Life on the Frontier" meant a quarter of a century ago. "Whatever," says Mr. Grohmann, "may be the demerits of the Far West in the eyes of some, the amazingly inspiring qualities of the atmosphere of the Highlands beyond the Missouri can be denied by none. Dry and sparkling as none other on the globe, the air seems composed, not of one-fifth, but of five-fifths of oxygen. As your city-worn lungs inhale it, fresh life is infused into your being, for it is air that has never been breathed before."

Then follows a graphic description of a rich Englishman (called by frontiersmen a "top-shelfer") and of the English servants who accompany him to the Plains. His outfit is needlessly lumbered with a lot of useless and costly "ornaments," as "Texas Jack" or "Buffalo Bill" contemptuously dub them. The top-shelfer hires a Western guide, who gets a big commission from every store-keeper and whisky dealer with whom his master trades. The English party spends from ten pounds to fifteen pounds every day, and never gets a shot at a grizzly (who is always dubbed "Nicholas" in those parts) and returns home with purse emptied, but having, as a solatium, laid in a magnificent stock of health.

Such was the state of affairs a few years since; but civilization and trans-continental railways have extirpated the red man and the big game on which he fed. I cannot better express the feelings of the idle vagabonds and loafers who lived on the English "top-shelfer" and the English "tenderfoot," than by giving space to the following lay, which speaks for itself:

AN OLD-TIME SPORT'S LAMENT.

From "THE DENVER POST."

There ain't no wild West any more, the country's gone to wreck,
The good ol' times of long ago have had to skip the deck;
The "march o' progress," as it's called, has come a-trampin' in
An' flung the pious banners from the citadels o' sin.
The Gospel's knocked the gambler out, likewise the ready gun,
The Bible an' the Prayer Book have put the clamps on fun,
The organ of the Christian Church has swiped the winnin' cards,
An' down'd the fiddle notes to which we used to swing our pards.

The hostile red men are no more, their yells no longer tear
The fringes from the feathery wings of the astonished air:
Their snaky eyes no longer gleam with eagerness to twine
Their fingers in our h'ar as in the days of ol' lang syne.
Around the reservations now they loaf an' take their ease,
Their bronze legs hid in paleface-pants quite baggy at the knees;
They while the happy hours away in frequent lazy naps,
An' keep their cash in motion playin' poke or shootin' craps.

The tenderfoot now strolls about no longer fearing that
Lead protests hot from smokin' guns may ventilate his hat
For usin' water on the side to make his whisky set,
In violation of the rules of border etiquette.
It's come to sich a painful pass that men in tailor clothes
Are held in jes' as high esteem an' full respect as those
That wear wool shirts an' canvas duds, with pistols on the side;
I swear it nearly breaks my heart! knocks out my honest pride!

The courts o' law have downed the rope, Judge Lynch has taken legs
 An' left the field to starchy chumps with heads like ostrich eggs,
 An' if a feller pulls his gun an' downs another gent,
 It costs a pile o' cash to square the trivial event.
 An' jes' to think! a funeral is now put up to be
 A sad an' serious affair, while in the ol' days we
 Would chuck his lateness underground without a sigh or sob,
 An' leave him there to rest in peace while holdin' down his job.
 It makes me sore to gaze upon the ruin of a land
 That once in makin' life a joy could play a winnin' hand;
 To see pale tenderfeet come in with cranky Eastern views
 Of mixin' fancy bitters with the purity of booze.
 I feel as lost an' out o' place an' short o' nerry sand
 As any painted Injun would up in the Promised Land!
 An' I would hit the trail, but where in thunder could I go,
 Since all the West is ruined by this progress-circus show?

II.—FOX-HUNTING AND STAG-HUNTING.

Of all British sports there is none more threatened and envired by perils than the grand old sport of fox-hunting, of which the late Mr. Egerton Warburton, of Arley Park, near Northwich, was long the Laureate, and Major Whyte-Melville and Mr. Bromley-Davenport, M.P., the most strenuous supporters in rhyme. It might seem absurd to speak of a sport as decadent when, according to Mr. Harry A. Sargent (one of the most intelligent writers that Ireland, the most sporting of the three kingdoms, has produced), the enormous sum of twelve million pounds sterling is permanently invested in fox-hunting appliances, such as hounds, horses, kennels, stables, vans, houses for hunt servants and hunting men, and many other items of a like kind; and when, furthermore, six million pounds are annually spent upon the pursuit of the fox. If, however, the continued existence of this magnificent sport is threatened, the reasons are not far to seek. Mr. Sargent himself admits with sorrow that the aristocracy of commerce grows richer and increases its numbers every year, while the aristocracy of birth is rapidly declining both in opulence and influence. But the *nouveaux riches* are far inferior as sportsmen to the *ancien régime*. This is obviously one of the dangers that threaten fox-hunting, for a sport without good sportsmen is a house divided against itself. Secondly, the multitudinous fields assembled at popular meets grow larger and more unruly every year, while the expense of keeping hounds and paying for their own amusement is too often shirked by rich urban riders, who come down with their horses by train, and selfishly ignore "the cap" when it is sent round. That is a second danger. Thirdly, modern farmers are poorer than their fathers were, and in turn their sons will, according to present appearances, be poorer than their predecessors were. Finding it difficult under any circumstances to make ends meet, Farmer Giles loses heart and patience when he sees his young wheat, his mangolds or his turnips ruined by "galloping snobs." That is a third danger; for Farmer Giles and his congeners, who constitute the backbone of fox-hunting, are gradually beginning, from self-interest, to tolerate that unholy thing, barbed wire, which, in the eyes of farmers, has three undoubted advantages: first, it is cheap; secondly, it is durable and prevents hedges being trampled down by horses and cattle; thirdly, it is a holy terror to "galloping snobs," who come down like "carpet-baggers" with their horses from some great manufacturing city and return thither as they came. In short, the greatest menace to fox-hunting is—barbed wire; and so the late Duke of Beaufort and the venerable Earl of Macclesfield, who devoted long lives to fox-hunting, both thought and said.

III.—THE TURF.

Nothing is more tempting to one who approaches such a subject as "Horse-racing during the last hundred years" than to dwell, however briefly, upon some of the most eminent men who have found in Turf pursuits the recreation which is so necessary for the hard-working and the responsibility laden. Upon one, and only one, hero of the racecourse shall I pause, because he is to my thinking the most interesting statesman that ever gave himself up, body and soul, to a sport which he thoroughly understood. I am speaking of Sidney Earl of Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer of England, who was the third son of an ancient and by no means opulent Cornish family. Loyal, like all of his race, to the King, Godolphin entered early into the service of King Charles II., who used to say of him that "Sidney Godolphin is never in the way or out of the way." Perhaps Godolphin is better described in one of Alexander Pope's "Moral Essays" than by anything I could say about him. Here are Pope's well-known lines:

"Who would not praise Patritio's high desert,
 His hand unstained, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head! all interests weighed,
 All Europe saved, yet Britain not betrayed.
 He thanks you not—his pride is in Piquet,
 Newmarket fame, and judgment at a Bet."

Lord Godolphin served under four English monarchs (Charles II., James II., William III. and Queen Anne), and dying in 1712 was interred in Westminster Abbey. It was from Queen Anne that in 1706 he received his Peerage under the title of Earl of Godolphin, in recognition of the undoubted fact that his management of the Exchequer from 1690 to 1712 had no slight influence upon the success of the great Duke of Marlborough's arms. The following extract from Dr. J. Hill Burton's "Reign of Queen Anne" and from Bishop Burnet will serve to show that Sidney Godolphin was the ablest statesmen and also the most sagacious owner of horses that ever presided at the Treasury and heard his silk racing-jacket whistle in the breeze:

"With such an army in his hands, with his kinsman Godolphin at the Treasury supplying all its needs and punctually paying subsidies to needy and greedy allies, Marlborough went forth with materials to guide and control the greatest game played in Europe since Charlemagne. And he was the man to do it, for he was as supreme at the council table as in the field."

The character of Godolphin is given by many contemporary writers, who, irrespective of politics, uniformly agreed in believing that his integrity was equal to his sagacity, and that neither could be exceeded. At Newmarket such was his "judgment at a bet" that few men would have opposed it had he wagered in large sums. This was far from being the case, for after having been in office for more than thirty years, and famous for his sagacity as a betting man, he had only added £4,000 to his estate when he died in 1712. How correctly he read men, women and horses was still a Newmarket tradition when I first struck the little town in Cambridgeshire in 1849. All these words have I expended upon Godolphin, because I believe him to have been able than any of the many other Cabinet Ministers who have owned race-horses during the last two centuries.

It is not a little remarkable that two of the most conspicuous racing men of the present century—General Jonathan Peel and the fourteenth Earl of Derby, K.G.—both saw the light for the first time in 1799, the year when my survey of the Turf opens. It seems to me a waste of time to enter into long discussions of the pedigrees of race-horses and of strains of blood, when my space is not sufficient to recapitulate even the names of the men who owned them. Without mentioning Royalties, here are some of the names of patrons of horse-racing during the Queen's reign:—

- I.—Viscount Palmerston, M.P. (Premier).
- II.—Lord George Cavendish Bentinck, M.P. (never held high office, but had his life been spared, would certainly have risen to the very highest rank as a statesman, and not improbably might have been Prime Minister).
- III.—The first Marquis of Normandy, the Earl of Mayo, and the third Earl of Eglinton (all of them Viceroy of Ireland).
- IV.—Mr. Sidney Herbert, whose Christian name descends to him from Sir Philip Sidney, a statesman and warrior who was as pure in heart as his distinguished ancestor, who, when mortally wounded at the Battle of Zülpfen, refused to quench his dying thirst because the water offered to him was wanted by a wounded soldier hard by, "whose need was greater than that of Sir Philip."
- V.—General Peel, M.P. (Secretary of State for War).
- VI.—Earl of Derby, K.G. (thrice Prime Minister).
- VII.—Marquis of Ailesbury (Master of the Horse).
- VIII.—Sir William H. Gregory, M.P. (Governor of Ceylon⁴).
- IX.—Lord Rosmead (Governor of many Colonies).
- X.—Lord Randolph S. Churchill, M.P. (Chancellor of the Exchequer).
- XI.—Hon. General Geo. Anson, M.P. (Clerk of the Ordnance and Commander-in-Chief in India).
- XII.—Admiral the Hon. Henry Rous, M.P. (Secretary to the Admiralty).
- XIII.—Fifth Duke of Richmond, K.G. (Postmaster-General).
- XIV.—First Earl of Lichfield (Postmaster-General).
- XV.—Second Sir Robert Peel, M.P. (Secretary for Ireland).
- XVI.—Duke of Devonshire, K.G. (Secretary for War).
- XVII.—Marquis Spencer, K.G. (Viceroy of Ireland).
- XVIII.—Earl Granville, K.G. (Secretary for Foreign Affairs).
- XIX.—Baron Martin (Judge).
- XX.—The Earl of Rosebery, K.G. (Prime Minister).
- XXI.—Duke of Beaufort K.G. (Master of the Horse).
- XXII.—The Duke of Portland, K.G. (Master of the Horse).
- XXIII.—The Duke of Westminster, K.G. (Master of the Horse).
- XXIV.—Marquis of Queensberry (Steward of the Household).
- XXV.—Earl of Coventry (Master of the Buckhounds).

- XXVI.—Second and third Earls of Strafford (Secretaries to the Treasury and Poor Law Board).
 XXVII.—Earl Cadogan (Viceroy of Ireland).
 XXVIII.—Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P. (Agricultural Board).
 XXIX.—Earl of Cork and Orrery (Master of the Buckhounds).
 XXX.—Earl of Crewe (Viceroy of Ireland).
 XXXI.—Earl of Dunraven, K.P. (Under Colonial Secretary).
 XXXII.—Earl of Hardwick (Master of Buckhounds).
 XXXIII.—Marquis of Londonderry (Viceroy of Ireland).
 XXXIV.—Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P. (Secretary for Ireland).
 XXXV.—Marquis of Zetland (Viceroy of Ireland).
 XXXVI.—Marquis of Anglesey (Viceroy of Ireland).
 XXXVII.—Sir James Graham, Bart., M.P. (Home Secretary).
 XXXVIII.—Mr. Charles Cavendish Greville (Clerk of the Council).

From this list I have doubtless omitted many names of officials who owned and ran horses on the Turf since Her Majesty ascended the throne in 1837. Enough, however, has been said to show that during the present century "Sport and Statesmanship" ran hand in hand as harmoniously as they did during its two predecessors. Is there any valid reason why a Premier or a Cabinet Minister should be condemned by his brother men because, like the austere Lord Protector Cromwell, he bred, owned and took pleasure in keeping "running horses"? I confess that I can see none; especially as the value of the public money offered for competition is now so large that few of the richest and most influential of our modern owners of race-horses ever bet at all. Never in my opinion was there a time when the so-called "rascality of the Turf" was confined within narrower limits than at the close of the expiring century.

THE ROD.

I may dismiss the great and widely popular sport of fishing in a few words. My own knowledge of fishing is principally confined to drawing speckled trout out of streams running down from the "Rockies," in the Far West of the United States, about forty years since. Well do I remember how delicious was the pink flesh of those dainty little fish eaten with that best of sauce, a keen appetite, and with all the cares of civilization and the "settlements" left hundreds upon hundreds of miles to the rear. As regards English fishing, I may refer my readers to old Isaac Walton, whose pages are still as fresh, and will ever so remain, as those of "Pepy's Diary," or of "Evelyn's Silva." The late Mr. George Peabody (the American philanthropist) used to aver that there was no river in which the salmon could compare with those caught in the upper waters of the Irish Shannon. On the other hand, the present Earl of March gives the palm to those caught in his father's—the Duke of Richmond and Gordon—Spey Water at Fochabers. Again, the Severn, the Swale, Yorkshire Ouse and Derwent, the Test and other Hampshire streams have also their ardent votaries and admirers. I hear that members of the Broxbourne Fishing Club break, moreover, many a spear with members of its rival at Farningham. Here, then, I must bid them and my other readers a hearty farewell, closing with the final remark:

NON NOSTRUM INTER VOS TANTAS COMPONERE LITES.

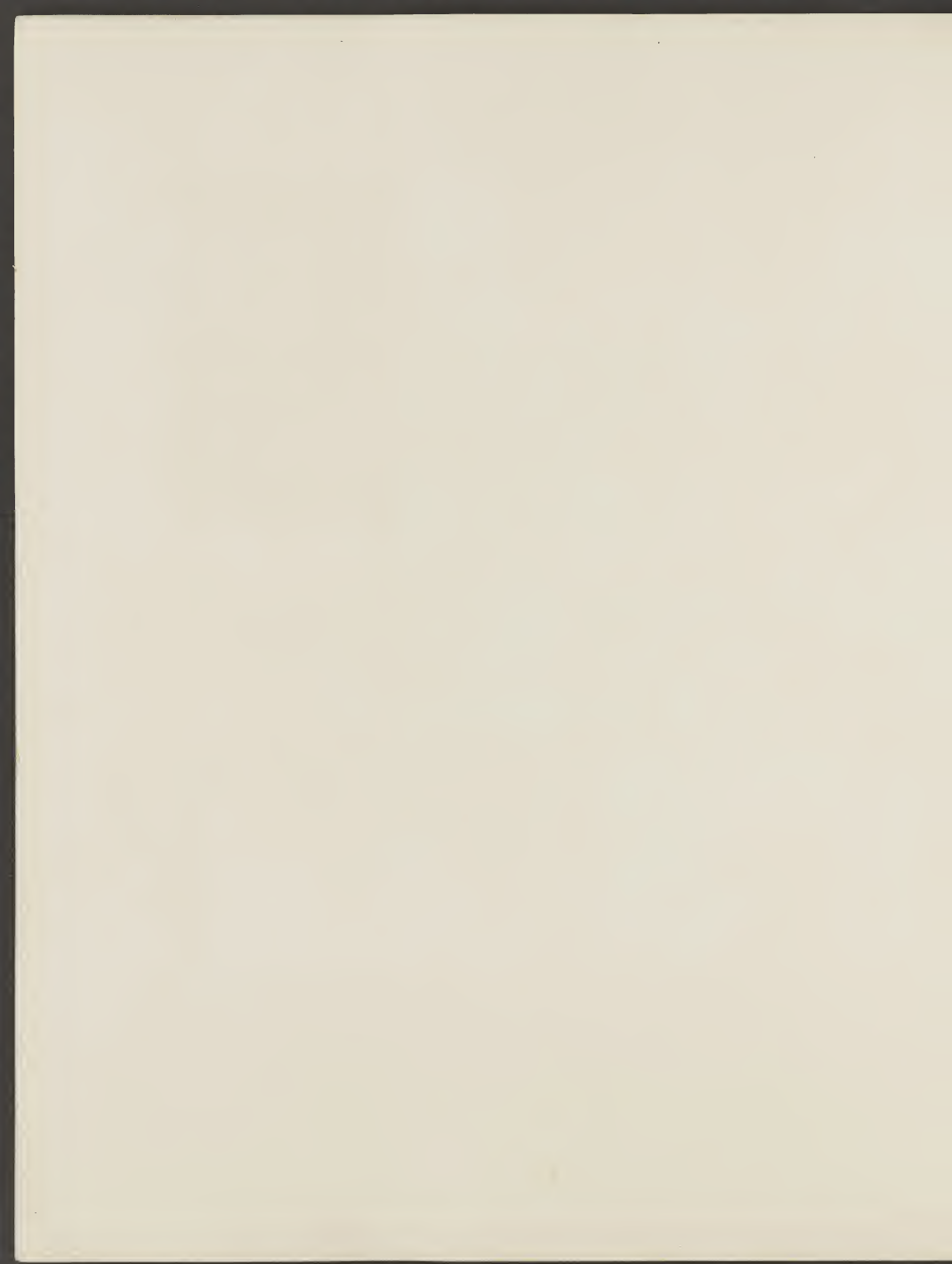
Francis C. Lawley

*I have been asked within the
 narrow compass of a few thousand
 words to trace in outline an "ex-
 haustive" sketch of "British Sport,"*



Swan Electric Engraving Co.

A STUDY.
FROM A DRAWING BY W. F. YEAMES, R.A.



The Afterword.

BY HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.



It is only fit that I should on this, the last page of our book, express my grateful homage to the distinguished writers, painters and composers who have taken part in this tribute of Art to Love. Mine has been the modest burden of binding together the flowers which they have brought from far and wide to lay at the feet of Charity. Under no banner but that of Charity, indeed, could such a roll of names have been mustered.

The contributions have been, with one unavoidable exception, specially prepared for this volume. The originals, pictorial and other, have been vested in the Charing Cross Hospital, and will, it is hoped, be a perpetual source of income to that Institution in the time to come. Thanks are due, not only to those who have so generously given from the golden *largesse* of their brains, they are due also to those who have undertaken the work of printing, illustrating and binding this unique collection⁽¹⁾. Nor must I omit to express my thanks to my friend and colleague, Mr. Lionel Hart, who has so untiringly assisted in the compilation of this volume.

While I am authorised by the Council of the Charing Cross Hospital to convey their deep gratitude to the illustrious band who have thus raised a lasting monument to this great and deserving Institution, I cannot refrain from expressing the pride I personally feel that this noble result should have been achieved through the medium of the Theatre over which I have the privilege to preside.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,
21 June, 1896.



HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.
From a Photograph by Langford.

Herbert Beerbohm Tree

(1) To the Nassau Steam Press (Limited), for composing and printing the first two thousand copies practically free of charge.

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